Encounter

edited by
Stephen Spender
& Melvin J. Lasky
November 1964
monthly 4s 75¢ **134**

Seymour Martin Lipset
BACKLASH

FRENCH AFFAIRS
Mayne
Lichtheim
Hartley
Weightman
Allemann

The Patience of
SHAKESPEARE
Frank Kermode

Eric Rhode
Films in Venice

Robert Lekachman
Planning for Whom?

John Gross
Marat/Sade/Osborne

Mary McCarthy on
THE GROUP

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why do Prestige stay keen on coal?

Because coal cuts their production costs

Coal is saving Prestige money all the way along the line. It cuts the cost of every knife, kitchen tool, pressure cooker and household item that Prestige produces. And it does so with a smooth efficiency.

Boilerhouse equipment at Prestige is so modern that you don't even see coal. Only the quivering needles of the control panel indicate the tremendous heat energy being released . . . energy at a cost that no other fuel can match. The automatic equipment instantaneously reacts to the varying load, ever-ready to unleash its full potential. Smoke? If there is any smoke, it's from a cigarette.

The men who guide Prestige know that they can rely on coal to keep down production costs through the years. Britain is rich in coal and coal prices are stable. Are you using coal? It could give the vital edge to your plans for the future.

MODERN, ECONOMICAL COAL

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD

COAL IS BEST...AND BRITISH

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

NOVEMBER 1964 VOL. XXIII NO. 5

ASSISTANT EDITORS: *Margot Walmsley, John Mander, John Gross.* CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING: *John Hall*

Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. 4s. a copy (USA & Canada 75c. India Rs.1.50). Postage: 6d. Annual subscription (inc. postage): 50s: USA & Canada $8.50: India Rs.18. Six months: 27s.: $4.50: Rs.11. Subscription & Trade department: Rolls House Publishing Co. Ltd. Breams Buildings London EC4 (Holborn 5708). US & Canadian subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York NY 10022 US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17 (MU 7–2645). Binders (for six copies) available from 25 Haymarket SW1, 13s. or $2.00 each. © *1964 by Encounter Ltd.*

THE PATIENCE OF SHAKESPEARE	3	*Frank Kermode*
BEYOND THE BACKLASH	11	*Seymour Martin Lipset*
FRENCH AFFAIRS:		
BETTER IN FRANCE?	26	*Richard Mayne*
THE STRANDED WHALE	31	*George Lichtheim*
MAURRAS & HIS HEIRS	35	*Anthony Hartley*
AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT	43	*John Weightman*
THE ALSATIANS	45	*F. R. Allemann*
POETRY		
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY SUBURB	10	*D. J. Enright*
AFTER EXPERIENCE TAUGHT ME	25	*W. D. Snodgrass*
EXISTENTIAL VERSES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE	54	*Francis Hope*
RIVIERA	55	*Michael Hamburger*
A CASE OF MURDER	66	*Vernon Scannell*
HYDRA	79	*David Rokeah*
THEATRE		
1793 & ALL THAT	58	*John Gross*
FILM		
SCREENED CULTURE	61	*Eric Rhode*
NOTES & TOPICS		
FEARS & HOPES	67	*Keith Kyle*
LETTER TO A TRANSLATOR	69	*Mary McCarthy*
THE DISLOCATED SELF	78	*Malcolm Bradbury*
BOOKS		
WHO PLANS WHAT, FOR WHOM, AND WHY?	80	*Robert Lekachman*
GOWNED MORTALITY	88	*P. N. Furbank*
LETTERS	91	
DRAWINGS	72	*Egon Schiele*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

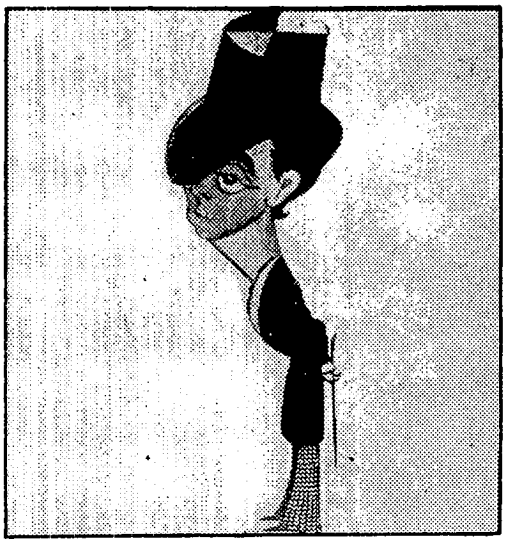
Max

a biography by

DAVID CECIL

CONSTABLE

5 November 50s



Jacob Burckhardt

History of Greek Culture

"A masterpiece restored. . . . Finely rendered by Palmer Hilty, with eighty superb illustrations." John Raymond, S. Times 80s

2

Important new books coming shortly

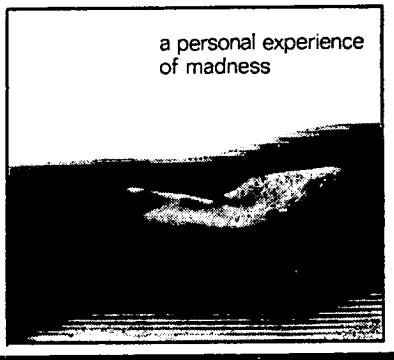
From Hegel to Nietzsche: the revolution in 19th century thought by Karl Lowith
"A valuable contribution to the history of ideas . . . handled with great acumen and insight." Professor Morris Ginsberg
"Lowith's best book; it has not been superseded nor is it likely that it will be." –Hannah Arendt

Objections to Roman Catholicism
A controversial successor to the recent *Objections* books on Christian Belief and Humanism. Edited by Michael de la Bedoyere it contains original contributions from 7 leading Catholic theologians including Archbishop Roberts, SJ, on Contraception. 18s

beyond all reason

mortag coate

21s



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank Kermode

The Patience of Shakespeare

WE ARE CONTENT to believe that Shakespeare was born on April 23rd, 1564. We all love a century, and four centuries we love even more; so this has struck us all, without serious question, as a good moment to honour him. In coming together to do so, we follow —though perhaps more sedately—the example of earlier generations. I do not know whether the publishers of the Third Folio in 1664 were inspired by a rudimentary centennial piety, though they were true to type in some respects, since they obscured the canon of Shakespeare's work with a number of falsely attributed plays. A century later (in fact five years late, since the opportunities of 1764 were frittered away) the most famous of all the celebrations brought Garrick to Stratford, and the proportion of nonsense was higher but gayer. Milton had formerly observed that Shakespeare did not need the labour of an age in piled stones, but Garrick in his Ode, disagreed:

> *To what blest genius of the isle*
> *Shall gratitude her tribute pay,*
> *Decree the festive day,*
> *Erect the statue, and devote the pile?*

The chorus answered, "Shakespeare!" An octagonal pile was erected; fireworks and routs, declamations and processions, entertained not only the quality who came down from London but Shakespeare's incredulous townsmen. On the second day, drizzle hampered festivity, and later a solid downpour put out fireworks and raised the Avon to flood. This apocalyptic conclusion may or may not have appeared to bear out the ironic account of the programme given by a hostile commentator: "The whole will conclude with the apotheosis of Shakespeare."

Better luck attended the celebrations of 1864, at least so far as the weather went; and there was a Will Shakespeare train to bring devotees from London; but the planning had been mismanaged, huddled into three months, and the American support already considered essential to the maintenance of due splendour in the celebration of Shakespeare had not been sought in time. Nevertheless a large dodecagonal building was erected—an advance from Garrick's octagon in the direction of circularity—and Germany not only sent a delegation to Stratford but founded the *Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft*, which in time added its heavy tribute—the labour of an age in piled tomes.

CLEARLY, THEN, it is a well-established custom to regard every hundredth April 23rd as singularly important. Yet it has its curious aspects. We are clear that we are celebrating Shakespeare's birth, not his death; but although we are quite sure he died on April 23rd, 1616, we have no evidence that he was born on April 23rd, 1564. I shall seem to yield, in this text, to the persuasion that Shakespeare was human; that he differs from other writers rather less than is sometimes assumed. But I concede that in one respect he is on his own, and that is in his enormous *patience*, his ability to answer to anything and everything, to absorb speculation. So let us speculate upon the reasons for our insistence that he was born on a particular day. Two facts are relevant: the first is that he died on that day, and the second is that April 23rd is St. George's Day.

As to the first of these, it need only be said that the motive for desiring this degree of circularity in Shakespeare's life is a magical one. As Donne might have said, our firmness makes his

WE began this trying "Shakespeare Year" with an article by John Wain [ENCOUNTER, *March*], *conclude it with an essay by Frank Kermode, and promise to let well enough alone. Professor Kermode (of Manchester University) gave The Harcourt-Brace Shakespeare lecture at Columbia University on, of course, April 23rd last.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circle just, and makes him end where he began. The circle is the perfect figure, and an ancient emblem of eternity. As Ben Jonson observed, Shakespeare is not of an age but for all time. He closes the cycle of the year, dying and being born in the spring.

St. George, we recall, was struck off the Roman calendar, but the English have sturdily ignored this. He slew the dragon and delivered the princess. Not only was he patron of the Order of the Garter and hero of the first book of the *Faerie Queene*; he was the prototype of more vulgar dragon-slayers in popular romances, and the central figure in the English folk play, where he kills Slasher, the dragon-figure who represents winter. So he had theatrical connections. You can discern Shakespeare in the words of the Presenter as he introduces St. George:

> *Activity of youth,*
> *Activity of age,*
> *The like was never seen*
> *Upon a common stage.*

The point is not that these mumming plays have a tragic action and very low characters, such as Jack Finney and Belsey Bob, and the mysteriously babbling Big Head or Fool, though this is Shakespearian enough. It is rather that these odd plays seem to remember remote pagan origins; they tell you, as it were, to seek their explanation in Frazer or in some more sophisticated treatment of the hero, such as Lord Raglan's or Eliade's. The English hero whose day is celebrated on April 23rd complies with the heroic archetypes. He is susceptible to mythography. Formerly he might have been called a sun-god, or in the famous phrase of Max Müller, a disease of language—certainly he contorted the language and gave it a variety of developments verging on the pathological. And when Shakespeare took upon him the divine attributes (if we had to say when, the estimate would be, strangely enough, in the early eighteenth century) he also became subject to sceptical or euphemerist interpretations: some say he was that more civil hero Bacon, some Oxford, and some Marlowe, who is by others considered the rival poet, or Slasher.

But for most of us he is everything that St. George had been; even a saint. There is the case of his mulberry tree, the invention of which is attributed to Sir Hugh Clopton in 1742. Clopton died in 1751 and the new owner of New Place, an irascible and iconoclastic clergyman called Francis Gastrell, chopped down the tree. But Mr. Thomas Sharpe bought it and made it into knick-knacks, "curious toys and useful articles," so many of them indeed that some suspicions were aroused and he had to swear an affidavit that all the wood had come from the true tree. But their doubting could not prevent the growth of this secular piety, and men of feeling, none of whom exceeded in demonstrativeness James Boswell, would fling themselves on their knees before a relic, and kiss it. Boswell, shown the Ireland Papers, remembered his *Nunc Dimittis* and said he would now die contented, having lived to witness the present day. Francis Webb, on the same occasion, observed that

> All great and eminent Geniusses have their characteristic peculiarities and originality of character, which not only distinguish them from all others, but make them what they are. These none can rival, none successfully imitate. Of all men and Poets, perhaps Shakespeare had the most of these. He was a peculiar Being—a unique—he stood alone. To imitate him . . . were impossible.

Now it is of interest that the Ireland Papers which prompted this encomium, and before which not only Boswell but almost everybody else prostrated themselves, were clumsy forgeries. For it is the desire, or need, of honest men to venerate the new St. George, without sceptical enquiries as to authenticity. The whole has concluded, as our eighteenth-century sceptic prophesied, with the apotheosis of Shakespeare. And, as visitors to Stratford are aware, the sale of pious art and relics continues.

So it may be said that there is a large admixture of superstition in our veneration of the Bard. It is not merely that we choose an April day, a climax of annual and centennial mysticism, and surround ourselves with relics. It is not even that, to judge by 1962, when there were nearly 1,200 of them, we shall lay at least four votive offerings daily before the shrine, in the shape of books and articles on Shakespeare. What we do is to make him in our image and then call him unique. The Ireland forgeries began with business papers mostly, as if the main business of the pious forger was to show that Shakespeare was a respectable member of the new commercial class. It is hardly a worse fault than our modern producers commit when they give you a Shavian or a Brechtian Shakespeare. These are pious frauds; they could not happen if we did not venerate their victim. Nor should we be afflicted by heresiarchs—Baconians, disintegrators, and so forth—nor should

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we have developed out of Biblical criticism such fantastically elaborate bibliographical tools for the determination of texts. Behind the whole effort there is this superstitious awe of Shakespeare the peculiar Being, the unique, the inimitable who is yet so like us; who contrives like a god to be and to provide us with anything and everything.

IT IS SOMETIMES said to be a characteristic of our time that we undo the spiritual structures of our ancestors: whatever they sacralised we desacralise. They retreated from the evident unholiness of the world into images which stored up the strength of those moments when it seemed holy or terrible in a different way. They built in order to make space sacred, and in their rites they abolished the terrors of time, as spring kills winter and St. George the dragon. They made books which were compact of all the world and of all its history, syllabically inspired and, like nature itself, signed with the secret meanings of a god. We build to serve human functions, and not to make models of a divine world; cathedrals that were living bibles, churches proportioned as the music of the spheres. We live, more than any of our ancestors, in a time become linear and patternless. Our books inform or divert in a purely human sense. Where a book continues to be venerable, we attribute its power to different causes: we demythologise, find reasons in nature for its being as it is; we see it as figuring not the whole world of knowledge but dead men's knowledge of the world. It sinks into history, becomes the victim of our perspectival trick, falls under the rule of time. So we desacralise the world.

And yet there are enormous exceptions. Shakespeare has not escaped the processes of analytic criticism, high and low, but he preserves a numinous quality; in a strange modified way he is a sacred book; he is one of those foci of significance, one of those objects in which reside the largely unquestioned criteria of our civilisation. He is a major man.

> *He is the transparence of the place in which*
> *He is, and in his poems we find peace.*

It is appropriate that Shakespeare offers wisdom—or, rather, that wisdom must be sought in Shakespeare—not in completed formulations, not in detachable logia, but in the dynamic tumult of action and dramatic utterance. We cannot use him in a Virgilian *sortes* game. It is part of our literary holism—the device by which we try to maintain a semblance of the sacred in our literary lives—that we cannot treat him otherwise than as we treat the great books of our own time. And it is the mark of his perpetuity and patience that he can tolerate this treatment. Every age, so far at any rate, has been able to find in Shakespeare whatever it needed to maintain contact with him, considered as a focus of given, natural meaning, a source of order and civility. So far as we can see it is usually possible to discover in this presence that "interior sensitisation" of which theologians speak in relation to the Bible. We may not always find it. Everybody knows that one can read, even see, *King Lear*, and find it, not the charged and numinous experience it can be, but a flat, overemphatic extravaganza. These are moments without grace. But they are, genuinely, not common. The power is, more usually, there.

BUT LET ME TRY to banish magic or mysticism, if not from Shakespeare, at any rate from my own language. The simple fact is that, by common consent, others abide our question but Shakespeare is free. The great modern classic of my own youth was T. S. Eliot; but he now abides the question of the young. The changes he effected in our view of the relative importance of earlier poets were considerable: Milton was "demolished," Donne given major status. Shelley, after a century of authority during which he became virtually a type of lyric poet, no longer seems to warm, console, or give meanings to experience. It would be a mistake to call these mere changes of fashion; deep cultural rhythms are involved. But they do not touch Shakespeare. Tolstoy, we are sure, was not speaking in the fullness of his own immense gifts when he rejected Shakespeare: we know his condemnation as a passing fit of heresy. And the reason for this immunity is not hard to find. It is the product of a conspiracy; we are all members of a secret society, of which the principal ritual is to speak well of Shakespeare. We may fall from grace; the drug may not take; or we may try to deprive him of his privilege. But it is nearly impossible for us to stand quite clear of the circle. We should find the search for a real outsider—someone really able to approach Shakespeare without the faintest awe; a really *profane* critic in fact—a long and hard one. Shakespeare thus escapes the operation of criticism, and exhibits the quality I attributed to him at the outset—patience.

It may sound curious to speak of his escaping

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criticism, in view of those four daily offerings. How does criticism normally operate in respect of great reputations? First, criticism—conceived as ungrandly as possible—is the medium in which past art survives. It is the activity of the schoolmaster in the classroom, even of people chattering at parties. It is simply the way the news gets about that *X*, having this or that to be said for him, belongs to what we talk or should care about. At a higher level it may provide ways of talking and caring, adapting the old to our newer requirements, showing that there are aspects of the old which can be dealt with by signalling-systems based on the new. In the respect that now concerns me, that is what criticism does. The second point is simply that it is not only a humble but an uncontrolled and inexact science. This is especially true of the evaluative phase of criticism—when it is telling us what is worth our love or veneration. When the picture alters, when we cease to read Browning or turn with interest to William Alabaster, when we see Spenser not as a great poet and a great source of poetry but as an unquenchable bore, it is not because somebody has been able to *prove* that our fathers were wrong, but because of turns in the tide of comment, the causes of which we should have to seek elsewhere. The reputations of our poets are subject to this apparently random movement. And when I say Shakespeare escapes criticism I mean simply that his is not; he has a sacral quality; there is a conspiracy into which we are all seduced, on his behalf. The first thing we think of is his difference from the others: he is unique, inimitable, yet somehow very like us.

Look at the way in which this conviction of Shakespeare's "peculiar Being," his uniqueness, is made consistent with what one thinks it necessary to attribute to a poet who has a special relation to oneself. We can do it by looking at earlier centennials. In 1664 Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, a lady of great charm and enterprise, had just been reading the new Third Folio. She congratulated Shakespeare on his power to metamorphose himself from man to woman in order to create Cleopatra. She also found him very comical—not as comical as her husband, but more comical than anybody else. Furthermore, he "had a Clear Judgment, a Quick Wit, a Spreading Fancy, a Subtil Observation, a Deep Apprehension, and a most Eloquent Elocution"—like her husband.

For the next century I shall have to cheat a bit in order to have Dr. Johnson, whose edition appeared in 1765. His Preface is the most resonant and perhaps the best general essay ever written on Shakespeare, and I need hardly do more than remind you of some of the counts upon which he determines the greatness of his author. His first sentence deals resoundingly with those who refuse Shakespeare his due. I quote only half of it:

> That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to the truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox.

And he proceeds to praise the antique Shakespeare. "Nothing," he observes, "can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature." Pursuing this ideal, expressed as universally valid but very much of its century, he makes the remarkable observation that Shakespeare's characters are species rather than individuals. This encomium he borrowed, we should notice, from the scholastic doctrine of angels. He adds that these characters have a way of speaking which, because it is derived from that permanent language which exists between the transience of grossness and the transience of refinement, is also immutable, sempiternal, angelic. He turns now to Shakespeare's faults, which, he says, are so great that they would overwhelm an ordinary man. So we must think of him as angelic in the same way that we think of the earth as spherical, despite its protuberances and cavities. He lists these faults, having earned the right to speak "without superstitious veneration"; and who can say that the nobility of his praise is not thereby enhanced? "If we owe everything to him," observes this great critic, "he owes something to us... if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration."

This is hard for the 19th century to match, even if I cheat again and choose for the third centennial David Masson's lectures of 1865. They are an attempt to derive from the plays a biographical image of Shakespeare. The figure that emerges is certainly complex enough; but where have we seen him before? He is upright, shrewd in business, careful to maintain respectability, shunning publicity. He avoids what Masson calls the Poetry of Occurrence:

> in the heart and bustle of London we see Shakespeare sitting by himself, not only silent, non-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> obtrusive, non-opinionative, but absolutely proof against the wiliest lure or the fiercest explosion of contemporary incident that would draw an utterance from his pen. *"Aiunt: Quid aiunt? Aiant,"* we hear him saying to himself

—as if running through some of that Latin syntax he may have learnt at Stratford Grammar School. He saw the world, says Masson, as

> on the whole, gracious and likeable... with a manifest rule of good and evil and a power of calm and beneficent order through all its perturbations; and Shakespeare's own preferences and affinities in it are for what is high, divine, beautiful, honourable, lovely, and of good report.

His principal characteristics are "magnanimity and moral observation." Of course he had a complicated interior life, and perhaps needed the sonnets as safety valves; but after a lively, witty youth, he passed through the severity of middle age to the "contemplative serenity" of his last years. (How old, by the way, this view makes Shakespeare seem! I reflect with some puzzlement that I myself do not feel entitled either to severity or to serenity, yet I am older than Shakespeare was when he wrote *Lear*, and within two years of my *Winter's Tale*.)

HERE, THEN, ARE three centennial comments. The first, Margaret Cavendish's, attributes to Shakespeare all the qualities she would wish to find in a heroic poet, and found in her husband: judgment, wit, fancy, elocution are the criteria of the moment, and he does well by them all. But she writes before the true apotheosis; the element of veneration is largely absent from this 17th-century Shakespeare. The Duchess prefers her husband. Johnson dwarfs the others; living in the age of the natural artless Shakespeare, he nonetheless manages to distinguish between the homage of perceptive judgment and that of superstitious veneration. But he himself slips unawares into a kind of idolatry; he speaks of Shakespeare's characters as angels. Perhaps this is not so injudicious as it appears; perhaps we have made of Shakespeare a substitute for older and inhuman mediators between heaven and earth. Descartes, we are told, brought the powers of scholastic angels down to men; Johnson brought them down to Shakespeare. And we find Shakespeare more venerable, more angelic, more properly sempiternal, than our own cogitations. Certainly we can still say, less grandly, less certainly, less humanly than Johnson, that "the stream of time, which is constantly washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare." It is thus, in the schoolmen, that the stream of time washes past the angels.

In Masson's image, as I suggested, we see a somehow familiar figure, not an angel, but perhaps some large man, a Provost of Eton maybe, erect at his desk, emblem of rectitude and intellectual labour. His household accounts are impeccable, his unspoken thoughts expressed in Latin subjunctives. Once, long ago, he got drunk at a college feast, perhaps, like Wordsworth, by toasting Milton. He is aware of evil; Lyell and Chambers have disturbed his faith; but he trusts, if only faintly, the larger hope. As to the sonnets, they are as inexplicable as Victorian pornography. I am not saying that Masson's book is ridiculous; only that he wants to make Shakespeare very eminent, and the way he understands eminence is the Victorian way. With much scholarship and regard for fact, even with some delicacy of inference, he establishes Shakespeare as the most eminent of Victorians. The Duchess made him a lively Restoration gentleman, the Victorian professor made him a mutton-chop-whiskered, solidly benign 19th-century intellectual. Johnson certainly escapes period portraiture better than they; yet the assumption of the grandeur of generality and the celebration of just representations of general nature are of his time.

SO MUCH for the past centennials. I of course do not know everything that has been said in 1964. But we can be sure that the avatar of St. George will have assumed a 20th-century shape. Such is the shape I give him now. For when I speak of Shakespeare's *patience*, his power to absorb our questions, I am already imposing upon him a 20th-century conception. If he is another nature, why cannot we say of him, as Whitehead said of nature itself, that "Nature is patient of interpretation in terms of laws that happen to interest us," for "the truth must be seasonable"? It is not even necessary to suppose that, for us to understand and use such patience, we and nature must, in Wordsworth's phrase, be "exquisitely fitted." The mathematical physicist knows he can go with some confidence to nature for confirmation of something he himself has worked out that it must have or do; and we can go to Shakespeare with the same certainty. We may qualify the position in the words of Heisenberg: "What we observe is not nature in itself but nature exposed to our method of questioning." Shakespeare may not

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be subject to the rule of time; his fabric may not be dissoluble and subject to change; but our questions change with time, and so do the answers they presuppose.

Our questions, our seasonable truth, are not those of the Duchess of Newcastle, or of Masson, or of Johnson. What they have in common with such questions and such truths is merely an assumption of Shakespeare's patience. Where we differ from Johnson and especially from Masson is in our knowledge that truth may be thought of as seasonable, our fear of confounding the contingent (represented if you like by Masson's grave respectable gentleman writer) with the absolute. We know we can have any Shakespeare we want, but know also that the one we want will not do for another time, perhaps not even for another person.

As a consequence of this sophistication we have a multiplicity of Shakespeares, as we have a multiplicity of pasts; we could not have them if we were not sure of his superhuman patience, his angelic perpetuity. Consider a random selection of the Shakespeares we are invited in our day to grant existence. There are the Shakespeare's associated with a particular line of thought: Senecan Shakespeare, Machiavellian Shakespeare, Shakespeare sipping at the mind of Montaigne. There are the sectarian Shakespeares: Catholic, Protestant, Rosicrucian, Neo-Platonist. There is a thinking Shakespeare with his own philosophy, and a Shakespeare who was a good poet because he knew it was not his business to think. There is a learned Shakespeare who read St. Thomas Aquinas before dealing with the murder of an old Scottish king, treatises on melancholy before tackling *Hamlet*, and emblem books as a preparation for *Lear*; who got Bottom's dream out of Macrobius. There is a Shakespeare who loved Essex so much that he could think of little else, and a Shakespeare who hated all great men. There is an official Shakespeare who dramatised the Homily of Wilful Disobedience, dutifully followed the Tudor propaganda line, and approved of the treachery of Prince John in *2 Henry IV*. There is a Shakespeare who sailed very near the wind on historical matters, risked the punishment of censors, liked Falstaff, and detested not only Prince John but perhaps Prince Henry as well. There is the Shakespeare who wrote the first existentialist play, *Hamlet*, and the one who could not create in that work an objective correlative to his emotions. There are Freudian Shakespeares, Jungian Shakespeares, Shakespeares whose plays were intended, like *Ulysses*, not to be read but to be reread—to be looked down on as shapes and patterns in space, not as narratives in time—symbolist, imagist, metaphysical Shakespeares, whose heroines had no girlhood and whose Lady Macbeths no children; Shakespeares heterosexual and homosexual, healthy and diseased, ironic and simply rhetorical, proper and improper, legal, bird-loving, anti-Semite, liberal, musical, allegorising, problem-posing, seriously punning, anything and everything, prince and angel. There are plays and characters who share the same inclusive power, the same ability to contain multitudes. We know of a hundred Hamlets, and can always make another who will enable us to say with Coleridge, "I have a smack of Hamlet." We may say of the plays, as of their author, that they are patient. We may add that they are perpetual, or, to be more exact, sempiternal. We therefore allow, it seems, that Shakespeare is *sui generis*.

But let us try, for this quadricentennial, a Shakespeare who is not so. Let us make him a member of the class of poets, though *primus inter pares*. What we need is a lay figure rather different from Masson's mutton-chopped St. George. We can begin by trying on him some of the attributes we know from personal experience that poets tend to have. Thus we can ask whether he was lecherous, and it seems clear that he was, if the Dark Woman sonnets are anything to go by. Was he irresponsible, did he find it easier to be a good writer than a good husband? The evidence points that way; he was careless in his work and of his wife. There are hints of drink, and of a fondness for what must be officially rejected—for Falstaff and Lucio and Caliban and Shylock, for Richard III and Cleopatra, for the passion of Romeo and Juliet, for anything and everything that honest folk fear or despise. Like most writers who find themselves suddenly capable of making money, he liked money; as knighthoods were still not given for services to literature, he had himself made a gentleman. Under pressure, with a deadline to make, he sometimes wrote very badly, and when he was unassailably top dramatist he was occasionally self-indulgent, in a way nobody has ever characterised as well as Johnson, who catches Shakespeare

> entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in such words as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Lecherous, negligent, ambitious, lazy: without looking at his virtues at all, we are halfway to trapping him in the class of poets.

There have been poets of great learning, Goethe, for example, and Milton, among the great; Gray and Coleridge among the lesser. But for the most part poets are widely and selfishly rather than deeply learned; they approach learning insolently, and make raids and rapes, not colonies. Surely this is what Shakespeare did. A flourish of formal scholarship in the Ovidian imitations of his youth was followed by a career of independence—eclectic reading, or rapid getting-up of subjects. It may be true, as Mr. Eliot once said, that he learned more Roman history out of the Plutarch *Lives* than another man might get out of the whole British Museum; but what we must attend to now is the arrogance, the selfish certainty, that animated those awe-inspiring raids on North, those absorptions of Holinshed, that marvellous theft from Sidney in *King Lear*, the distillation of voyagers in *The Tempest*, the transfiguration of his old enemy Greene in *The Winter's Tale*. We see he had the poet's habit: the world of learning owed him a living. When he uses learned themes he transforms them, makes them ambiguous. Are we to believe that Theseus on lunatics, lovers, and poets means exactly what it says (which was what it was conventional to say)? Is the right way to understand his interest in Empire—and he told the whole story of the birth of the Empire—to find out what others thought about Caesar and Rome, Antony and Egypt? Certainly not, not even when he seems to be saying the same things. When he handles some formal scheme, except in the poems, is he doing it as a dull man might, getting it right and depending on its intrinsic power? Never. The very processes of freely associative thought fascinated him, and they have nothing to do with formal schemes and tropes; when he uses such schemes he does so for his own purposes.

SHAKESPEARE'S SPECULATIVE FREEDOM gave us the late style, a style of thought in action, as of Cominius marvellously brooding on the banishment of his dangerous ally Coriolanus:

Whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
That he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controlled the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all—not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him feared,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance.

It gave us that happy valiancy which Coleridge found in *Antony and Cleopatra*; the expression could be used as well of *Cymbeline*, and quite as well of the greater sonnets.

What is your substance, whereof are you made
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

Many wrote of shadow and substance, Shakespeare himself somewhat obsessively; but only he knew that the gross hyperbole of *millions* would come right in that line, and perhaps nowhere else. And that is not even a famous sonnet. Equally wanton valiancies could be adduced from a dozen others. For wantonness in strength is a mark of the absolutely mature Shakespeare, as perhaps of all poets; it arises from a confidence that one has created the context in which one can be understood, and that such a context can be indefinitely enlarged, till nonsense and brutality—if necessary, as in *The Winter's Tale*—can oblige the tough and sensitive reader to a fine understanding. Indolent, lecherous, arrogant, wantonly speculative, cherishing the value of his own thoughts, humble only in respect of his own possibilities —you may be sure he knew the feeling that poets have: of estrangement welcomed, of a difference from other men but not from other poets.

THUS, PRECARIOUSLY, we capture him, Johnson's angel, the prince of poets, for the class of poets as we know it: different, heroic, but, as the poet of the supreme fiction has it, "*part, Though an heroic part, of the commonal.*" Yet all our heroes must have their roots in the commonal; and we have no sooner trapped him there than his uniqueness asserts itself again: he is the author of our most nearly supreme fiction,

walking by himself, crying
Most miserable, most victorious,

the one poet who "can do all that angels can."

"God is anything anyone believes in," said

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Montaigne. But we do not need to say, even on the fourth centennial, that Shakespeare is God, or a god: only, as Johnson implied, an angel, or —by a slight hierarchal displacement—a saint, the Saint George whose feast falls on that April day, and whose victory and triumph we celebrate with an exposition of carefully preserved relics and a transient flurry of praise.

He is an English saint; but Shakespeare is American English as well as English English. So I end by quoting an American poet in celebration of *our* Shakespeare—Delmore Schwartz, whose words I have had in mind. The dragon is killed, the great age begins anew; we know where to look for our meaning and for our angel.

. . . sweet prince, black night has always descended and has always ended,
. . . prince of Avon, sovereign and king
Of reality, hope and speech, may all the angels sing
With all the sweetness and all the truth with which you sang anything and everything.

Elegy in a Country Suburb

To strike that special tone,
Wholly truthful, intimate
And utterly unsparing,

A man communing with himself,
It seems you need to be alone,
Outwardly unhearing—

As might be now,
The streets wiped clean of traffic
By the curfew

(Apart from odd patrolling
Jeeps, which scurry through
This decent district),

The noise of killing
Far away, too distant
To be heard, above this silence

(A young Malay out strolling
—If you insist on instance—
Chopped by a Chinese gang of boys;

A party of Malays
Lopping an old man's Chinese head,
Hot in their need to burn his hut;

The riot squad,
Of some outlandish race,
Guns growing from their shoulders),

Until tomorrow's news,
And subsequent White Papers,
Analysing, blaming, praising,

Too distant to be heard
Above this heavy hush
Of pealing birds and crickets wheezing,

Tones of insects self-communing,
Birds being truthful with themselves,
Intimate and unsparing—

But birds are always chirping,
Insects rattling, always truthful,
Having little call to twist,

Who never entertained large dreams
Or made capacious claims,
Black lists or white lists:

It hardly even seems
The time for self-communing,
Better attend to nature's artists.

D. J. Enright

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seymour Martin Lipset

Beyond the Backlash

WHAT IS the future of American politics with the emergence of a reactionary conservative tendency in control of one of the major parties? The immediate concern is understandable, since the election to the Presidency of a representative of extremist conservatism would deal a sharp blow to the struggle for Negro civil rights, the battle against poverty, and the efforts toward a peaceful and more prosperous world community. Support for organisations and leaders dedicated to opposing the civil rights movement, the role of the government in ameliorating economic inequality, and a national commitment to causes which supersede the American boundaries and a narrowly defined national interest, is highly vocal and well publicised.

But two fundamental truths are revealed by a sober examination of the reactionary political forces symbolised by the nomination of Barry Goldwater. The first is that the actual and mobilisable support for political reaction —whether measured as the predicted vote for Goldwater or as opposition to specific programmes of political reform (*e.g.*, fair housing and fair employment legislation)—constitutes a minority in most sections and communities of the country and in the country at large. The second fact is that the current wave of apparent reaction against the movements for greater social and economic equality, manifest in the emergence of White Citizens' Councils, the John Birch Society, the Minutemen, and the Goldwater nomination itself, constitutes but the most recent example of "backlash" politics by declining groups, a recurrent phenomenon in American politics.

As formerly powerful groups decline and suffer a loss of power and influence, they may suddenly lash out with enough vigour and emotion to overwhelm the political process. Through a brief re-examination of politics from the beginning of the Republic, I hope to show how, by fostering nativism and other emotional issues which can interest the lower socio-economic groups in their cause, the conservative parties have repeatedly sought to widen the appeal of what is inherently a minority tendency. While such appeals have succeeded in the past, the likelihood of their success has declined with the increasing sophistication and liberalisation of the electorate at all levels of society, and the current efforts to elect a conservative to the White House by use of such tactics will, I believe, fail.

S. M. LIPSET *is the author of "Political Man" (1961), recognised both in Britain and the U.S.A. as a major work in political sociology. He is the Director of the Institute of International Studies at the University of California. His most recent book is "The First New Nation."*

From Whigs to WASPS

POLITICAL PARTIES are institutions which provide a platform for the expression not only of group or class economic and social interests, but of group values and prejudices as well. The origins of a political party tend to determine its institutional character and image, and as this character and image become established over time, the party serves as a repository for the expression of attitudes and values which, if not identical to those which the party represented during its first years of existence, are at least analogous. Thus, to understand the politics of the Republican Party in 1964, it helps to examine the behaviour of American conservative parties from the Federalists down through the Whigs and Republicans—for it reveals a continuity and consistency of policy and support, sustained despite the vast social and economic changes

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through which the United States has passed during its history as a nation. Each of these conservative parties has been disproportionately based on the higher-status elements in the population, specifically the more well-to-do and WASPish (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) segments. The principal exception to this generalisation is the support given the Republican Party by Negroes before the advent of the New Deal. But this identity as the representative of the privileged has constituted an electoral disadvantage for the Federalist-Whig-Republican conservative party, due in part to the fact that American political values stemming from the Revolution and the Frontier have glorified "the common man" and denigrated the élites, whether based on money, family, or intellect.

The Federalists and their Whig successors became grudgingly aware of this fact. Its political implications were that the Party should play down obviously class-linked issues and should find positions which would appeal to the lower strata, including the large lower-middle class. Essentially, the Federalists and the Whigs fostered three sets of issues or tactics intended to reach "the common man": an appeal to traditional religious values; attacks on ethnic and religious groups of recent immigration; and the use of candidates who were military heroes (and thus could be represented as standing above the narrowly partisan and interest-linked political battle waged by other parties).

Faced with the more popular position of the Jeffersonians on most social and political issues, the Federalists saw the political potential of xenophobia and of an identification with religious institutions and morality. Alexander Hamilton himself proposed the formation of a "Christian Constitutional Society" which would oppose the Jeffersonians while promoting Christianity. In a conscious effort to win the common man to political conservatism through an appeal to religious sentiment, the Federalists fostered a number of associations such as temperance groups and associations to promote the observance of the Lord's Day. As a study of these groups reports: "The Federalists reasoned that if they could wean men from profanity, vice, and inebriation, the former sinners would be amenable to changing their political allegiance. . . ." The Federalists also sought to broaden their mass appeal by an appeal to prejudice against the foreign-born. They attempted to limit the voting rights of naturalised citizens and suggested that many difficulties facing the country could be blamed on persons of foreign extraction. This xenophobic appeal was used again by the Federalists in their assertion that the American left (*i.e.*, the Jeffersonians) was allied with a foreign-based conspiracy, revealed through the presumed activities of French revolutionary agents in the country. This charge was used to justify the restrictions on civil liberties contained in the Alien & Sedition Acts passed by the Federalists in their last years in office.

SIMILAR ISSUES differentiated the Whigs and Democrats in the 1830s and the 1840s. The Whigs sought to present themselves as the party of Protestant religion fighting the irreligious and immoral Democrats. Andrew Jackson's opponents also appealed to bigotry, arguing the existence of plots by the Masons and the Catholics to "subvert the polity."[1]

Although the slavery issue was the predominant concern of the newly-born Republican Party in the 1850s, the actions of the "new" party even then showed continuity with the tactics of its Federalist-Whig predecessors. The anti-immigrant, anti-Catholic Know-Nothing Party had temporarily replaced the Whigs as the principal opponent of the Democrats during the 1850s. In large measure, as Wilfred Binkley has pointed out, the Know-Nothings absorbed the bulk of the Whig Party and served as a bridge to the Republican Party, not only for old Whigs but also for many presumably prejudiced lower-status Democrats. Various historical studies point up the close cooperation between the Know-Nothings and the new Republican Party in several states. In 1856, the two parties worked together closely to elect candidates in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. Republicans in the latter state passed legislation limiting the right of foreign-born citizens to vote. In Illinois in

[1] In New York, the Whig Party formally coalesced with the anti-immigrant, anti-Catholic Native American Party in 1836; in the 1840s such alliances took place on a national scale during the presidential elections. Theodore Frelinghuysen (Whig vice-presidential candidate in 1844) and Winfield Scott (Whig presidential nominee in 1852) openly expressed nativist doctrines. However, in 1840 and 1848, the Whigs were able to defeat the party of the "demagogues," as they described the Democrats, only by nominating military heroes whose political opinions were almost unknown. One historian reports that in 1848 the Whigs started nominating Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War, before it "was known to what party he professed to belong," a practice which was to be repeated by their equally desperate Republican descendants a century later.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1856, the *Chicago Tribune*, principal mid-west organ of the new party, appealed to anti-Catholic prejudices by explicitly stating that "the Republican Party was just the place for the man who wanted to 'repress the political tendencies of a false but arrogant church'...."

The strong anti-Catholicism of early 19th-century America was a direct expression of the values of the evangelical Protestant groupings, closely linked in the North to their moral concern with abolition, temperance, and prohibition. As many historians have noted, this kink of "nativism" was backed strongly by many of the same middle-class Protestant groups. Since the issues of abolition of slavery and prohibition of liquor had little lower-class support, nativism was the one cause which historians have pointed to as enabling the Republican Party to reach into the ranks of lower-status voters, normally Democratic. It should be noted, however, that many Republican leaders, particularly Abraham Lincoln, tried to dissociate the Party from so-called "Know-Nothing" doctrines.

AS THE PARTY which preserved the Union, freed the slaves, and passed the Homestead Act, the post-Civil War Republican Party possessed a reservoir of mass support never available to its Federalist-Whig predecessors. The organisation of Union veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, was practically a Republican "front-organisation." Union veterans and their families constituted an enormous bloc of voters, and apparently a majority of them could be mobilised for Republican campaigns. Although the Party became increasingly identified with the interests of expanding industrial capitalism, it maintained its anti-Catholic and nativist positions.[2]

The historical record clearly validates the conclusions reached by the principal student of post-Civil War nativism that "from the outset the Republican Party provided the main vehicle for restrictionist [anti-foreigner] sentiment. It never monopolised or committed itself wholly to the movement, but it supplied the principal leaders, most of the energy, and most of the votes." A historian of American immigration states, in explaining the support of the Democratic Party, that Catholics "tended to regard the Republican Party as a vehicle for intolerant Puritans bent on Prohibition, Sunday closing, and immigration restriction."

Thus the Republican Party combined the electoral advantages of being the political expression of expanding capitalism, the saviour of the Union, and the political vehicle for evangelical Protestantism and nativism. Its position on issues which concerned the moralistic Puritanical elements and those fearful of foreign inroads in the job, status, and culture market, brought it continuing support from many whose social and economic situation had little in common with the economic *élite* which strongly influenced the Party.

But if the Republican Party gave voice to the political values of moralistic intolerance and ethnic bigotry, such expressions still remained largely in the realm of campaign oratory in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Immigration remained open and almost totally unrestricted; and Prohibition, though enacted in a number of states, could not pass Congress. Suddenly, however, within a few years following on the end of World War I, a number of seemingly related events occurred in rapid succession. The 18th Amendment to the Constitution was passed, enacting Prohibition; restrictive immigration legislation was enacted, severely limiting the total number of immigrants and applying national quotas biased against Catholics and Jews; in a number of states (mainly in the South) the teaching of evolutionary doctrines was outlawed; and the anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro Ku Klux Klan arose with

[2] Thus Ulysses Grant, who as Union Army General had issued orders denying rights to Jewish businessmen, publicly suggested as President of the United States that the country might face a new civil war between the forces of patriotism and intelligence on the one hand and those of superstition and ignorance (the Catholics) on the other. Rutherford Hayes, Grant's successor as President, delivered attacks on the Democratic Party as being subservient to Catholic objectives. The Republicans strongly opposed state support for Catholic parochial education, a major issue in many northern cities. James Blaine, the Republican leader in the House, who was to run as the G.O.P. candidate for President in 1884, introduced a Constitutional amendment which specified that no government aid could be used for such support. And when the anti-Catholic American Protective Association arose in the late 1880s, it operated with some success as a political tendency within the Republican Party. Like the latter-day John Birch Society, it was opposed by many Republican leaders, but others saw electoral advantages in the organisation's bitter attacks on the Catholic-based urban Democratic machines. The state convention of the New York Republican Party in 1894 specifically defeated an effort to condemn the American Protective Association.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

millions of supporters, northern as well as southern.

What had happened to put across so suddenly these crusades, which had been going on for well over a century with relatively little legislative success?

Small Towns, Big Cities

PERHAPS the principal explanation lies in the relative decline in the population as a whole of the groups favouring such values. The sudden increase in the political strength of those who sought to enforce fundamentalist Protestant orthodoxy by law may be seen as a backlash reaction to this basic loss of evangelical Protestant influence within the nation, resulting from broad demographic changes which occurred between 1890 and 1920—changes due in large part to urban growth and the influx of millions of European Catholic and Jewish immigrants. Traditional Protestantism was well on the way to being a *minority* culture instead of a majority one. The ideal typical Republican Protestant, God-fearing, deeply religious, moral, middle-class, living in a stable, non-urban community, was losing control of the society which his father had dominated and which he had learned to expect as his birthright.

American society was becoming *cosmopolitan* and *metropolitan*, with important consequences for evangelical Protestantism. The Census of 1920 reported that for the first time in American history urban dwellers were in a majority. The two dominant evangelical and moralistic Protestant denominations, the Methodists and the Baptists, have formed a majority of American Protestantism since early in the 19th century, but both groups have always been rooted in small towns and rural areas. On the other hand, the Episcopalians, the Catholics, the Unitarians, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, and the Jews have been predominantly located in the cities. In 1890, when about one-quarter of the total population lived in cities with more than 25,000, less than eight per cent of the Methodist-Baptist population did.

Symbolically, metropolitan areas have become centres of Jewish and Catholic influence, while white Protestants were rapidly moving toward the position of numerical minority they now occupy in cities of 250,000 or more. And not only were the evangelical Protestants losing power to "out-groups," but the very concepts of right and wrong seemed to be changing. As a result, the 1920s witnessed another example of backlash politics. As one recent historian of the Ku Klux Klan puts it:

> The 1920s meant "modernism." And "modernism," among other things, meant the waning of church influence, particularly over younger people, the breaking down of parental control. The discarding of the old-fashioned moral code in favour of a freer or "looser" personal one... manifested itself... in wearing skirts close to the knees, engaging in various extreme forms of dancing in smoke-filled road houses, and petting in parked cars. A host of Americans were unwilling, or unable, to adapt themselves to this post-war culture.

AS ONE MIGHT EXPECT, given the history I have outlined above, much of backlash politics has used the vehicle of the Republican Party. Woodrow Wilson, like other Democratic presidents before him, had opposed anti-foreigner legislation and had in fact vetoed a number of such bills. His last veto of quota legislation occurred in 1921, just before he left office. Even more significant than the Republican support for prohibition and nativist immigration laws is the fact that when these measures finally did pass, it was by means of effective exploitation of the "Dixiecrat" coalition. An examination of Congressional votes reveals that the two mainstays of rural and small-town Protestantism, the Northern Republicans and the Southern Democrats, united against the northern urban Democrats. Thus the alliance between Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats is not simply a product of the reaction to Roosevelt's New Deal. The election of 1928, in which the Democrats nominated a Catholic, Al Smith, for President, witnessed *the first Republican breakthrough in the solid South*. The Ku Klux Klan also demonstrated the beginning of the forthcoming realignment, since it operated within the Democratic Party in the South, and (with few exceptions) inside the Republican Party in the North.

The Klan was to be the last truly Protestant nativist movement, and the election of 1928 was perhaps the final occasion in which aggressive Protestantism, in rejecting Al Smith's bid for the presidency, could defeat a symbol of the urban, non-Puritanical groups which were taking over the country. Moreover, the Klan formed a bridge between the traditional forms of nativist politics and those which were to come, for it was not only anti-immigrant, but also anti-radical and specifically anti-Communist. One of the Klan's crusades was to eliminate "Bolshevik agents," who were perceived as

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

based largely among the urban immigrants. In fact, a leader of the Klan in the period after World War II, Dr. Samuel J. Green, argued that the Klan was the first to discover the menace of Communism in the U.S. and was the first group to assail it.

Evidence drawn from analysis of the Klan's support shows the way in which ethnic and religious bigotry, which is found more heavily among the poorer and less-educated strata of the population, could serve as a means by which these normally Democratic segments of the electorate may be won over to Republican candidates. A Gallup Poll survey made shortly after World War II indicated that six per cent of a national sample favoured the Klan. The Klan drew most of its support from the poorest segments of the population, and from manual workers rather than those in middle-class occupations, although southern farmers comprised a sizable supporting group. And though the large majority of Klan supporters belonged to income groups which were overwhelmingly Democratic, 58 per cent of those backing the Klan in the North voted Republican.

THE CONTINUED DIFFERENCE between the values of the evangelical Protestants and the rest of the country has been documented in various opinion surveys. Thus, Gallup Polls have indicated that a declining but large minority of the population still favours a national prohibition law (in 1948, about one-third did; today, about one-quarter). However, when analysed in terms of religion, the polls show that one-third of the Protestants, in contrast with less than a tenth of the Catholics, favour outlawing the sale of hard liquor. When differentiated by size of community, a meaningful pattern emerges.

> Sixty per cent of Protestant farmers still favour prohibition, as do 42 per cent of those Protestants living in communities with less than 10,000 people. On the other hand, among Protestants residing in metropolitan areas with more than 500,000 people, only 12 per cent support prohibition. If one analyses the data by denomination, holding constant the size of residential community, the greatest support for prohibition continues to come from Methodists, Baptists, and the smaller fundamentalist sects. Studies of participation in, or attitudes toward, gambling show similar correlates.

It is obvious that the traditional Protestant sects and the historic sources of ascetic moralistic Protestantism, the small towns and rural areas, still give support to a religious-political culture which is out of date with 20th-century American reality.

IN ADDITION TO the cultural transformation from Protestant values there has been a symbolic transfer of power. The three most visible areas of influence are mass communications, politics, and business; and the three major religious groups tend to be disproportionately represented in these three areas, respectively. The Catholics symbolically have had increasing influence in the political arena, particularly through the Democratic Party, long before Kennedy became President. The Jews have had a highly publicised, even though somewhat exaggerated, influence in the communications industry (first in motion pictures, later in radio and television). Protestants have remained predominant in the business community, but this, curiously, is the least important and the least significant area in which to influence cultural or moral values. Economic power may be very significant from the standpoint of the overall power structure, but in terms of ethics and values, politics and communications are much more important. In addition, many of those in *élite* business positions are Episcopalians, representatives of a religious morality and style which is almost as antithetical to evangelical Protestant moralism as are the values of the Catholics and the Jews. Governor Nelson Rockefeller learned to his sorrow that the backbone of the Republican electorate still includes many for whom divorce and remarriage are sinful.

A number of studies of urban communities have reported a pattern in which once-dominant Anglo-Saxon Protestants have been driven out of politics by the growing strength of various minority ethnic groups. The WASPS, in turn, have concentrated their activities in private associations and in "community chest" drives, the symphony orchestra and opera, and other forms of local culture. In many large cities to-day, the Protestant élite has in large measure left the public sector in the hands of minority ethnic groups. In a real sense, white Protestants, though still a numerical majority in the country, have become the *residual category* within urban America. Sociologists, politicians, the press, and the entertainment industry think in terms of "minority" ethnic-religious categories. It is assumed that these "minority" groups will react favourably toward nominees with the same background as themselves, or that they will

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demonstrate strong resentment to any unfavourable reference or portrayal of their group—assumptions which seem to have a high degree of validity. Political parties and the communications media feel it is safer to discriminate *in favour of* the minorities than against them. The residual WASPs need not be dealt with in this fashion since they do not react as a group.

THE PROLONGED DOMINANCE of the culturally pluralist Democratic Party is a source of chronic frustration to the non-urban, evangelical Protestant, whose values and identification have been with the Republicans, outside the South. Of course, at the national level most Democratic leaders too are Protestants. In a majority Protestant country, the Democrats cannot win an election without support from a sizable minority of white Protestants. But Catholic, Jewish, and Negro ties to the Party are different from those of Protestants. The Democrats derive support from the various minority ethnic and religious groups because their record or image is linked with the values and interests of these groups. Protestant Democrats, however, back the Party for reasons unrelated to their religious identification or special minority group membership. Their party allegiance (the South apart) stems largely from their position in the class structure, their membership in trade unions, or other factors *not* related to religious or ethnic identification or interests.

Those Protestants who see the United States as rejecting their deep-rooted values while claiming to define the nation as a Protestant country are deeply frustrated. As one Methodist theologian has pointed out:

> Much of the anti-Catholicism, anti-Semitism, anti-refugee sentiment, racialism, and nativism which mark the Protestant underworld to-day derives its support from islands of defensive culture-religion which resent being passed by in the flow of national history.

And while most evangelical Protestants are not that embittered, many of them do identify with a politics of retrogression, an effort to return to 19th-century values.

The cultural trends which were alienating the more fundamentalist Protestant groupings have, of course, intensified with the passing of time. This now definitely minority group has become one of the principal sources of support for a politics of alienation and nostalgia which seeks to revert to an earlier era in which it was dominant. To the resentments of the fundamentalists are joined those of the economic strata which feel outraged by the growth of the welfare state and the trade-union movement. Most recently, these two sources of backlash politics have been augmented by the white reaction against the increasingly victorious efforts of Negroes to gain "equality," expressed as the right to enter public accommodations, schools, neighbourhoods, and jobs previously restricted largely to whites. Each of these tendencies contributes to the growth of a right-wing crusade which has been trying for decades to convert the Republican Party into a vehicle for the politics of those who would turn back the clock.

Coughlin & McCarthy

THE FUNDAMENTALIST Protestant, extreme conservative sentiments which have re-emerged in the political arena in the 1960s were not so visible from the 1930s through the 1950s—perhaps because the most prominent "right-wing" leaders were both Catholics: Father Charles Coughlin and Senator Joseph McCarthy. This fact interfered with the persistence of organised right-wing Protestantism. To follow a Catholic, especially a priest, was difficult if not impossible for many Protestants who shared his rightist sentiments. Coughlin did attempt to win the support of religious Protestants in a "crusade against atheistic Communism," but the evidence available from public opinion surveys made during his heyday in the 1930s indicates that he had relatively little success and that his support came largely from Catholics, particularly the manual workers among them. Lutherans (possibly because of their Germanic ties and consequent support for "isolationism") were the one Protestant denomination whose members gave him any significant support.

In moving to national prominence in the 1950s, McCarthy was much more successful than Coughlin in winning support from Protestants, although he too appealed more to his Catholic co-religionists. He was also able to win considerable backing from Baptists and Presbyterians, who had been strongly anti-Coughlin, as well as from Lutherans. McCarthy, of course, did not attack the old ethnic enemies of evangelical Protestantism; he and his staff members were almost entirely non-WASP. However, he did focus his attack on the internal Communist enemy by creating the image of the ideal-typical U.S. Communist as an eastern, urban, Episcopalian graduate of Harvard em-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployed by the State Department or the intellectual opinion media. The threat to "the American way of life" was portrayed as embodied in upper-class, well-educated Easterners and New Deal liberals, the dominant forces controlling American social and political life. By his efforts to link Democratic international policies with the growth of Communism, he appealed also to the former isolationists and to those with ethnic ties to the Axis powers.

Although, as measured by opinion data, McCarthy received much of his support from committed Republicans, he was also endorsed by a significant minority of Democrats. Whereas many college-educated Republicans were unhappy with him, his considerable Democratic backing came largely from the less well-educated. Thus in the early 1950s, according to analysis of survey data, McCarthy was able to bring to the Republican Party some needed votes from the less privileged strata. His supporters were on the whole from a somewhat higher economic level than the Coughlinites. Like Coughlin, McCarthy received more backing from farmers and residents of smaller communities, if economic and other factors are held constant. It is significant that the characteristics of both Coughlin supporters and McCarthy enthusiasts were to a considerable degree similar to those of Ku Klux Klan supporters, according to a 1946 survey, with the obvious major exception of religious affiliation. Few Catholics endorsed the Klan. But Protestant followers of McCarthy were markedly similar in social background to Klan sympathisers of earlier decades.

In a certain sense, it may be argued that McCarthy in the 1950s succeeded in gaining the support of those among Protestants and Catholics most committed to traditional religion. He brought about an ideological union of nativists and Catholics, of the descendants of the immigrants who sought to be recognised as 100-percent American and the small-town and rural Protestants who saw their America disappearing. Through support of McCarthy, both groups focussed their resentments on the Communist enemy. But McCarthy's definition of the menace also provided these groups with the satisfaction of an explicit attack on eastern cosmopolitanism —not only as the source from which Communists drew their sustenance, but also as the locus of the same *élite* which refused to accord equal social status to the offspring of immigrant Catholics and which had rejected the world and values of the non-urban evangelical Protestants.

PERHAPS THE MOST TELLING of the defeats experienced by fundamentalist Protestantism in the past three decades has been its loss of a leading position within Protestantism as a whole. For the dominant force within the church is no longer the Puritanical, moralistic crusade which could swing Protestantism as a social force behind the Anti-Saloon League, but the very liberal National Council of Churches, dominated by the relatively high-status, metropolitan-centred denominations which retain little of that "old-time religion" or belief in the struggle between God and Satan. The Protestant liberals have reduced the supernatural element in religion and emphasise instead the social gospel, so hostile to a Puritanical view of the world divided between the saved and the damned. And consequently, it has been argued, in "fundamentalist eyes, departures from 19th-century capitalism have carried with them the corruption of virtually sanctified socio-economic society...." It is worth noting that Robert Welch, the founder of the John Birch Society, comes from a fundamentalist background, and that the Society is named after a missionary who was martyred by the Chinese Communists and "suspended from college because of the extremist zeal of his fundamentalist activities."

The Little Men

THUS FAR, I have alluded to class and economic factors in their relation to the sources of support and the policies of the conservative parties, without discussing the dynamics of these factors. While it is true and important that "the centre of gravity of wealth is on the Republican side while the centre of gravity of poverty is on the Democratic side," as Charles Beard stated nearly 50 years ago, this tells us little that is new about the dynamics of the electorate or of internal party reaction. What is much more relevant is that for much of its history the Republican Party has sustained an internal conflict among its middle-class and business backers, a conflict also linked to regional diversity. In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the business leaders of the smaller and more midwestern communities, together with the scions of old wealth, supported what came to be known as the Progressive faction of the Party against the reactionary eastern wing dominated by large business, the trusts, and the monopolies. In seeking to account for this Republican reform movement, Richard Hofstadter

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pointed to the emergence of a large displaced stratum of the once powerful upper-middle-class business and professional families who, as the dominant class of the smaller communities of the nation, formerly had a sense of being in control of their party and country. However, the rise to national prominence of a large crop of multi-millionaires and major corporations meant a considerable loss of status for this older upper-middle class. In addition, the horde of non-Protestant immigrants pouring into the cities increased the strength of Catholic-based corrupt political machines. As Hofstadter suggests, this upper-middle-class stratum turned to reform politics. The Progressives secured considerable support in the rural and small-town midwest, and to some extent also found leaders and followers within the city itself from elements who were migrants from (or occupied positions socially comparable to) the Protestant middle class of non-urban America.

An analyst of the background of 260 Progressive leaders reports that

> though they lived in the city, they were in no way typical men of the city. With very rare exceptions, all these men had been and continued to be their own bosses. . . . As individuals, unacquainted with institutional discipline or control, the Progressive leaders represented, in spite of their thoroughly urban backgrounds, the ideas of the older, more rural America.

The Progressivism of these relatively well-to-do men, as well as that of many of their lower-middle-class followers on farms or in business, consisted in seeking to restrain the large corporations which were "stifling individual initiative." Their ideal society was the vanishing America in which the native-born rural or urban *entrepreneur* set the tone for the whole society, and they sought to maintain that society through government action to inhibit the growth of large corporations and trusts. The linkage between Protestant moralism and Progressivism may be seen in Congressional action on prohibition. In an early test vote on the Webb-Kenyon Law of 1913, most Progressive Republican senators voted for it, while most conservatives were opposed.

THIS CLASS AND REGIONAL CLEAVAGE within the Republican Party has, of course, continued down to the present; but the ideological battle lines have changed drastically. The small-town, small-business descendants of the midwestern "trust-busters" (who also advocated fairly drastic versions of the welfare state) are now the ardent supporters of *laissez-faire*; while the executives of the large eastern corporations, the social scions of the trusts and monopolies, are now willing to accept the welfare state. This changing relationship is highlighted by the fact that the eastern states which sent conservative Republican "stalwarts" to the Senate before World War I are, on the whole, the same states whose Republican senators voted to censure Senator McCarthy in 1954 and whose delegates supported Governor Scranton at the 1964 convention. And conversely, those regions which were the backbone of Republican Progressivism in the earlier era supplied the senatorial votes for McCarthy and lined up almost solidly for Goldwater.

The small and middle-sized businessmen and independent professionals, perhaps more than any other groups, have felt constrained by progressive social legislation and the rise of labour unions. They are often squeezed harder than larger business, since their competitive position does not allow them to pay wage increases as readily as large firms can. Governmental measures such as social security, business taxes, and various regulatory laws are expensive and tend to complicate the operation of a small business in ways that scarcely disturb the large corporations. Threats to bring the government into health and medicine, to regulate employee recruitment through Fair Employment Practices legislation, or to control the rental and sale of property or public accommodations, all serve to frighten many small *entrepreneurs*, who foresee the loss of their cherished independence.[3]

[3] The change in the economic doctrines of the tiny Prohibition Party, whose support and orientation has been linked to that of rural and small-town, lower-middle-class Protestantism, is striking evidence of the changes in the status and power of these groups. In the late 19th and early 20th centuries the Party's economic programme resembled that of the Progressives. Its 1912 platform called for the enactment of income and inheritance taxes. The "whiskey ring" was denounced as the worst example of evil plutocratic influences in alliance with the trusts, and both 1908 and 1912 programmes called for governmental control and regulation of *all* corporations in inter-state business.

To-day the Prohibition Party sees the main enemies of freedom in big government and labour unions rather than in big business, and it deplores "the current trend towards a socialistic state, with its increasing emphasis upon government regulation of free enterprise, regulation of our economic life, and federal interference with individual freedom."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those involved in family corporations, in making and controlling their own wealth, as are small businessmen and the newly wealthy who have built up major firms, also tend to favour "as little government as possible." New wealth most often supports *laissez-faire* economics. The man who has made his own money feels more possessive and more insecure about it than does the one who possesses inherited income. Hence he tends to feel more aggrieved about social reform measures which involve redistribution of wealth than do those who have grown up as part of an educated, established upper class which inculcates some of the values of *noblesse oblige* characteristic of upper-class aristocratic conservatism.

The processes of bureaucratisation and rationalisation—characterised by the stable definition of rights and duties, the systematic universalistic ordering of authority relationships, publicity for decisions, and the division of labour with the appearance of university-trained specialists in personnel and labour relations—will be much weaker in both the relatively small family-dominated businesses and the larger businesses of the newly wealthy than in the major established corporations. Bureaucratisation (which characterises large, non-family-owned, older corporations) facilitates the acceptance of trade-unionism by eliminating the threat to the personal status and authority of the independent *entrepreneur*. Management personnel are recruited on the basis of impersonal criteria among people trained in academic institutions, and these "bureaucratic" managers are much less likely than the family-centred *entrepreneur* to hold authoritarian conceptions of the worker-employer relationships. The large established bureaucratic corporation tends to run an internal "planned economy" of its own. It seeks to increase predictability and stability through reducing turn-over in personnel and through other "rationalising" procedures. There is an increased involvement of major corporations in continuous relations with governmental agencies as consumers and suppliers of labour. Hence the bureaucrats both of large industry and of government share the goal of reducing variability in the economy. While small business, new wealth, and family enterprises, see increasing state and union power as frustrating, the large corporate bureaucracies see these changes as tolerable, and they may even favour them, since under certain conditions such changes increase the predictability of bureaucratic operations.

In recent decades the control of large corporations by college-educated men and the scions of established wealth, rather than by the relatively less-educated founders of new firms, has created within the moderate wing of the Republican Party an alliance between economic power and traditional status, while small business and new independent wealth have tended to back the more conservative or *laissez-faire* faction of the Party. These differences were manifest in the fight for the 1964 nomination and came through most clearly in the results of the decisive primary contest in California. Senator Goldwater carried the southern California counties in and around Los Angeles by a large majority, while Governor Rockefeller did well in the less populous San Francisco metropolitan region. These results parallel research findings on the strength of the John Birch Society which indicate that the Society has proportionately much more strength in southern California than in the country as a whole, while it is quite weak in northern California. (It may also be noted that the Society's principal centres of strength lie in the rapidly growing, economically burgeoning states of Arizona, Texas, and Florida.)

The explanation for this pattern of support may be drawn from a more detailed look at the nature of the community and business structures of the two Californias. Northern California, centred around San Francisco, is the old established part of the state. It was the original and dominant centre of population and of the head offices of most major western business and banking firms. Los Angeles and southern California have emerged as major population centres only since World War I, and their really rapid mass growth occurred after 1940. Although northern California's population has continued to increase, its major centre, San Francisco, has grown only slightly for some decades. There are many old, wealthy, and economically powerful families in the Bay Area who represent four and five generations of wealth, the descendants of those who made their money in mining, commerce, or railroads in the first decades after statehood.

Wealth in Los Angeles, on the other hand, is largely *nouveaux riches*, and the well-to-do there possess the political and economic attitudes characteristic of this stratum. Political and cultural sophistication has been slow to develop among

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the southern California economic *élite*. New rapidly expanding centres of population typically lack a leadership accustomed to the responsibilities of running community institutions, reducing community tensions, and supporting the rights of various groups to share in community decisions and authority. During the celebrated conflict over a requirement for a "loyalty oath" at the University of California during the early 1950s, the bulk of the Regents from northern California backed Governor Earl Warren (himself a product of northern California liberal Republicanism) in his effort to accommodate the faculty position. Most of the southern California Regents (including Lieutenant Governor Goodwin Knight, a leading spokesman of right-wing Republicanism at that time) sought to impose the oath.

Similarly in Oregon, a West Coast state with an institutionalised, old-family status structure, where population growth of the state and metropolitan Portland area has lagged behind even the national rate of growth, Goldwater secured only 17 per cent of the primary vote. The social and economic Establishments of San Francisco and Portland placed Goldwater politics outside the pale of approved opinion. Goldwater leaders called attention to this phenomenon in their efforts to explain the poor showing of their candidate in opinion polls. They explicitly noted before the Republican convention that in many parts of the country people felt inhibited to admit publicly that they favoured the Arizonan.

THE DECISIVE BATTLE of the 1964 Republican nomination occurred in California, the one state whose major population centre is characterised by a combination of the very factors which reinforce conservative Republican strength. Los Angeles is not only a centre of new money; it also contains a large concentration of fundamentalist Protestant migrants from small towns and rural areas who have gathered together in fundamentalist churches to resist the corrupting influence of the big city (particularly the "Sodom and Gomorrah of Hollywood"). Evidence that right-wing extremism, and presumably Goldwater Republicanism as well, is related to the tension of population growth and lack of community integration may be drawn from an analysis of California opinion data. This shows that a disproportionate number of Birch Society supporters are to be found among those who have migrated to the state within the past 15 years.

Tactics & Trends

THE APPEAL OF Goldwater Republicanism for the two major segments of the population which long for the Protestant small-town and rural 19th-century *laissez-faire* America—the adherents of evangelical Protestantism, and those who are self-employed professionals or running family-owned businesses—would be insufficient to nominate a Republican presidential candidate if nominations were made by open national primaries. The evidence from a variety of surveys indicates that well over two-thirds of the American population accepts the welfare state and favours an internationalist foreign policy. The agreement over fundamentals which has characterised the programmes of the two major parties during the past two decades has been based on strong popular sentiment. The *secondary local leadership* of the Republican Party, however, has been out of step with the opinions of the majority of its supporters.

This is pointed up by some research results of Herbert McClosky (a political scientist at the University of California) who obtained responses to a variety of opinion questions from a sample of the electorate and from the delegates to the national conventions of both major parties in 1952. He found considerable consensus among the electorate of both parties on national domestic and foreign policy issues. On the whole, both Republican and Democratic voters approved the New Deal welfare-state reforms and a liberal internationalist orientation. However, the convention delegates differed widely. The opinions of the Democratic delegates as a group tended to resemble those of their electoral supporters; the Republican convention-goers, however, expressed strong commitments to traditional conservative *laissez-faire* doctrines, and were much more isolationist or nationalist in their foreign policy. Findings of the Gallup Poll concerning the opinions of Republican voters over the years, including 1964, closely parallel those of McClosky in 1952, a pattern which is further reinforced by Gallup's report that a national survey taken just before the 1964 Republican convention showed 60 per cent of Republicans for Scranton as compared to 34 per cent for Goldwater. According to 1964 survey data, there are relatively few opinion differences between Republican and Democratic voters as a group in the areas of foreign policy or civil rights; the average Republican is, however, somewhat more conservative on various domestic economic issues than the average Democrat.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Republican Party thus faces the problem that its local activist base is largely drawn from men who are engaged in politics because of very conservative ideological commitments and who can afford the time for such activity.[4] Such people are found disproportionately among the executives of moderate-sized businesses (e.g. automobile dealers, realtors, lawyers who serve small and medium-sized business)—the very stratum which most believes in *laissez-faire*. The backbone of "moderate" Republicanism is located among the employees and executives of the large, urban-based corporations. And this group is less active in the Republican Party, in part because it *is* moderate and thus much less passionately concerned about the consequences of Democratic rule; but also because bureaucratic and executive jobs do not readily allow their holders to take time off from work in order to participate in politics.

THIS VARIATION CREATES a division between the opinions of the local Republican leadership and those of the rank-and-file party voters, a division which has existed, of course, for some time. As many journalists have noted, if the Republican convention delegates had voted in past years according to their *convictions* rather than to their electoral hopes, they would have nominated men like Bricker and Taft, not Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower. This time, however, the results were different, due in part to the incredible stupidity of the moderate Republicans, who were incapable of joining forces behind one candidate. Besides political ineptness, several other factors contributed to the fiasco. The one moderate who sought the nomination through the state primaries lost the support of many Protestant Republicans because of his marital activities; secondly, many wealthy Republicans foresaw an inevitable Johnson victory for November and, being reasonably satisfied with his presidential record so far, saw little reason to contribute money to a losing and seemingly not very important cause; and finally, the cumulative frustration of the groups who see themselves as displaced in power and prestige was expressed with such tenacity and force as to be nearly irresistible—their reaction was comparable to that of similar groups in the 1920s which sought to make "one last stand for the Lord." The Goldwater supporters gave their effort a degree of commitment which far outweighed the activities of their less fervently involved opponents.

But while the conservative Republicans have been able to win the nomination, they certainly cannot win the election if they limit their appeal to the self-employed and the culturally alienated. They are faced with the ever-present problem of conservatives in an egalitarian, mass-suffrage society: how to attract enough lower-class votes to get elected. This time they lack a military hero who stands above the fray, who can recruit support for a policy of non-partisan, honest government presided over by a "non-politician." One available tactic is the Communist issue, combined with an expressed concern for declining national prestige. McCarthy demonstrated that many lower-status Democratic supporters of the welfare state would respond to a nationalist and anti-Communist appeal. His success, however, occurred during wartime: the end of the Korean War saw the end of McCarthyism. A considerable part of McCarthy's success can be seen as simply the most recent example of the exploitation of wartime hysteria against anything identified with the enemy, a reaction which has characterised public opinion during all of our wars. Our current involvement in the Vietnamese War, however, has not yet provided Goldwater a comparable opportunity; even with an intensification of the situation, it is not probable that he could have the impact McCarthy had.

WHAT TACTICS REMAIN? The racial issue and white backlash provide the most obvious alternative. In addition to social changes previously discussed, the Negro Revolution and the success of the Civil Rights movement have increased the fears of large sections of the white population. These fears centre on what will happen if Negroes move next door—if schools are integrated—and if Negro demands for job quotas are met. All of these fears, if fully exploited, would seem to give the Republican Party a real chance to win a large percentage of the white, working-class, normally Democratic vote. It is possible that a white backlash may have helped to elect George Romney as Governor of Michigan in 1962. Negroes make up about 30 per cent of Detroit's population, and the expansion of Negro residential areas has been a continuing cause of racial friction there. The U.A.W. and the Democratic Party have favoured measures to protect housing opportunities for Negroes, but

[4] See Richard Rovere's "American Letter," in the October ENCOUNTER.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the voting data suggest that many Detroit workers who voted Democratic in the past voted for Romney in 1962. In areas where race was not a problem, Romney's gain was not so significant. Although Romney himself did nothing to encourage racist votes, the Democrats attacked him as "an adherent of the Mormon Church, which believes in Negro inferiority."

During the past two years, fair housing proposals were defeated in referendums in Berkeley, California, and in Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, while a public accommodations law barely passed in Kansas City, Missouri, in large part because of the sizable Negro electorate. In each of these cities the normally Democratic white working-class areas voted most heavily against civil rights. In the Democratic presidential primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana, and Maryland, Governor Wallace (who campaigned against President Johnson in opposition both to civil rights and to increased federal powers) generally received his highest vote in the predominantly Catholic working-class areas of Milwaukee, Gary, Baltimore, and other cities. It is not surprising, therefore, that Governor James Rhodes of Ohio reputedly decided to back Goldwater because he felt that the white backlash would provide the votes necessary to carry Ohio. And clearly, enthusiasm for Goldwater in the South is due in large part to his position on civil rights.

It is apparent that the Goldwater camp is not discouraging racist support. The promise to do something "to make the streets of our large cities safer" is a clear-cut appeal to white anxieties about the racial issue. For the candidates who decry any interference by the Federal government with "states' rights," the suggestion that the problems of municipal policy will be affected by a change in the presidency is somewhat startling, except in the context of the effort to deliver a message to the prejudiced.

IT IS DIFFICULT to evaluate the effects of the white backlash on the campaign results. Four years ago, I anticipated that the votes which Kennedy would gain *because* he was a Catholic would outweigh those he would lose. This time one should not ignore the effects of the backlash on moderate Republicans—*i.e.* the votes which Johnson will gain from normally Republican groups. Just before the presidential conventions, the Gallup Poll reported that "when Republicans were asked in a recent survey whether they would vote for a candidate who is opposed to civil rights, or one who is favourable, they said they would side with the candidate who is in favour by a ratio of 2-to-1." The same referendum results which show Democratic white working-class districts as voting against civil rights proposals also reveal middle-class Republican areas as much more positive toward civil rights. The higher-status Protestant churches (which are affiliated with the anti-fundamentalist National Council of Churches) are preponderantly those of the middle-class urban and suburban white-collar workers, business executives, and professionals employed by large corporations. These groups, which are the backbone of "moderate Republicanism," have been badgered by their ministers to treat civil rights as a matter of conscience. Other studies indicate that liberal Protestantism has a politically liberalising effect on well-to-do churchgoers. The major Protestant weekly, *Christianity and Crisis*, has editorialised against Goldwater in terms which typify the opinions of the religiously liberal Protestant clergy:

> The mantle of religion is being used to support what we regard as an immoral nationalism, an immoral nuclear recklessness, an immoral racism (though the candidate is not a racist he promises the racists what they want—protection from the Federal government) and an immoral economic individualism that fails to take account of the needs of the people who inhabit our cities. . . .

The more fundamentalist Protestant groups will see in such expressions further evidence of the corruption of Protestantism from within, but the fact remains that the religiously liberal National Council of Churches, not the much smaller conservative National Association of Evangelicals, represents the large majority of Protestants to-day.

The moderate Republican newspapers which are read by the college-educated corporation employees and executives have also been providing arguments for opposing the Party ticket in 1964. Recent survey data indicate that the Republican press endorsing Johnson is much closer to the point of view of the majority of the Republican voters than are Goldwater & Miller. In addition to favouring Federal enforcement of civil rights, a sizeable majority of Republicans support foreign aid to developing nations, overwhelmingly agree that the United Nations is doing important and necessary work, believe that the nuclear test ban treaty is a good thing, and oppose military action against Castro. Since this group of Republicans is knowledgeable and interested in

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics, I think it very likely that many of them will vote for Johnson in November.

If we look at the possibilities for Democratic defections, it should be noted that a variety of evidence indicates that the more racially prejudiced tend to be drawn from among the least educated, the least exposed to politically relevant communications, and the least interested in politics. As poor people, often trade-union members, these people strongly favour welfare-state measures and identify with the Democrats as "the party of the common man." Many, if not most of them, vote regularly for the Democratic slate regardless of candidates or issues. They do not read political news, nor do they listen to campaign debates. There is little or no Republican campaign activity in their neighbourhoods, and at work they are likely to be told repeatedly that Goldwater is anti-labour, a union-buster, that he will take away their pension rights and otherwise hurt them economically. Since their normal conception of the Republican Party is one of a party of the wealthy, it is doubtful that many workers who normally vote Democratic will back Goldwater as the Republican candidate. Outside of the South, therefore, Goldwater should lose proportionately and numerically more votes from Republican ranks than he gains from Democratic ones.

ALL OF THE EVIDENCE concerning basic structural and attitudinal trends clearly points to a strong Democratic victory in November. A trend in the growth of the role of the Presidency during this century, which makes it increasingly difficult to defeat an incumbent up for re-election, reinforces this conclusion. The enormous power and responsibility of the office now lift its incumbent far above other men, so that it has become difficult to visualise anyone who is not President as comparable in stature to the office-holder. In fact, *only two* incumbents have been defeated for re-election during this century: William Howard Taft, who lost because his predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt, split the Party and ran on a third Progressive Party ticket; and Herbert Hoover, whose term of office coincided with the worst depression in history. Lyndon Johnson has had the advantages of incumbency without some of its disadvantages. He has held office long enough to be perceived as an effective President, but too short a time to have alienated many groups or individuals through having acted against them. To these situational assets must be added his political skills, which are probably worth some millions of votes. Johnson is the most consummate politician to have held the Presidency since Lincoln (with the possible exception of the two Roosevelts). His ability to say and do the right things to get support not only from Congress but also from significant sections of the electorate has been phenomenal. The proposals for "saving money" (in the operation of the White House and in the government agencies generally) are relatively costless in terms of policy as a way to appeal to the middle class; similarly, the use of the socialist slogan "war on poverty" for a programme which proposes to change the attributes of poor people as individuals rather than the attributes of the economic system has been one that has won support from Socialists and corporation executives alike.

The Real Danger

FINALLY, IT CANNOT BE stressed too strongly that the politics of the "backlash," whether religious-cultural, economic, or racially motivated, is a consequence of the fact that the United States is becoming more liberal. The groups now reacting with such desperation are desperate precisely because they are growing less influential and less numerous. They can see no conventional means to sustain their values or interests. The Republican Party itself has become the major victim of this decline, which undoubtedly contributes to the willingness of some of its leaders to accept extremists in their ranks. The Gallup Poll, which has asked samples of the electorate for over a quarter of a century, "*In politics as of to-day, do you consider yourself a Republican, Democrat, or Independent?*" reports that over this period of time "the Republican Party label has declined steadily in favour with the voters of the nation."

> In 1940, almost as many voters said they were Republicans (38 per cent) as Democrats (42 per per cent). By 1960, the proportion of Democrats had grown to 47 per cent, while the Republicans had declined to only 30 per cent (the other 23 per cent were Independent). And in 1964, after four years of Kennedy and Johnson, those who identify themselves as Democrats are for the first time over half the electorate (53 per cent), while the Republicans are down to a mere 25 per cent.

Studies of trends in public attitudes toward international issues and civil rights show comparable results. Herbert Hyman and Paul Sheatsley have recently (*Scientific American*,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

July 1964) brought together data from surveys completed by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago over the past two decades which clearly indicate a drastic movement of opinion in favour of Negro rights. They report that

> support of residential integration rose from 35 per cent in 1942 to 64 per cent at the end of last year [1963] among all whites. . . . For Northern whites the increase was from 42 per cent to 70 per cent and for Southern whites from 12 per cent to 51 per cent.

Support for school integration in the nation as a whole jumped from 30 per cent in 1942 to 49 per cent in 1956, and to 62 per cent at the end of 1963. The comparable figures for the North alone are 40 per cent in 1942, 61 per cent in 1956, and 75 per cent in 1963. Perhaps most significant of all is the report that in the South as well as the North,

> we find greater support for integration where integration actually exists and greater support for segregation where there is no integration. . . . Among Northern whites living in districts that have segregated schools, 65 per cent favour integration; in Northern areas where schools are considerably integrated 83 per cent favour the policy.

The political import of popular support for civil rights may be seen in a 1964 mid-summer Gallup Poll which reported that the racial issue was most often mentioned by a sample of the electorate as "the most important problem facing the country to-day." When asked which party would deal more successfully with the most important problem, almost two-thirds answered the Democratic Party.

THUS THERE is simply no evidence that dogmatic conservatism, racial bigotry, or xenophobic nationalism have become more popular in the country. The efforts of increasingly desperate minorities to halt their loss of support and influence by heightened political activity must not be taken as evidence of an increase in their numbers. Even within the conservative ranks, the popular strength of the organised radical right is quite small. A number of national surveys conducted by different opinion agencies (Gallup, Harris, the Opinion Research Corporation) have inquired about attitudes toward the John Birch Society. None of these have ever reported more than 6 per cent in favour of the Society. In a recent investigation conducted by the Opinion Research Corporation, a national sample was asked whether knowledge that a Presidential candidate had been endorsed by the Birch Society would make them "more likely to vote for" him; only 4 per cent said that it would, while 47 per cent said they would be *less* likely to vote for a candidate if they knew he had the Society's endorsement. On the other hand, when asked the same question about C.O.R.E., the Congress of Racial Equality, 19 per cent said a C.O.R.E. endorsement of a Presidential candidate would affect them positively, as compared with 13 per cent who reported a negative reaction. (The differences between these percentages and 100 are accounted for as those who had never heard of the organisation or who said an endorsement would not affect their vote either way.)

The revival of conservative *laissez-faire* Republicanism in 1964 is the backlash of a dying right-wing elephant. As an electoral tendency, I doubt that it will be any more durable than the sociologically comparable movement of Pierre Poujade in France. The real danger in a right-wing take-over of the Republican Party is the threat it poses to the viability of the G.O.P. Will it be able to recover, or must it follow the path of its Federalist and Whig predecessors into the ashcan of history? America can ill afford a prolonged period of one-party politics, for such politics can only be those of the dead centre, without significant opposition, choice, or progress.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. D. Snodgrass

"After Experience Taught Me . . ."

After experience taught me that all the ordinary
Surroundings of social life are futile and vain;

I'm going to show you something very
Ugly; some day, it might save your life.

Seeing that none of the things I feared contain
In themselves anything either good or bad

What if you get caught without a knife;
Nothing—even a loop of piano wire;

Excepting only in the effect they had
Upon my mind, I resolved to inquire

Take the first two fingers of this hand;
Fork them out—kind of a "V for Victory"—

Whether there might be something whose discovery
Would grant me supreme, unending happiness.

And jam them into the eyes of your enemy.
You have to do this hard. Very hard. Then press

No virtue can be thought to have priority
Over this endeavour to preserve one's being.

Both fingers down around the cheekbone
And setting your foot high into the chest

No one can desire to act rightly, to be blessed,
To live rightly, without simultaneously

You must call up every strength you own
And you can rip off the whole facial mask.

Wishing to be, to act, to live. He must ask
First, in other words, to actually exist.

And you, whiner, who wastes your time
Dawdling over the remorseless earth,
What evil, what unspeakable crime
Have you made your life worth?

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French Affairs

WHAT IS the present position of France in Europe? How have the country and its inhabitants changed over the last years? The answer to these questions generally tends to be made in terms of the intimidating personality of President de Gaulle. But Gaullism is not all of France, and it is, in any case, by no means certain how long it will survive its founder. Perhaps, too, our eyes have been focused on the new France of the post-war industrial revolution to an extent which has disguised the persistence of some French historical traditions, as well as the problems posed by the necessity of transforming them.

For instance, of the two political streams which have usually made up French political life: the party of the movement and the party of resistance, Left and Right: the one seems to have dried up and the other to have attempted that highly un-French political manœuvre, the stealing of its opponent's clothes. Yet no one should think that this state of affairs is necessarily permanent. Will not the obvious decadence of the French Communist Party, to which George Lichtheim points in his article The Stranded Whale, *be bound to lead to its replacement by some other "Left-wing" force which will be able to collect the votes of the industrial working class? Will the moderation of the Right last, or shall we see a return of those extremist movements which proliferated before the war and enjoyed a militant return in the ranks of the O.A.S.?*

No one can tell what problems will arise in the France that lies beyond de Gaulle, though it is certain that the first task will be the establishment of some sort of viable political régime to soften a transfer of power which is bound to be felt as a shock. Then there is the social problem of the French peasantry and the flight from the land into the towns. "Regionalism" is a word as much in use in France at the moment as it is elsewhere, and the desiccation of the provinces in favour of Paris is an evil with which we are all too familiar. In France matters are made worse by a harsh centralising tradition which, as F. R. Allemann shows in his article on Alsace in this number of ENCOUNTER, *can lead to serious local discontent and, more frequently, to a waste of opportunity and an impoverishment of life. A recent series of articles in* Le Monde *has drawn up an indictment against a narrowness of approach that refuses to admit that languages such as Breton, the Langue d'Oc, Basque, Flemish, and Alsatian German are part of France's rich cultural inheritance.*

France has problems enough, and those of us who owe her much are hopeful that those problems will be solved. But it is a charge against Gaullism (and especially against some of its minor spokesmen) that it has encouraged a type of national egotism, isolationism even, that can provide no future for a European land to-day. It is only by the use of a wider vision—the modern humanism of such men as Robert Schuman and Jean Monnet—that France will solve her own riddles, and perhaps Europe's. Will such vision be found? Or will the pursuit of "grandeur," the empty greatness of a policy of prestige, prevent the consolidation of the certain gains that have been made over the last decade?

Better in France?

By Richard Mayne

"—THEY ORDER, said I, this matter better in France—." Ever since Sterne and undoubtedly before him, travellers both sentimental and otherwise have repeated similar clichés. "Very intelligent, these French cows," remarks the father of a friend as one Gallic herd picks its way past the waiting motorists: "*Sensass', vos feesh-an'-sheeps!*" exclaims a Parisian girl just back from Brighton. Food and drink, and the cults surrounding them, deserve separate treatment; but at a time when returning holiday-makers, delayed by strikes or dazzled by St. Tropez starlets, are already adding fresh colour to xenophobic or xenophiliac myths, it may be worthwhile to look at some of the matters that are—and aren't—ordered better in France. Both countries could probably profit from comparing notes. What follows, therefore, is a subjective Alphabet of Comparative Convenience, on the general principles of *honi soit qui mal y pense* and let the sheeps fall where they may.

ARRIVING in France, although it still involves filling in a disembarkation card if one comes by sea or air, is by now about as informal as entering any of the other Common Market countries. All that most continental visitors need is an identity card; and the customs examination, for tourists at least, is cursory. Britain, of course, has relaxed some of the sterner formalities—in particular by introducing the three-months' Visitor's Card and removing some of those chilling signs marked "*Aliens*" that inspired George Mikes to authorship and most of my friends to fury. Nevertheless, and despite this widespread reputa-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion for making entry difficult, those who travel more or less freely across Western Europe are still astonished by the zeal of British customs and immigration officers, even if they don't detect sinister overtones in their unfailing politeness.

BANKING, by contrast, is a field where Britain largely scores—and not merely because London has a well-developed capital market whereas Paris so far has not. True, British banks have an air of intimidating grandeur, something between the Reform Club and St. Paul's Cathedral; while their French counterparts seem to be cramped hives of bureaucratic disorder, like local food offices during the war. But in Britain, at least, one can cash a cheque anywhere along the counter—unlike France and most continental countries, where one first presents the cheque to one of the clerks, then patiently waits one's turn to get the money from the cashier. Only in one respect do French banks offer unusual service. This is by automatically paying one's gas, electricity, and telephone bills by direct arrangement with the public utilities concerned. One still gets the bill in time to contest it if necessary; but this system prevents the cutting-off of services that would otherwise follow in short order if one forgot to pay. Of course, it may be possible to make such flexible banker's orders in Great Britain; but the public utilities certainly don't publicise the system as they do in France.

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMNS would normally be the place to make such practical suggestions; but they're curiously rare in the French press, as in the continental press as a whole. Letters do appear in the newspapers, sometimes in quantity, but offhand it's hard to think of more than one place—the Belgian weekly *Pourquoi Pas?*—where they feature as regularly and as prominently as in Britain. There's no real French equivalent to the magisterial letter to *The Times* or *The Guardian*; and this, coupled with the habit of shoulder-shrugging, makes one wonder occasionally whether public affairs in France aren't something of a spectator sport. The right to be informed, in fact, seems often to be prized more highly than the right to have influence—perhaps as a result of habits acquired at school.

DRIVING is usually regarded as one of the means whereby French individualists express themselves. There are more cars, in proportion to the population, in France than in Great Britain: but despite all legends I'd hesitate to say that they're driven better or worse. The pace of driving is admittedly faster than in England; and hand signals, so often misleading or ambiguous, have long since practically disappeared. The rigid system of priority on the right is helpful when it's intelligently applied, and yellow headlights are a boon in fog and darkness; but the ban on dipped headlights in built-up areas is a source of constant confusion. Frenchmen, like Englishmen, endlessly complain at the state of their roads, but they have some excellent motorways, and have taken to the toll highway system over which Britain still hesitates. What surprises the foreigner in Paris, however, is that the average French driver, despite his speed, is by no means the ruthless wizard he's thought to be. Sometimes he takes the Etoile roundabout as an excuse for dodgem-car bullying, and he races dangerously through the Bois de Boulogne. But for the most part he's disciplined and even rather sleepy—especially when the traffic lights change from red to green.

EDUCATION is obviously too vast a subject to dismiss in one paragraph; but a word is due on the *Ecole Nationale d'Administration*. From time to time, there's disgruntled talk of abolishing the *grandes écoles*, and it's true that some of their products are supercilious young bureaucrats whose reputation gives even ordinary Frenchmen a bad name. They used to be blamed for some of France's economic difficulties: to-day, there's probably a tendency to over-rate them. Yet at a time when administration of all kinds daily grows more complex, it's clearly an asset for France to have a yearly crop of graduates from the *E.N.A.* who reach their first jobs with an avowedly professional training already behind them. At its best, the system can bring out first-rate qualities; even at its worst it produces a high minimum standard of competence—a ready-made apparatus for analysing any problem under the sun. Meanwhile, civil servants in most other countries, including Britain, still get their strictly vocational training "on the job," like apprentices in a rather backward factory.

FLATS have long been the natural habitat of the hard-core Parisian. Paris, as a result, has nothing as yet like London's broad ring of pink-and-green suburbia, whose extent often astonishes foreign visitors when they first see it from the air. Snobbery certainly enters into this centripetal pattern of living: recently, the otherwise intelligent wife of a senior French official protested that it was "impossible" to live further out than Neuilly. But although this year the property market has become more stable, the rising price of flats in Paris, which are commonly bought and sold as much as rented, has lately driven more and more people outside. To-day, a comfortable modern flat in Paris can

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cost up to ten times as much as a small house and garden in the suburbs; but it remains to be seen whether sheer economics will turn the typical Parisian into a commuter and a gardener.

GUIDEBOOKS, oddly enough, may be one of the beneficiaries of these metropolitan habits, which encourage frequent excursions to get a breath of fresh air. Here, France is much better served than Britain. For restaurants and hotels, the Michelin guide is normally reliable, especially on the smaller establishments; and friends of mine swear by that put out by the rival tyre firm of Kléber-Colombes. Despite the good-food brigade, Britain has nothing as comprehensive —although now that Michelin covers Italy and Germany, one wonders how soon it'll vet the British Isles. One weakness of these classical guidebooks is their tendency to fasten on specific "sights" and monuments, turning the tourists into a part-time archaeologist and leaving picturesquerie as such unstarred. But here again France may well be in the vanguard, since she's now producing specialised guides to "mysterious," "quiet," and "literary" locations —an enterprise I've yet to see elsewhere.

HOTELS, nevertheless, seem to me better in Britain. Many people, no doubt, remember from their student days those elderly, ramshackle establishments on the Left Bank, smelling of drains and very cheap hair-oil, with a wizened *concierge* and a groaning lift, hard thin mattresses and dusty plush curtains. It would be unfair to call these typical; and in any case some of them have been modernised—especially on the ground floor. But unless one's willing to pay very much higher prices, it's hard to find places that don't somewhat echo these themes. Floors creak; the *minuterie* switches the light off; breakfast consists of overstewed coffee, assorted carbohydrates, and bright scarlet jam. No other meals are available, and there's practically nowhere to sit. All too seldom does one find in France the equivalent of the modest English country hotel with vast armchairs and a blazing fire. Here, the typical small hotel remains severely functional—essentially a place to sleep, perchance to eat.

IDENTITY CARDS are another point of difference in Britain's favour. Many continentals are surprised and even sceptical when they hear that Englishmen don't have them, just as Englishmen are surprised to learn that some continentals have to carry them all the time. This is a matter, like being able to walk on the grass in London parks, which reinforces the impression abroad of Englishmen's deep conviction that the State and its employees are there to serve them rather than to rule. The impression of contrast, however, is far less striking as soon as one gets outside the cities: for in my own village, at least, the police and local officials are just as friendly, and just as much part of the community, as those in any bucolic French—or British—film.

JOURNALISM in France, on the other hand, is about as good as it is in Britain. There are perhaps fewer sensational popular papers, although those there are make up the difference. There's no equivalent to the British "quality" Sunday newspapers; on the other hand even *The Times* can't rival the unrelenting seriousness of *Le Monde*. But French reporting, I think, has three technical weaknesses. The first is a tendency to rely overmuch on the agencies, and chiefly *Agence France Presse*; the second is to mix news with gallocentric comment in a way that would be inadmissible in Britain; and the third is a rooted disinclination to put the story in the "lead," so that one has to fight one's way through several paragraphs, on occasion, before striking the hard news. Against all this must be set a subtlety and sophistication—particularly on European affairs—that one often misses in the British press.

KITCHEN EQUIPMENT, or *batterie de cuisine*, is a phrase that calls to mind the France of the cookery books, all herbs and garlic, copper *sauté* pans and earthenware *gratin* dishes. But it would be wrong to suppose that French housewives shun more modern devices. It's true that according to a recent survey more British than French households cook by gas or electricity rather than solid fuel; and my wife reports that French gas stoves lack either a plate rack or an outside grill. On the other hand such items as refrigerators, food mixers, pressure cookers, and even washing machines with dryers are more common in France than in Britain. And if Britain possesses more vacuum cleaners, France makes up with electric floor-polishers—mainly because on this side of the Channel the gleaming *parquet* is still a household god.

LANGUAGES are generally supposed to be the Englishman's weak point; and if the pollsters are to be believed, a higher proportion of Frenchmen know at least one foreign tongue. Experience suggests, however, that both peoples are equally incompetent compared with, say, the Dutch. The second language most frequently claimed by Frenchmen is German, leading English by a short head: but the average Frenchman sloshing his way through German is just as hopeless as the average Englishman galumphing along in French. Where the Frenchman scores is in his uncanny ability to induce everyone else

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the room to speak French with him, even if all but he are English: lucky Jacques remains firmly the only one in step. Englishmen put off by this can always console themselves with the thought that their accents, so awkward in their own ears, are said to have seductive, exotic charm.

MARKS & SPENCERS is another British asset and a bait for continental tourists—so much so, indeed that it's even received discreet official publicity. Visiting London, one's frequently asked to bring back bargains in the form of cashmere sweaters and other more intimate garments, because France has yet to achieve that happy blend of mass production, style, and quality that should surely mark the maturity of a modern consumer economy. High quality, although nowadays more general, still tends to mean high price; cheap goods still tend to be shoddier, on balance, than their British counterparts. That this is changing is partly due to the Common Market, which has brought a new variety to the range of goods that are readily available: but the mark-up on foreign wares is often still large enough to act as a protectionist barrier, even as tariffs fall.

NAMES are a sore point with some French families in Brittany who recently clashed with officialdom over their claim to call their children what they pleased. Strictly speaking, the authorities were right: French children, it appears, have only a limited choice of Christian names—chiefly those of the saints. Hence the fact that every third Frenchman seems to be called "Jean-Pierre" or "Jean-Paul," and every third French girl "Marie" or "Marie-France." Admittedly, this avoids such fashionable or unfashionable extremes as "Russell," "King," and "Sandra"; but it's easy to understand the parents' annoyance when having given their children Breton names they were at first told that they couldn't qualify for family allowances because the children—under those names—didn't legally exist.

OFFICE HOURS in France differ notably from those in Britain; but the merits of each system are chiefly a matter of choice. Here, as a rule, the official day is supposed to start early, and it ends late, with a two-hour break for lunch. A number of firms, including at least one of the big stores, are trying to change these habits; but they die hard. Some younger people say they prefer the British nine-to-five system, and enjoy longer evenings: others miss their leisurely midday meal and find it hard to arrange family life to fit often conflicting timetables. One disadvantage of the traditional French system, apart from rather somnolent afternoons, is the fact that it gives Paris four rush-hours a day—the last of them late enough to coincide with the early-evening dearth of taxis, as tiresome here as in London. No one so far has proposed the admirable Scandinavian system of knocking off in the early afternoon.

PLUMBING, it seems, is inescapable in any account of European travel. While in Britain the visitor's chief complaints are about exploding geysers and non-existent central heating, France calls forth earthier comments—on the lack of sex-segregation, the coarseness or absence of paper, the strange stand-up arrangements with raised china footprints presumably meant for a yeti. A good half of French households apparently still lack an inside lavatory; but things have improved enormously since the days when Katherine Mansfield alleged that such primitive facilities betrayed something sinister in the French character. I still wonder, though, why wash-basins seem to clog so often on the continent, and why instead of plugs so many of them have lever-operated metal discs that don't quite fit.

QUEUES, if more frequent than in Britain, are no longer the feature of life that they used to be—although here they still attest the vitality of Paris theatre and cinema. Where France scores in respect of queuing is in the ticket machines at some of the bus-stops, which enable priorities to be established beyond dispute. Nor, in my experience, is this just a desperate remedy for supposedly incorrigible selfishness. It's simply a good idea that might well be used on other queues, in France as well as in Britain, to enable people to do other things while they're waiting, instead of using their own bodies as proof that they happened to arrive earlier than those behind them.

REFUSE COLLECTION, be it ne'er so humble, is a business for which there's no place like home. No place so backward, I mean. In my own district of London, the dustman used to call once a week; he humped the huge, heavy dustbin on to his shoulders, walked out to the road with it, and heaved its contents more or less accurately into the open dustcart. Where I live now, by contrast, refuse is collected twice weekly; dustbins are smaller and easier to handle, and each householder leaves them outside his gate; the van itself, finally, is built in such a way that the refuse can't spread. In some other continental countries, hygiene is carried even further: each dustbin is of a standard pattern, and its mouth clips on to, and thereby opens, a porthole in the back of the dustcart which closes when the empty bin is removed.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's hard to see why such gadgets aren't adopted universally.

SUNDAY SHOPPING tends to arouse Nonconformist consciences—or the fear of them—among British Members of Parliament: yet it's always seemed illogical that most shops should be forbidden to open on the one day when most people are free to make use of them. Sunday is one of the chief market days in the village here; and in several districts of Paris itself food shops do flourishing business on Sunday mornings—especially selling bread, which to be at its best must be bought fresh every day. The Sunday traders make up for it by closing on Mondays or running a rota system with their neighbours, so that nobody loses his statutory leisure hours, and everyone can use them to shop instead of just window-gazing. Will Britain one day follow suit? Or must we content ourselves, as in Germany, with joyless streets at week-ends, marginally mitigated by vending machines?

TELEPHONES, like roads, are a constant target of grumbling both in France and in Britain; but the honours, or otherwise, are even. Many Paris telephones are equipped with an additional earphone, which may sometimes be necessary to hear with, but is usually more useful as a way of letting someone else listen in. Paris telephone numbers are shortly to replace the letter-and-figure code by a simple seven figures: this is because France, like Britain, is gradually adopting subscriber trunk dialling on an international scale. In both cases, however, progress is slow compared with some other European countries, where it was already commonplace to be able to dial a foreign number at the time when Britain—within her own borders only—proudly inaugurated S.T.D.

UNDERGROUND travel is convenient but unpleasant in any city; and between the London tube and the Paris *métro* there's probably little to choose. The *métro's* new coaches are better than those of the tube, in that they run almost silently on huge rubber tyres; but their smoothness heightens the impression they give of moving relatively slowly. What's more, although they have softer seats than the old, and far more *strapontins*, standing room still predominates, and there's no essential difference—except in price and crowdedness—between first and second class. Owing to its larger area, London could no doubt never adopt the Parisian system of issuing the same ticket for any length of journey; but one wonders when Paris is going to abolish those irritating *portillons automatiques* which close as soon as the train comes in, thereby ensuring that any latecomer misses it.

VACATIONS in France might well be the envy of Englishmen. Here, there are ten public holidays a year against Britain's six; and one whole month in the year—usually August—is devoted to the annual exodus in pursuit of the sun. More staggered holidays would certainly be a blessing; but the length of the annual vacation makes up for the fact that most people take it simultaneously. French camping equipment, for instance, which includes such luxuries as portable refrigerators and television sets, is a worthwhile investment for a twelfth part of every year; so too is foreign travel. With several land frontiers to cross instead of a Channel, Frenchmen now go abroad slightly more than Englishmen, although much less than any of their Common Market neighbours except the Italians. If you have the sun at home, why seek it elsewhere?

WIRELESS programmes, on the other hand, figuratively tempt Frenchmen outside their own frontiers, since they listen with avidity to the lively and objective news bulletins of such neighbouring stations as Europe No. 1. It was partly to tempt them back to French broadcasting that the statute of the *R.T.F.* was recently changed, making radio and television at least partially freer from government control. And at a time when various snide attacks are being made on what's invidiously called "Auntie" B.B.C., it's worth noting that the new régime here is at least avowedly modelled on the British system, whose reputation in the rest of Europe is remarkably—and deservedly—high.

X-RAYS sounds like a mere device to make up the alphabetical number; but in fact it represents a part of the medical examination that every Frenchman is given annually under the health insurance scheme. Mobile vans tour the districts to give everyone a routine check-up, including tests of blood and urine and an interview with a doctor. Although the French health service is less completely "socialised" than in Britain, this aspect of it is cared for much more thoroughly. On the principle that prevention is better than cure, it seems a practice that Britain might well adopt.

YACHTING is yet another manifestation of France's increasing concern for physical fitness. In recent years, more and more people on both sides of the Channel have been discovering the pleasures of sailing: it's only lately that speedboat fiends have begun to infest coastal waters with some of the noise and stench that many sailors are seeking to avoid. As part of the boat boom, yachting books and periodicals are beginning to have the same vogue in France as in

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain; in the Avenue de la Grande Armée a whole new bookshop is devoted to them. The youthful Eric Tabarly's exploit in winning the single-handed Atlantic race this year against the 63-year-old Francis Chichester has made even more Frenchmen realise that they, like the British, are a maritime nation: but it's perhaps significant that most of the French press only began to take a real interest in the story when they knew that Tabarly had won.

ZEBRA CROSSINGS, finally, are a further phenomenon that doesn't exist in France. Instead, there are what a defiantly anglophone friend of mine calls "clouted passages." In practice, few French drivers slow down at these crossings to give priority to pedestrians: but at traffic lights the rule is strict on both. As in Italy, as in the United States, it's an offence in France to cross against the lights; and continental Europeans, so often criticised for "lack of discipline," are amazed at the insouciance with which the English saunter across against the red. Land of the free, or land of the happily foolhardy? Failure to adapt to modern traffic, or re-assertion of rights by the oldest users of the road?

Too many facile generalisations about national character have been based on evidence as flimsy and equivocal as this. Perhaps the best thing is to add up the totals in the present impressionist listing, and keep one's shaky conclusions to oneself.

The Stranded Whale

On the French Communist Left — By GEORGE LICHTHEIM

THE FRENCH Communist Party is one of the wonders of the world. Increasingly left behind by the march of events, cut off from the vital growth sectors of post-war French society, bereft of doctrine, saddled with an ageing and incompetent leadership, and tied to a discreditable past, it yet survives and maintains itself as the principal opposition party and the main outlet for working-class hostility to the *status quo*.

Its electoral following has shrunk by one-third since the high point of 1956, its true membership by at least two-thirds compared to the peak period immediately after the war, the circulation of *L'Humanité* has dwindled, the veteran leaders, who braved the storms of the inter-war period, are dead or in retirement, and almost every intellectual figure of any standing has in recent years made for the exit. Yet the Party remains in being, a great stranded whale cast upon the shores of France: too big to be ignored, too flabby to inspire fear, a huge creature with a tiny brain and a ponderous tail which flaps in helpless anger whenever its owner is beset by smaller and more agile competitors in the political jungle: recalling in its own way Marx's description of Imperial China —"a giant empire vegetating in the teeth of time"—rather than the totalitarian régime of Mao Tse-tung. Rarely has a self-styled revolutionary party inspired so little fear, or even respect, in its political opponents.

It was not always thus. One of the merits of Mr. David Caute's admirable study[1] is to remind us that there was a time when the Party carried a real punch, was admired as well as hated, inspired fervent loyalty in its *militants*, and attracted the support of some of the finest minds in France. How and why these assets were thrown away makes a fascinating story, and it is here told in a book whose graceful style conceals a solid foundation of scholarship. This is truly an impressive work for so youthful an author: the first coherent account of French Communism as an intellectual phenomenon, and of the left-wing intelligentsia's love-hate relationship with the Party since its founding in 1920. The story is, moreover, told in an engagingly informal manner, the apparatus of scholarship never obtruding on the flow of narrative. A novelist as well as an historian, Mr. Caute has illustrated his theme with selected case studies of a few celebrated names and numerous minor figures. Not surprisingly he is at his best in dealing with Gide, Sartre, and Malraux. But the philosophers, historians, and scientists are not neglected, and only the economists are absent from his account. This flaw, however, though regrettable in itself, is also an index to the puzzle of French Communism, for economics—and indeed Marxist thinking generally—was marginal to the new Party that arose from the Socialist split at Tours in 1920. It was hatred

[1] *Communism and the French Intellectuals*. By DAVID CAUTE. André Deutsch, 45s.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of war—and of the class believed to have been responsible for the war—that made the majority at Tours look to Lenin and the Third International. Intellectual rationalisations came later. Only in the 1930s did the Party acquire a few economists, and only now is it beginning to discover the mysteries of modern sociology and political science. To the men and women who founded the movement, "the revolution" meant Russia, and what they thought might be imminent in France: the seizure of power by workers' councils. It took many years, and many disappointments, for this faith to be transmuted into the grey routine of present-day French Communism.

THAT A PARTY whose sclerotic immobility has become a by-word should ever have appeared as a revolutionary force is perhaps comprehensible only against the background of French society's stagnation before 1940. But there were other elements that went into the original mixture: chief among them the Jacobin tradition and its Blanquist inheritance. At Tours, the Socialists split on the issue of democracy *v.* dictatorship, and ever since the Communist Party has been committed to a doctrine which makes sense only on assumptions no longer relevant to France. The other important strain was hatred of war and of the military. This was compromised by the patriotic Popular Front rhetoric of the mid-thirties, and disappeared altogether in the war-time Resistance movement, when the Party tried to get out of its isolation and find its way back to the national community (having previously, on Stalin's orders, flirted with the Germans and denounced de Gaulle as a "British agent"). Today the wheel has come full circle, and the Communists—though still loyal to the U.S.S.R. —are in their public utterances as patriotic as any other group of Frenchmen. Judging by the way the Party dragged its feet during the Algerian war, its followers are at best lukewarm on such issues as colonial liberation and the rights of coloured men. It is the radical sects outside its ranks who now represent what is left of the ideals of the heroic period.

Though Mr. Caute deals only indirectly with the political changes underlying Communist ideological zigzags since the War, his study makes it possible to relate these, frequently very sudden, gyrations to the changing attitudes of the Party's intellectual following. Here of course it is necessary to differentiate between fellow-travellers and the real hard core. There were borderline cases, *e.g.*, that brilliant *normalien* Paul Nizan, who in 1939 discovered that the Stalin-Hitler pact had made nonsense of his beliefs, and who drew the consequences by leaving the Party, though he did not renounce his Communist ideals. Called up for war service, he died a "national Communist," as Mr. Caute puts it. His former comrades promptly spread the tale that he had been a police informer; Thorez gave it due prominence; and Aragon repeated it in a novel published after the war. It was this sort of thing that made it impossible for people like Sartre (who had known and admired Nizan since school days) to join the Party, and in the end drove out all but the most incorrigible fanatics or opportunists. But there were years when it seemed to many intellectuals that the only choice lay between Communism and Fascism, and with the spectacle of Spain before their eyes, they swallowed even the infamy of the Moscow Trials: just as after the war they persuaded themselves that the "People's Democracies" must be defended, even at the cost of writing abstruse nonsense about Tito, Rajk, and Kostov. The Hungarian explosion in 1956, coming after Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin, put a stop to this, but it has been noteworthy that Thorez—who died in July on his way to one of his regular vacations in Russia, where he spent the war years—was extremely slow and reluctant, even for an old Stalinist, to sanction the new course. And judging from the present leadership's refusal to acknowledge its own past crimes and follies—above all the notorious flirt with the Germans in occupied France during 1940–41—there is little chance of a moral renovation.

THESE ISSUES bear directly upon the role of the intellectuals, for after all they claim to be the Party's conscience, when in fact they are simply its propagandists. Thus when the leadership calmly fakes an entire number of the illegal war-time *Humanité*, in order to make it appear that in July 1940 the Party had appealed for resistance to the Germans (in fact no such appeal was ever issued until Hitler invaded Russia a year later), these guardians of the spirit keep mum. This particular swindle—which in recent months has been dragged out by Socialist journals otherwise hopeful of co-operation with the C.P.—involves also a number of other myths about the Party's war-time performance: silence about its subordination of French to Soviet interests, brazenly dressed up as internationalism; its callous sacrifice of leading *militants* ordered to make contact with the Germans in 1940 and thus exposed to the Gestapo; and Thorez' own inglorious role as a war-time deserter, compelled to sit the whole war out in Moscow, until de Gaulle in 1944 allowed him to come back as part of a deal with Stalin (which also involved the disarming of the militias then

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

controlled by the Communists). All this may have made sense from the Soviet viewpoint, or even in terms of the Party's own tactics, but it was the reverse of revolutionary purity, and every new revelation has helped to drive out yet another group of sympathisers. By now only the hard core are left, and yet the rebellious wing among the students hopes for a purge of the old Stalinist apparatus. On the evidence of M. Waldeck Rochet's record—he became Thorez' successor as Secretary last May, when the ailing leader was transformed into the Party's honorary President—their chances look pretty thin.

One could wish that Mr. Caute had said a little more about these matters, but his book is so good that one must not carp. It is particularly welcome to have a scholarly study of the subject by a writer who quite clearly enjoys French art and literature for their own sake, knows his way about in the maze of personal controversies, and is able to do justice to the literary talent of even so outrageous a time-server as Aragon. He is very good on the his-

French Opinions

THE FRENCH *weekly* L'Express *recently published the results of a poll by the French Institute of Public Opinion on the attitudes of Frenchmen towards the French Communist Party. Here are the results:*

Do you think that on the national level the part played by the French Communist Party since the Liberation has been useful or harmful?

Useful	38%
Harmful	27%
Don't know	35%
	100%

On the local level, for example that of a town or commune, do you think that the part played by Communist general or municipal councillors is useful or harmful?

Useful	44%
Harmful	22%
Don't know	34%
	100%

Would you say that in the last ten years the Communist Party's role in French political life has increased, diminished, or has remained the same?

Has increased	30%
Has remained the same	29%
Has diminished	22%
Don't know	19%
	100%

In the future do you wish the Communist Party's role in French political life to become more important, less important, or to remain the same?

More important	18%
Remain the same	32%
Less important	28%
Don't know	22%
	100%

Would you be favourable, opposed, or indifferent to there being Communist ministers in the government in the future?

Favourable	31%
Indifferent	25%
Opposed	30%
Don't know	14%
	100%

Do you believe that the French Communist party today is more independent of the Soviet Union than ten years ago, less independent, or else that there is no change?

More independent	24%
No change	37%
Less independent	9%
Don't know	30%
	100%

Have you friends or relations who are Communist?

Yes	50%
No	36%
No reply	14%
	100%

If the answer is "yes": when you discuss politics with them are you on the whole in agreement or disagreement with their point of view?

On the whole in agreement	18%
On the whole in disagreement	17%
Don't know	15%
	50%

Do you think the taking of power in France by the Communists in the next ten years possible or impossible?

Possible	27%
Impossible	42%
Don't know	31%
	100%

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torians—they are after all his colleagues—and when he comes to Zhdanov and "socialist realism" he is clearly in his element. Where else can one find so entertaining an account of the Party's tribulations with the painters and poets whom the Popular Front enthusiasm of 1936 swept into its ranks, until Zhdanov and Laurent Casanova (since made a scapegoat) swept them out again? He is a little less happy with the scientists and philosophers, but then one can't have everything. And he *does* make the point that the loss of Henri Lefebvre was a greater blow to the Party than Sartre's refusal to adhere. This is something that people outside France find difficult to grasp, but then Lefebvre is a Marxist, and Sartre isn't, and to Communists this makes all the difference. The French C.P. did not really need Sartre (popular notions to the contrary notwithstanding, his brand of Existentialism is not really compatible with Marxism). But it desperately needed Lefebvre, and when it lost him this was a sign to every potential sympathiser that there was little to be hoped for from what a Communist writer in 1961 still proudly called *"ce philosophe collectif qu'est le Parti communiste français."*[2] The "collective philosopher" had no use for the only thinker it possessed who could meet non-Marxist philosophers on equal terms. This was bad news—especially in a country like France, where it is as true as in Italy that what Gramsci called the "hegemony" of Marxism must disclose itself in the intellectual field. Lefebvre's departure signified to the initiated that the Party was as intolerant in philosophy as in politics. It was behaving just like the Church in its worst moments, and it was this curious resemblance (insufficiently stressed, it seems to me, by Mr. Caute) that induced so many intellectuals to turn their backs upon it.

THEY WERE, OF COURSE, also concerned with the simple drop in intellectual standards. This, too, was important in France (it seems to matter less elsewhere). The Church, after all, still had its Jacques Maritain. The Party now has to make do with Roger Garaudy—not a very happy state of affairs, though by Soviet standards M. Garaudy is clearly a revisionist, as well as being intolerably learned and far too polite to "bourgeois" opponents. A rigid Stalinist in the bad old days, he has recently mellowed and his tone is now quite civilised. However, there is no mistaking him for an original thinker, and behind him there are the Stils, the Wurmsers, *et autres Kanapas*. If the Party wants to conquer the University, it will have to do better, but how can it with its present leadership? The old semi-literate bosses—Thorez, Duclos, Frachon *et al.*—may be fading out, but their successors are no more inclined to encourage genuine freedom of debate. Moreover, they have lately discovered that the technicians are really more important than the schoolteachers and "literary intellectuals," and this new orientation (in some respects a concession to reality) is not going to make the task of the "revisionists" any easier.

Sartre's ambiguous relations with the Party must be seen in this context. Mr. Caute sensibly does not make too much of this overworked theme. After all, by now most people have heard of Sartre's break with Merleau-Ponty in 1952, and of the less important, but more publicised, quarrel with Albert Camus. The latter had never been a Marxist, and it really did not matter a great deal that he found Sartre's public posture intolerable. Merleau-Ponty *did* matter—almost as much as Lefebvre. It is perhaps a criticism of the "literary intelligentsia" as a group that it tends to get its values wrong in this respect, but Mr. Caute cannot be blamed: he knows that in the long run philosophers are more important than novelists. Sartre's Communist opponents know it too. Witness, among many others, his most recent assailant (who has come too late for Mr. Caute's work), M. Houbart. Here is a gifted writer who appears to be an orthodox Marxist-Leninist and who subjects Sartre to withering blasts of criticism.[3] And quite properly from his viewpoint, for Sartre really is not a Marxist, let alone a Leninist. Nor are his politics those of a Communist, though it seems a little hard to call him a representative of *"cette bourgeoisie 'de gauche' dont les fluctuations, tantôt défaitistes, tantôt anarchisants, ont put faire obstacle pendant tant d'années à la réconstitution d'un Front Populaire."* Why not at least call him a spokesman of the intelligentsia? But for a Communist like M. Houbart there is no such group. Sartre is classed with Guizot and de Gaulle (!), and the reader is warned not to let himself be taken in by that treacherous group, *"la bourgeoisie Sartriste,"* which makes a habit of using revolutionary phrases, but will never help the people to tear down the walls of its prison. It is all splendidly traditional, and the joke is that M. Houbart, for all his doctrinaire rigidity in certain matters (*e.g.*, Engels' philosophical notions), really does understand revolutionary Marxism a great deal better than does Sartre. Mr. Caute, by the way, does not quite get the point about the difference between the positivist "Marxism" of the group around *La Pensée* (mainly scientists,

[2] J. Ibarrola, "Le mouvement personnaliste," in *La nouvelle critique* (July–August 1961, p. 101).

[3] Jacques Houbart, *Un père dénaturé* (Juillard, 1964).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of them very distinguished), and the post-war French Marxists, who had at least read Hegel and even Husserl. But no matter. He has placed us all in his debt, and if he is better on the literary intellectuals than on the others, that is a trifling fault.

WHERE DOES all this leave French Communism as a force capable of attracting once more a generation of intellectuals who believe in the union of theory and practice?

Politically speaking, the answer depends on national and international events over which neither the Party leaders nor the intellectuals have much control. Yet it is arguable that the Sino-Soviet conflict has offered the French C.P. a chance to shed some of its heavy doctrinal load and catch up at least with the party of Palmiro Togliatti. The trouble is that, while many of the students and other "Party intellectuals" clearly favour an "Italian" orientation, the mass of the working-class *militants* do not. One can see why: once admit that democracy must be accepted, and that "the system" *can* be reformed, and it becomes impossible to preach the imminence of a struggle which will place "the party of the proletariat" in power. Unfortunately the faith of the *militants* is bound up with this perspective and with the "dichotomic world-view" that underlies it. If the real issue is not a death struggle between bourgeoisie and proletariat, but the democratisation of society and the extension of planning and the public sector, "reformism" becomes respectable. Socialists have long accepted this. If the Communists ever do, their *militants* will have to shed their traditional beliefs, which is asking rather a lot.

In the end they will probably be left with no choice, for the Party must somehow get out of its self-imposed isolation. The trouble, from the viewpoint of a Communist who has glimpsed the reality of present-day society, is that to become an effective force the Party must find room for the "technical intelligentsia," a group not notable for its faith in "proletarian revolution." The problem may be insoluble, and in any case the post-Thorezian leadership does not at the moment give the impression of being able to tackle it.

BUT THIS IS FOR the future. Mr. Caute has written the history of a chapter in French intellectual history which is now closed, for since the collapse of Fascism, Stalinism, and faith in "total" solutions, it is no longer possible, even in France, for the intelligentsia to believe that "the revolution" is around the corner. It was this belief that sustained the Party through defeats, betrayals, and self-inflicted disasters, and its erosion is the real problem facing French Communism to-day.

Fifty years after the first World War lit the fires in which the Communist personality was forged, it is beginning to look as though fear of atomic disasters may cause a shift in basic attitudes profound enough to make even the most rigidly doctrinaire movement in Western Europe revise its ancient certainties.

Maurras and his Heirs

The Extreme Right in French Politics—By ANTHONY HARTLEY

IN 1932, in a corruscating book, *La Politique et les partis*, Emmanuel Berl remarked that "the *Action française*—apart from the talent of its leaders—ends by simply expressing a certain relationship between the malcontent and the police, between the old soldier who has not had his share and the policeman who prevents him demanding it in too sharp a tone from M. Pierre Laval." M. Berl's final formula was that the *Action française* was *"le parti de la rouspétance"* (*rouspétance* = grumbling in a strong sense), and, if one examines the writings to which the movement gave rise, it is easy to see what he means. Their monotony and ill-temper all too often resemble a familiar type of military monologue: "F——ing officers drinking their f——ing champagne while we're f——ing about here. . . ." Change the object of vituperation to Freemasons, Protestants, Jews, or prominent politicians of the Third Republic, and the comparison is fair enough. It is depressing to read Charles Maurras' *Pour un jeune français*, written while awaiting trial after 1945, when, as one might think, there would have been some

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occasion to reconsider the main themes of Maurrassian polemics, and to find that all the old man can think of is the comportment of a Jewish candidate to the Conseil d'Etat before 1914 or the tortuous prolongations of the Dreyfus case. There is not a hint in the whole book that its author's own policies might be in some way responsible for the ruin that had come upon them. And Maurras *was* the *Action française*.

Yet there was more to the movement than this paranoiac mastication of old hatreds. For about thirty years its history was nearly identical with that of the French Right, and it marked French intellectual life even more profoundly than it did French politics. But this fact only adds to the difficulty of deciding what the *Action française* actually was. M. Berl ranked it as a political party, but it hardly ever presented itself at the polls. René Rémond is nearer to a usable definition when he speaks of it as having supplied the Right with "a deliberately reactionary philosophy which has impregnated a part of French opinion."[1] Even on this level, however, the story of the *Action française* is paradoxical. Maurras and his followers were supporters of the Catholic church who were not believers in its doctrines and were eventually repudiated by it. They were monarchists who were rejected by the Comte de Paris and who then found a substitute in Philippe Pétain. They were nationalists who welcomed the defeat of their own country in 1940 because it was also the downfall of the hated republic ("*la Gueuse*") and Germanophobes, many of whom became collaborators of Nazi Germany. They were doctrinaires who wished their system to embrace all aspects of human life, but were prepared almost totally to neglect economics and the social problems posed by a highly developed industrial society. They were in favour of decentralisation, but made no objection when the Vichy administration took powers to eliminate what was left of local government in France. They had begun by appealing to the *pays réel* against the *pays légal*. They ended by wishing to suppress French popular feeling in the name of a dubious legitimacy. To adopt a phrase of M. Raymond Aron's, theirs was a logical delirium which left them defending ideas emptied of substance by their own far-fetched extrapolations. From that share of myth-making essential to political movements they passed fatally to believing the myths they had created to the exclusion of outside realities.

This strange and tragic story which indicates all too clearly the essential ambivalence of human intentions has now been recounted with understanding and learning by Mr. Eugen Weber; after his book no new political history of the *Action française* will be needed for a long time to come, although more light will probably be cast on certain aspects of it as the documents become available.[2] In his narrative the history of the movement seems to be divided into three phases with, not altogether surprisingly, 1914 and 1939 as the dividing dates. The first period is one of growth and achievement in which the practical and doctrinal foundations were laid; the second, one of immobility in which the movement became more and more divorced from its original purposes and supporters, while receiving some encouragement from events abroad; the third, a time of decadence when Maurras and his disciples were caught in the trap of their own premisses, emotional and intellectual. But it is a proof of the hold the *Action française* gained over its public before 1914 that it could resist the erosions of the twenties and thirties until the much quoted "*divine surprise*" granted to it by Pétain in 1940.

Dreyfus to Pétain

THE ACTION FRANÇAISE was officially founded on June 20th, 1899, and three weeks later there appeared the first number of the fortnightly *Revue de l'Action française* (the daily only came in 1908). The movement was at first purely a group of intellectuals influenced by the atmosphere of exacerbated nationalism created by the Dreyfus case and, at a further remove, by the Franco-Prussian war. Its objectives can be gathered from the declaration which had to be signed by those joining the *Ligue de l'Action française*:

> I undertake to fight any republican régime. The republic in France is the rule of the foreigner. The republican spirit disorganises national defence and favours religious influences directly hostile to traditional Catholicism. We

[1] *La Droite en France de la première restauration à la Ve république*. By René Rémond. (Nouvelle édition revue et augmentée, Aubier.)

[2] *Action française: Royalism and Reaction in Twentieth-Century France*. By Eugen Weber. (Stanford University Press, 1963; Stock, 1964.)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must give back to France a French system of government.

The "French system of government" was by that time the monarchy, but the movement had not at first been monarchist, and its two founder members, Henri Vaugeois and Maurice Pujo, seem originally to have combined nationalism with republicanism on the old Jacobin model. It was the influence of Maurras that made them opt for royalism as the only form of régime that could provide strong national government. In a very short space of time he became the leader of the *Action française*, forging a rigid doctrine out of vaguely patriotic aspirations, using his remarkable powers of synthesis to mould cultural and political theory into a coherent whole and conveying the results to the faithful in innumerable lines of corrosive prose. Around him he gathered other brilliant writers: Léon Daudet, Jacques Bainville, Louis Dimier, who made of the paper *Action française* journalism on a far higher level than that of its competitors. Its success is, indeed, something of a warning for those who believe that technical quality (or even a high intellectual standard) in a paper excuses tendentious or scurrilous content.

Maurras' political ideas were complicated in their origins, but had an easily communicable simplicity of outline. His masters were Catholic traditionalists such as Joseph de Maistre or Louis de Bonald and the group of liberals in whom the war of 1870 had produced heart-searchings as to the nature of French society and institutions (Comte, Le Play, Renan and Taine); but his acceptance of their ideas was highly selective, and the final synthesis very unlike that of any nineteenth-century thinker. At the base of the system lay France, *la France seule,* as Maurras conceived it, the heir to classical civilisation, to a tradition of order and measure continually threatened by the barbarians. But this national inheritance has been damaged by the French revolution and the flood of democratic, socialist and romantic ideas stemming from it. The existence of the republic, therefore, symbolises a cultural decadence as well as an incapacity for government on the part of those directing the destinies of France.

Only a king-dictator could re-establish the situation. As was to become apparent, Maurras' royalism was much more of a political device than a personal attachment of the kind which Henri V had inspired in French royalists. If an authoritarian government was needed for France, then monarchy would provide a form of it linked to the great traditions of the French past. Something of a similar attitude dictated Maurras' ambivalent relationship to the Catholic church. He himself was not a believing Christian—was, indeed, rather hostile to the Christian ethos as Nietzschean phrases such as "beneath the cross of this suffering god, night has spread over the modern age" go to show—and the paganism and eroticism which were part of the intellectual atmosphere of the *Action française* were always a source of potential conflict with the church.[3] But Catholicism was Christianity purged of its oriental mysticism, "sufficiently heathen and Christian to deserve the fair title of Catholic," and he respected in it a principle of spiritual order which had also informed France's past. Crown and altar—the formula describes the France of the *ancien régime,* for Maurras the most perfect example of human achievement. It was this ideal of a perfected civilisation that gave its impetus to the political imperatives which he strove all his life to realise. As Ernst Nolte has shown recently,[4] the events which had the most formative influence on Maurras were all in some sense cultural ones. Like other right-wing thinkers he was willing to apply aristocratic values drawn from cultural experience to a political field where they do not necessarily have any validity. This shift with the distortions it implies is present in all Maurrassian thought.

But the perfection ascribed to France and French civilisation had another consequence. How was it possible that a people capable of such greatness could abandon it for the twin monstrosities of revolution and romanticism? The explanation could only lie in the existence of so-called "anti-national" elements—Protestants, Jews or *métèques* (naturalised French citizens)—whose intellectual and political influence brought about such tragic deviations from the true national tradition. This solution

[3] A note of hectic eroticism runs through the writings of French right-wing intellectuals in the twentieth century from Barrès to Drieu la Rochelle or a more recent novelist like Roger Nimier. The existence of this note in Malraux's novels and essays showed what his political evolution might be before ever he left the Communist party. Perhaps the real revenge of the right upon the left is taken in the sexual domain rather than in that of politics.

[4] *Der Faschismus in seiner Epoche.* By Ernst Nolte. (Piper, Munich, 1963.) This book is a pioneer attempt to decide what Fascism really was and contains an excellent analysis of Maurras' system in its finished form.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had the advantage of allowing Maurras to eliminate all those features of contemporary French life which he disliked by branding them as the result of "anti-national" activity. But its disadvantage was that it relied on a conspiracy theory of history which produced an ever greater divorce from reality in the minds of its adepts. Somewhere beyond space and time there was an eternal France having little resemblance to the imperfect country that had spawned the Third Republic and which could be restored, if only M. X's brother-in-law were not pushed by his fellow Protestants into the post of Regent of the Bank of France. There is an extraordinary contrast in the doctrine of the *Action française* between the loftiness of the aims proposed and the pettiness of the means adopted to achieve them, between the pretensions to political realism and an apparent willingness to believe anything at all about a Protestant or a Jew. Maurras' own writings swing disconcertingly from the generalisations of a philosopher of history to the meticulous delation of a policeman tracing the interconnections of a band of criminals. The bridge between these two states of mind was the psychological necessity for a scapegoat, for someone to take on the role played by "the bourgeoisie" in simpler-minded forms of Marxism.

It was this highly emotive system of ideas that was propagated with so much success in the years before 1914. The *Action française* was the first political group to make systematic use of cultural "front organisations" in a way which was to become familiar later on. Soon there was an *Institut d'Action française*; a new monthly, the *Revue critique des idées et des livres*; the *Cercle Proudhon*, a study group for social problems; the *Librarie Jean Rivain* to publish books; and, of course, the *Ligue d'Action française* itself. These organisations reflect the movement's concern with the creation of an intellectual doctrine for "integral nationalism," but the same period also saw the heyday of the *Camelots du Roi*, in whom it is not exaggerated to see the forerunners of the para-military storm-trooper formation of post-1918 Europe. The *Camelots* were used for selling the *Action française* on the streets and for policing meetings and demonstrations, but they were also ready to interrupt professors at the Sorbonne, drive enemies' plays off the stage of the *Comédie française* or slap the face of the Prime Minister. Most of them were under twenty-one. Their headquarters was the *Quartier latin*.

[5] Maurras was never really very near to syndicalist ideas. It seems certain that Albert Soul's *L'Europe et la Révolution française* had a good deal more influence on him than anything by the author of *Réflexions sur la Violence*.

Dogma and Reality

By 1914 the *Action française* was a powerful political movement, which had inherited much of the old monarchist and Bonapartist clientèle, whatever reservations some of them may have had about its revolutionary style. It was especially influential among Catholics, and most of the hierarchy were friendly to it, not caring to enquire too closely into the theological implications of its ideas, although in 1914 Maurras had only been saved from open condemnation by the decision of Pius X not to publish the decree placing some of his books on the Index. The first World War found the movement at its zenith. This was the *revanche* it had predicted and worked for, and Maurras and his followers accepted the principle of *"Union sacrée"* and threw themselves into patriotic exhortation, much heartened by the Jacobin justice meted out to some of their *bêtes noires*, a Caillaux or a Malvy. When victory came it seemed to be their victory, and, with the success of the *Bloc national* in the elections of 1919 which sent Léon Daudet to the Palais Bourbon as a deputy for Paris, it looked as if the political climate had altered decisively in their favour.

This apparent success in reality marked the beginning of decline. What meaning had the royalism of the *Action française* in terms of participation in the political life of a victorious republic? "Integral nationalism" had a sense when it was directed to preparing revenge for 1870, but could only lead to a totally unreal appreciation of France's position in the post-Versailles world. This expressed itself in repeated demands for a partition of Germany which was obviously not going to take place and in neglect of the alliances which alone could have supplied France with a counterweight to German preponderance in population and industrial strength. In France itself the movement was soon to suffer two crippling blows: the secession of Georges Valois, whose syndicalism represented the only link it possessed with the industrial working-class, and the condemnation by Rome on December 29th, 1926. Since the *Action française* had never had much influence on the working-class anyway, it was the second of these events that was really crucial.[5] At last

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Catholic church had become aware of the danger of identification with a political movement whose basic tenets were anything but Christian. But, since Rome's condemnation came late in the day, it gave rise to bitter resentment at what seemed an act of cruel injustice and to many individual spiritual crises as priests and laymen were summoned to choose between their obedience to the church and their political allegiance. For the *Action française* the consequences of the break were fatal. Identification with Catholic opinion and interests had given it a certain grass-roots support in the country. Now this was cut off, and the rise of "social" Catholicism which was to find expression in the *M.R.P.* tended to drain away young Catholics who might otherwise have become recruits to the *Action française*. What was left was an intellectual ginger group, but its genuinely political role would in future be a small one.

MAURRAS MIGHT HAVE consoled himself with the thought that his ideas were making progress abroad. The *Action française* watched with envious sympathy the advent of Italian Fascism and was also to be a good deal less hostile to Hitler's Germany than it had been to that of the Weimar republic. But it is difficult for nationalists to admire nationalisms other than their own. However much Maurras might believe that totalitarian régimes in other countries showed the way that France ought to go, he could not but be aware that rampant German or Italian nationalism meant a potential threat to his own country. Moreover, the apparent success of Fascism made the nationalism of the *Action française* seem old-fashioned. New political formations of a right-wing authoritarian type proliferated: Valois' *Faisceau*, Pierre Taittinger's *Jeunesses Patriotes*, Marcel Bucard's *Francisme*, Jean Renaud's *Solidarité française*, Colonel de la Rocque's *Croix de Feu*, and, finally, Jacques Doriot's *Parti populaire français* (PPF). All these "leagues," which began to appear from 1925 onwards, were more or less in competition with the *Action française* for both supporters and money, and the *Croix de Feu* having evolved into the *Parti social français* (PSF) was able to transform itself between 1936 and 1939 into a political party with mass support of a kind that Maurras had never known.[6]

In face of all this competition Maurras and what was by now a diminishing number of friends and disciples had to take what comfort they could in the diffusion of their ideas and the coming to pass of their gloomy prophecies. Increasingly isolated, having patched up a reconciliation with Rome at almost the same moment as he was disowned by the Comte de Paris, the implacable old man suddenly saw the way opened to the realisation of his dreams by the defeat of France and the establishment of the Vichy régime. His ideas did indeed influence the first Vichy; men such as Alibert or Dr. Ménétrel, close to the Marshal, had received their political education from the *Action française*. He himself would have wished to maintain his independence, but some of his disciples belonged to the Parisian group of collaborators, and his own denunciations of Communists, Gaullists, and Jews compromised him more and more. The concept of *"la France seule"* was an unworkable one in a conquered country which was being pressed to stand up and be counted, and Maurras' denunciations of political opponents, though they might be no more intemperate than his polemics had always been, could under the circumstances of the German occupation have the effect of incitement to murder. In fact, he and his movement were living in the past. On being sentenced to life imprisonment and national degradation in January 1945 his first reaction was to recall the events of forty years back: *"C'est la revanche de Dreyfus!"* In terms of French history it was, but it was also something more: the penalty reserved for unchanging ideas in a changing world, the price paid by the doctrinaire who has lost touch with the reality around him.

Fascism?

OF THE QUESTIONS which have to be asked about the *Action française* the most obvious, but also one of the hardest to answer concerns its relationship to European Fascism. Eugen Weber is quite clear that the movement cannot be said to be in any sense "Fascist."

> The *Action française* was also too old-fashioned to be truly autocratic. . . . The paranoiac ends and

[6] The history of the *PSF* is still unwritten, but its activity just before 1939 seems to point forward to the *UNR* and the Fifth Republic. There is a significant resemblance between the support which the *PSF* received from French conservatives who had rejected the revolutionary tactics of the leagues, and the similar rejection of the various "ultra" organisations by the mass of conservative opinion in 1958 in favour of the security offered by the Gaullist *UNR*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means of modern totalitarianism were even further removed from its ken.

And in this conclusion he is in agreement with M. Rémond who is prepared to use the term "fascist" only of Jacques Doriot's *PPF*. But Dr. Nolte devotes the first section of his study of Fascism to the *Action française*, while admitting that it does not entirely fall into the same category as Italian Fascism or German National-Socialism, and if he is correct, the question is not so much whether the *Action française* itself was Fascist as whether some of its more original features are later to be found in other, and more totalitarian, surroundings.

Certainly the resemblances are there. Henri Vaugeois, one of the founders of the movement, wrote:

> My wish would be to revive, by confronting them, these two pure truths, that of the past and that of the future, that of the reactionary party and that of the socialist party, to see their equal nobility. . . .

This is bound to recall other mixtures of nationalism and socialism. The violence of the *Camelots du Roi* now seems less of a joke than it did in 1910, and the same is true of the floods of vituperation with which the *Action française* was wont to overwhelm its enemies. Above all, Maurras' insistence on the thorough indoctrination of those around him and his use of minority groups as scapegoats have become commonplaces of any totalitarian movement. The *Action française* was not always consequent with itself, but, had it been ready to draw all the logical conclusions from its doctrines, they could have provided the armature for an indigenous French Fascism.

The truth seems to be that only some of the elements which produce radical right-wing parties were present in France before 1914. There was a feeling of wounded nationalism only too ready to accept the excuses with which Maurras furnished it, but this was not accompanied by the economic hardship which alone could have created a revolutionary right-wing party. In the France of 1900, however bitter political feuds might be, there was no equivalent for the catastrophic erosion of middle-class values which took place during the period of inflation in Germany. Before the first World War France was as economically backward as it was ideologically in advance of developments in other European countries. The *Action française* could therefore produce a political theory in its essence totalitarian (*"politique d'abord"* is, after all, a thoroughly totalitarian slogan), but it could not find the mass discontent within an industrial society which would have made possible the building up of a revolutionary movement. In its practical political manifestations the *Action française* was far more a part of the system of the Third Republic than its leaders would have liked to imagine. Those who regard Maurras and his friends as responsible for its destruction flatter them. Socially, too, they were ordinary Parisian intellectuals with all the public enmities and private tolerances that that implies. There is a fundamental incompatibility between a will to change the shape of France radically and a desire to enter the *Académie française*, but this was something which Maurras failed to perceive. For want of a genuine mass extremism to back up his ideas he fell back on myth and violence in print. And despite the devotion with which he was regarded by his immediate circle, he was no spell-binder when it came to addressing crowds. There was no one in the *Action française* to supply the charismatic leadership which seems to be another ingredient required for the development of a fascist movement. The *Action française* was both too early and too intellectual to be identical with Fascism, whatever sympathies it may have harboured and whatever similarities its political doctrines may betray.

The Right To-day

POLITICALLY the most immediate legacy of the *Action française* was catastrophe for the French Right. Its blindness had in great measure contributed to the downfall of all it had stood for, and, after Maurras' trial at Lyon in 1945, it might have seemed that right-wing political movements of an authoritarian nature had had their day in France. Thirteen years later, on May 13th, 1958, it became clear that any such assumption was premature. Even before that date Poujadism had associated nationalism with resistance to the demands of a centralised state, thereby uniting two major themes of Maurrassian thought. In 1963 the testimony of the conspirators of the Petit-Clamart attempt on President de Gaulle's life showed the persistence of a state of mind which had given the *Action française* many of its most faithful followers.

> When I came to fight in North Africa as a volunteer [said Alain Bougrenet de la Tocnaye]

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> it was because I considered that French Algeria must be defended to the end, not only as part of the national territory, but as the last bastion of the Christian west and of Europe against racial pan-Arabism and materialist Communism. . . .

Here once again is that coincidence of temperament between the *integral nationalist* and the *integral Catholic* which provided the *Action française* with its Catholic "ultra" supporters. It is not for nothing that one faction of the *Organisation Armée Secrète*—after a split from the overtly fascist following of Colonel Argoud—should call itself *l'Armée du Christ-Roi*.

In his book M. Rémond has divided the French Right into three main currents: the Catholic-authoritarian "ultras"; the liberal Orléanists (anti-clerical and associated with the business world); and the Bonapartists (desiring efficient administration and the incarnation of the national will in an authoritarian head of state). The *Action française*, by blending integral nationalism with the traditionally hierarchical conception of society handed down by the church, managed to run two of these streams together, and even to regard Orléanists like Taine and Renan as its teachers. For a moment the movement represented a fusing of the French Right, but this period of its greatest intensity was soon past. Now, after its disappearance, its supporters still live on through that characteristic of French political and social life which allows the continuance of groups perpetuating opinions and states of feeling that have come down from earlier periods of history. Thus there seems to be a fairly clear line of descent from the "ultras" of the Restoration through the *Action française* to Vichy and, eventually, the *O.A.S.*—which does not, of course, mean that there is necessarily continuity in the case of individuals. But this type of right-wing sentiment seems likely to die out as the traditional ways of the French countryside are eroded by the flight to the towns and the amenities of a higher standard of living. Short of some other, similar upheaval, the renewal that such ideas have known under the stress of the Indo-Chinese and Algerian wars will only be a temporary phenomenon. As such it fell naturally into the mould of Maurrassian language and formulations.

In fact it is probable that the direction taken by the French Right over the years to come will be away from Maurrassian authoritarianism. The lessening of revolutionary impulses on the Left and the ending of the psychological crisis caused by a diminution of French power in the world ought to hasten a development which has been perceptible for some time: the formation of a large conservative party of parliamentary character with moderate policies. The beginnings of such a party could perhaps be seen in the pre-war *PSF*, but its existence became evident with the rise of M. Roger Duchet's *Centre national des Indépendants* in the early fifties and with the *Union pour la Nouvelle République* (*UNR*) which inherited its clientèle. Under the auspices of President de Gaulle a new synthesis of the Right has been achieved which, while giving sufficient satisfaction to nationalist feelings by the conjuring tricks of a policy of "French greatness," nonetheless rests firmly upon M. Rémond's Orléanist tradition. As under the Second Empire, what began as a promise of civil peace has continued as economic expansion punctuated by some resounding acts of foreign policy.

There is, indeed, within present-day Gaullism something of the same conflict between a *"politique de grandeur"* and a *"politique des intérêts"* as lay beneath the reign of Louis-Napoléon. The Algerian problem was resolved rather in a spirit of common-sense than in one of nationalism, though for President de Gaulle himself a decisive part of the issue seems to have been the fact that the continuation of war in North Africa would have meant the sundering of French unity. Under his auspices the path taken by the Fifth Republic has been a continuation of the productivism of its predecessor. Gaullism, in fact, for the average Frenchman has meant first peace, and then, when that was assured, prosperity. In a fairly short space of time after its leader came to power the movement had shed its revolutionary fringe. (A Debré or a Soustelle were replaced by M. Pompidou, a representative of the world of high finance.) For the moment it is predominantly the party of the *"Notables"* and *"grands commis."*

But, if President de Gaulle was willing to make what many French nationalists regarded as a retreat in Algeria—perhaps the more easily in that he has always seemed to hold that "France's main interests lie in Europe"—the same was not true with regard to pan-European problems, where his nationalistic intransigence has ended by enhancing German (rather than French) importance on the international scene.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And here, in his belief that the Anglo-Saxons are united in an indissoluble conspiracy to gang up on France, there are certainly memories of war-time experience, but also more than one remnant of Maurrassian doctrine. The paradox is that there is only one country in Europe —Great Britain—with whom a "third force" policy of the kind envisaged by President de Gaulle would have been feasible. Germany was far too closely bound to the USA by vital common interests to be a reliable partner in any such venture. If President de Gaulle's attempts to put pressure on France's partners in the European Economic Community were to go so far as to threaten a break, then a conflict between *interests* and *greatness,* always potential in present-day Gaullism, might become a reality. And it is by no means sure that within the *UNR* or in the mind of the President himself such a struggle would necessarily be resolved in favour of the *interests*.

President de Gaulle's political ideas have as yet received no adequate study. Their antecedents certainly include the writings of Maurras, of whom the General is said once to have remarked that he was so right it would drive him mad. But though in both Maurras and President de Gaulle France inspired "a special feeling," the latter wore his nationalism with a difference. The words "unity" and "legitimacy" which constantly recur in his writings signify both a desire to be the representative of the popular will and a recognition of a French tradition embodied in the whole history of France—and not (as in the case of Maurras) simply in those portions of it which he happened to approve. Marc Bloch once wrote that no man could call himself "a good Frenchman" who was not equally moved by the *Fête des Fédérés* of 1790 and the *Sacre du Roi* at Rheims. President de Gaulle is eminently such a Frenchman, and his plebiscitary authoritarianism has been kept within bounds by a profound respect for the whole body politic of France. Maurras cast out from the national community those who differed from himself until he found that what he had excommunicated was France. President de Gaulle has assembled and reconciled and, in so doing, has seemed to be inspired by an empirical wisdom which allows him to neglect doctrinal or party differences. Only the fact of the parties acting as intermediaries between himself and Frenchmen is deeply irritating. Of course, this claim of one man to incarnate the popular will is something typical of the right wing (on the left it is an Assembly or a Party which plays this role), though its origins include Jacobinism. It is the claim of a monarch, but of a monarch who requires a mandate and, when he receives it, will make use of it with moderation and magnanimity, but also with energy and authority. To this end he will not care too much about political or doctrinal consistency. The broad lines of President de Gaulle's strategy have usually been clear and uncompromising, but his tactics have always been unexpectedly supple and adapted to changing circumstance. Errors—like those of his European policy—often seem to stem from a failure to understand the factors involved (*e.g.* the psychology of foreign countries) than from rigidity of principle.

In the empiricism of this approach the ideas of Charles Maurras find no place, though, if he could have brought himself to approve anything done by President de Gaulle, he might have applauded the peremptory style in which the latter has asserted the French position in the world. *"La France seule"* is certainly a phrase which the President of the Fifth Republic has made his own, and it is a final irony of the history of the *Action française* that its surviving spiritual heirs should have tried to assassinate him. Of the movement which once hoped to destroy the Third Republic there now remains a body of authoritarian political philosophy, some cultural attitudes which are still relevant, some memories—one in particular: that of an old man warped and petrified by the unsparing pursuit of hated adversaries over more than sixty years of political and intellectual activity. "Life has spoiled me with friends," Maurras replied to Pétain in the last days of Vichy. He might have added that he had ruined himself with enemies.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Age of Enlightenment

By John Weightman

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY has always been a specially difficult period of French history to assess, because we look back on it through the distorting screen of the first great archetypal Revolution. In the political and social upheavals that have continued since the Revolution, people have constantly gone back to the years which immediately preceded it in order to praise or blame the supposed authors of the great event. One result of this is that the term "Enlightenment" itself is still used in two contradictory senses: it is sometimes taken seriously as expressing the beginning of all that is "progressive" in the modern world, from universal suffrage, let us say, to the topless dress; on the other hand, it may be uttered with ironical distaste so as to suggest that it refers to a bundle of naïve assumptions about the possibility of reforming mankind and making the future better than the past, whereas any intelligent adult is aware that such assumptions often lead to still greater catastrophes than the evils they were intended to remedy.

Of course, any 20th-century academic with an open mind who has spent a number of years reading the actual works of the *philosophes* knows that they conform neither to pro-Enlightenment nor anti-Enlightenment prejudice. As is usual in the study of history, when one comes to look at things closely, attitudes are far more various than they appear at a distance, and some accepted commonplaces need to be reversed. For instance, the so-called Age of Reason is also the age of repeated attacks on the rationalistic, metaphysical constructions of previous centuries; the *philosophes*, in spite of their quarrel with Pascal, used their reason most often to demonstrate the limits of reason, and they were practically all Men of Sentiment, that is, they preferred the heart to the head. Far from being nihilistic intellectuals bent on destruction, they were cultured gentlemen who enjoyed polite society; even Rousseau, the devotee of Nature, was a snob who frequented aristocrats and whose Hermitage was fitted out specially for him by a wealthy, titled lady. There is no reason to suppose that Voltaire or Rousseau would have got on well with latter-day Voltaireans and Rousseauists who have tended to draw simplified conclusions from an immensely complex body of work. Each of the great figures of the French Enlightenment is multiform: "progressive" and "anti-progressive," believing and non-believing, involved in the conventions of his day at the same time as he is fighting against them, enlightened and non-enlightened. If we are to see them clearly, we have to rid ourselves of the pro-Revolutionary and anti-Revolutionary attitudes we have inherited from the 19th century and try to assess them in themselves. Professor Gay's collection of essays* is meant to correct our vision on this score, with the help of the latest findings of scholarship.

His book is divided into three sections: I—*Voltaire* (three essays on his political and social attitudes); II—*Towards Synthesis* (the thought of the Enlightenment, the treatment of love by Rousseau, Laclos, and Diderot, and rhetoric and politics in the French Revolution); III—*Unfinished Business* (an excellent critique of Carl Becker's *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers*, a survey of Rousseau literature and another general essay on the thought of the Enlightenment).

These divisions are, I think, rather artificial, and are intended to give a collection of miscellaneous essays the appearance of a book. A more logical arrangement might have been to put the two general essays at the beginning, together with the discussion of Carl Becker's book, which is itself a general essay. In these three pieces, Professor Gay is making the sort of point I have already mentioned about the prevalence of simplified, and therefore incorrect, judgments on the period. In the other studies, he is dealing with particular issues, such as the coherence or lack of coherence of Voltaire's politics, or the possible misinterpretations of Rousseau through a faulty understanding of his concept of Nature.

WITH MOST OF WHAT he says, I personally am in agreement, at least where I am competent to have an opinion. Professor Gay puts Becker's pamphlet into perspective as a brilliant but prejudiced piece of writing, full of debating

* *The Party of Humanity*. Studies in the French Enlightenment. By PETER GAY. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 36s.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

points. He effectively combats Talmon's theory, put forward in *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy*, that Rousseau is to be held seriously responsible for totalitarian ways of thought. He shows that Voltaire was not a doctrinaire political theorist but a keen student of details, who formed separate opinions about the merits of different régimes and situations; in this connection he gives a very useful analysis of Voltaire's attitude towards the internal quarrels of the Republic of Geneva. Nor is he blind to some of the weaknesses or peculiar quirks of the *philosophes*; he deals with Voltaire's mild anti-Semitism without any squeamishness and suggests some possible explanations of it.

What I am a little uncertain about, however, is his ultimate attitude towards the 18th century, as it is implied in the two sections: *Towards a Synthesis* and *Unfinished Business*. In one sense, Professor Gay is an academic: he is concerned to get his facts right and to be scrupulous in his interpretations; in another sense, he is himself a partisan of the Enlightenment and his partisanship combines with that enthusiasm for his chosen subject that sometimes prompts the academic to take sides against the detractors of the great men he is dealing with. I am not suggesting that he should not be a partisan of the Enlightenment; everyone has a right to be partisan, and in any case I myself am prejudiced in favour of what I take to be the major tenets of the Enlightenment: the impossibility of accepting any "revealed" account of the universe; the development of knowledge and artistic expression as the essential human activities; and the concern for individual human dignity. My doubt comes from the suspicion that the partisan and the academic are perhaps not properly fused in Professor Gay. Sometimes, I feel, he is a partisan when he should be an academic, and sometimes he is an academic when he should be a partisan.

For instance, his title, *The Party of Humanity*, is much too heavily loaded with sectarian emotion to be appropriate to the book. It suggests the existence of a Party of Inhumanity, or at least of a Party of Transcendentalists, into which we could herd the enemies of the *philosophes*, whether contemporary or posthumous. A book with such a title should be arguing against Joseph de Maistre, or against Mr. T. S. Eliot's defence of superstition or against Archbishop Heenan's views on birth-control; that is, it should be debating the essential issues in a totally committed spirit, as Carl Becker's *Heavenly City* does. I suspect that Professor Gay is using *The Party of Humanity* as a kind of riposte to, or reversal of, *The Heavenly City*, but since his aim is not primarily to defend the *philosophes* against anti-humanitarians or transcendentalists, but more modestly to show that certain incorrect statements have been made about them, the title is out of key and a little meretricious.

THEN, IN HIS TREATMENT of Rousseau, the academic and the partisan find themselves rather at cross purposes. In the essay entitled "Three Stages on Love's Way: Rousseau, Laclos, Diderot," first printed in ENCOUNTER many years ago, Professor Gay gives an impartial analysis of Rousseau's novel, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, showing the confusion of values enshrined in it. Rousseau's hero, Saint-Preux, who is a glorification of himself, is one of Nature's gentlemen: he falls in love with a young aristocrat and makes her pregnant. However, instead of the two lovers rushing off to live by the noble sweat of their brows while raising a brood of Nature's children, Rousseau makes them accept paternal authority, an arranged marriage, a *ménage à trois* of husband, wife, and ex-lover, in short, a situation full of 18th-century social ambiguity and compromise. Professor Gay's comment, which is refreshingly harsh, sounds as if it were written by an anti-Rousseauist, but in fact Professor Gay has probably just applied the technique of academic analysis in an honest and straightforward way. In *Unfinished Business*, however, he argues fiercely against the anti-Rousseauists, maintaining that Rousseau has a coherent conception of Nature, which does not involve a return to the primitive but supposes rational reflection on man in order to clarify his true being. No doubt this can be deduced from *Emile* and *Le Contrat social*, but it does not purify the corrupt values of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* nor cure the muddle of that book. Nor does it by any means solve all the problems raised by the theoretical works, in spite of Professor Gay's assertion that Rousseau achieved, in his political thought, an integration which had escaped him in his novel. As a partisan of the Enlightenment, I should have said that Professor Gay was wrong to try to defend Rousseau on this level. Rousseau *is* woefully muddled and the words in his vocabulary change their meaning as he goes along. The point about him is that his muddle is exemplary and still valid. It took a genius to be so deeply and permanently muddled; all Rousseau's books are "bad" (apart from the occasionally perfect fragments in the *Confessions*), yet they all deal in a compelling way with major subjects that we in the 20th century are still struggling with. As far as I can see, our contemporary ideas on what is "natural" are just as confused as Rousseau's.

Similarly, in dealing with love, as it is pre-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sented by Rousseau, Laclos, and Diderot, Professor Gay seems to remain on a rather superficial level of academic proficiency (although I cannot see why he puts Diderot last, since Laclos comes later and belongs very much to the climate of the end of the century; the "stages on love's way" led up to Laclos, Restif de la Bretonne, and Sade, away from the simpler "naturism" of Diderot's *Supplément au voyage de Bougainville*). Here again, I think the interest of 18th-century France is partly that its extremism is so near that of the mid-20th-century world. The French atmosphere, at the end of the 18th century, was human, all too human, in a quite extraordinary way, and there is no need to play down its weirdness.

The Alsatians

In a Border Country — By F. R. Allemann

The country extends between the Rhine and the Vosges. On the one side there is the slender line of the river-side woods, and on the other the wide expanse of the fine old timber-forests surmounted by bare wind-lashed mountain tops; in between, the broad fertile plain, teeming with fruit and corn and cultivation of every kind; and finally the foothills covered with vineyards. A clearly demarcated landscape, yet not withdrawn into itself: possessing an unmistakable unity and yet open on every side; made as though for self-sufficiency yet at the same time a cross-roads and a thoroughfare. Nowhere else are the old towns and cities all so close to one another. Even the tiny villages in the wine country have an obviously urban, middle-class air. The atmosphere of the Middle Ages is still present everywhere, but not as in a musty museum; modern industrial activity seems to have adapted itself without a break to the old burgher's way of life and even to the old pastoral traditions.

A beautiful country, without a doubt, and also a profoundly European country. And therefore a happy land? There are some indications that this might be so. There is certainly no lack of *joie de vivre*, of both the rustic and the more sophisticated urban kind. The people know how to work hard but also how to relax and enjoy themselves. Where Puritanism has overpowered the Catholic substratum it still seems to have retained a strong element of worldliness. It is true that the lower middle classes are noticeably predominant but one feels that even they have not only a down-to-earth solidity but also a certain breadth of style such as one comes across less frequently in German districts of similar social structure.

Closer scrutiny also reveals the shadows that darken this invitingly idyllic picture: the insecurity behind the smugness, the doubt amidst the bucolic pleasures. There is something frightening about the cultural sterility of this region that is materially so fruitful—doubly so since one is constantly confronting the evidence of former creativity and cultural vitality. The more one gets to know and to love this country the more one becomes aware of the peculiar brokenness of its people. It is a brokenness quite different from that of the West Germans. The conservative substance of the people appears to have been less infringed here, less even than in the rest of France. The Alsatians have evidently not succumbed to the temptations of decadence to the same extent as their Western and Eastern neighbours. They have not known the hectic condition of uprooted masses. Yet there is in this extreme conservatism a paradoxical element of weakness. To be truly conservative it is necessary to be nourished by a constant stream of continuity (that is why the Swiss are the most conservative people in Europe). History has not bestowed this continuity on Alsace; on the contrary, it has subjected it to many rude vicissitudes. Alsace has never had a chance freely to develop its own nature and independently to assimilate the inevitable influences from outside. The Alsatians have been estranged from themselves not only by modern industrial society but by the tragedy of a borderland.

Alsatian history is not only the Strasbourg Cathedral and the Isenheim altar and all the other fascinating, if lesser, monuments of the past that lure visitors to this land. It is also and above all the process of being pushed backwards

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and forwards, the experience that comes from being a battleground, the conflict of loyalties and emotions, the fact of never being allowed to be yourself, of never being able completely to belong, which have formed the Alsatian character throughout the alternations of French and German rule. France had to fight for a long time to acquire this most easterly of her provinces. When it accrued to her in 1648 as a result of the Peace of Westphalia (though not in one piece, even then, since Strasbourg resisted for nearly another half century and a few feudal nooks held out up to the French Revolution), Alsace still remained a foreign country culturally and economically and it was reserved for the Revolution and still more the Napoleonic Empire to conquer it in a more than purely external sense. Hardly had the process of amalgamation begun, however, than Bismarck's Germany laid its hands on the country. Less than fifty years later the French returned. After barely more than two decades the Germans marched in again (only for four-and-a-half years this time—but what years!). It is only since 1945 that France has again been able to regard Alsace as an undisputed part of herself. That is to say: Alsace has changed its national affiliation four times in the course of a single generation. Not once were the Alsatians themselves asked whether they agreed to the change. The victors decided, and the people concerned had to acquiesce. Every time, however, the new rulers affirmed that the country had now finally and definitively "returned home" to where it belonged.

WHERE, HOWEVER, does it really belong? None of the various apodictic official pronouncements can alter the fact that this is an extremely awkward and complicated question. To understand the Alsatian problem, this question has to be answered; but the answer depends essentially on the criteria by which the issue of nationality is judged. Are the French foreign invaders who, against all the laws of nature, have violated a fundamentally and profoundly German country? This was the interpretation that was in vogue on the German side of the Rhine before 1870 and after 1918. Or did the Germans under Bismarck and under Hitler annex and ruthlessly subjugate against their will a people who during those years of slavery dreamt only of returning to the *mère-patrie*? That is the version one reads to-day in French (and therefore also Alsatian) textbooks. Where does the truth reside?

Strange though it may seem, provided one subtracts the emotional element which reverberates in both formulations, there is much to be said for both sides. On closer examination they are by no means mutually exclusive, and the truth does not, in fact, lie "somewhere between." What the Germans have said and what the French now proclaim are two facets of the same reality. The contradiction, if there is one, lies in the basically contradictory nature of the facts themselves.

It is impossible seriously to dispute that by origin, national character, and language the Alsatians are Germans. The attempts that have been made to dismiss their Alemanic dialect as a superficially Germanified "Celtic" language and to claim the people that speak it as a "Gallic" tribe are, I think, some of the most grotesque excrescences of chauvinistic pseudo-scholarship. It is, none the less, an equally undeniable fact that the overwhelming majority of this German-speaking people has on each occasion resisted the return to the *"deutsche Vaterland"* with might and main, has protested repeatedly against being incorporated in the German *Reich* and in 1918 and again in 1945 gave the French "liberators" a tumultuous welcome.

This leads one, I am afraid, far beyond "the Alsatian problem" to the whole concept of "the Nation." If, as was postulated so zealously in the 19th century (and is still claimed in some quarters even to-day, though somewhat more shamefacedly), the mother-tongue represents the objective and infallible criterion of nationality, then there can be no question but that Alsace is "German" and, consequently, a foreign body within the political structure of France, and that its inhabitants—apart from a few in outlying parishes beyond the language frontier—are a classical national minority, whether they like it or not.

To argue along these lines is, however, hopelessly to miss the very heart of the whole problem. What constitutes its peculiar and well-nigh unique quality is precisely the fact that, in spite of their linguistic difference, the great majority of Alsatians regard themselves as entirely French. If a nation is a fact not of nature but of culture, a phenomenon of consciousness rather than of mere unreflected being, a product of history rather than of biology, then Alsace belongs incontestably to France. It is no accident that in the Franco-German dispute over this

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

borderland the most cogent formulations of what a nation is have been subjective rather than objective. The nation, Renan said, is *"un plebiscite de tous les jours"*—a daily renewed plebiscite. And the historian Fustel de Coulanges (before the German annexation, he had taught for ten years at Strasbourg University) argued directly from the Alsatian situation when in his controversy with Theodor Mommsen he summed up his attitude in these simple words: *"La patrie, c'est ce qu'on aime."*

No one who examines the facts impartially, soberly, critically, can escape the fact that the relationship of Alsace to France bears the essential elements of a love-relationship. A deep commitment to an originally foreign country has arisen from the history of an indisputably German people in a way that is quite beyond the understanding of a *Reichsdeutsche*. Frédéric Hoffet, who is by far the shrewdest and most independent of the present-day writers on Alsace, speaks quite frankly of the *"lien érotique"* which links Alsace to France. (Hoffet, eleven years ago, when the war and the post-war purge were not yet distant memories, aroused the ire of the French super-patriots with his book *Psychoanalyse de l'Alsace*.)

This love for France did not exist from the very beginning. There is some early evidence of the attraction exerted by the spirit of her Western neighbour on the Alsatian spirit (as far back as Gottfried von Strassburg), but it is possible to produce even better evidence on the other side. The Alsatian humanism of the Renaissance which flourished in Strasbourg and Schlettstadt, contained some blatantly nationalistic German elements and (in the case of Jakob Wimpfeling) some fanatically anti-French characteristics. It was the French Revolution and above all the Napoleonic Empire that first really conquered the country spiritually. The unanimity with which the Alsatians resisted the German annexation after 1870 seems more remarkable. Even the Nazis who laid so much noisy emphasis on the German character of the Alsatians when they brought them *"heim ins Reich,"* suggested by their behaviour that they had profound doubts about the so-called *"Deutschtum"* of the Alsatians. The tactics of terror and intimidation by which they sought to suppress the French language (and even to proscribe the rebellious wearing of the beret) implied that they were aware that they could only gain allegiance by violence.

This is the reason why most Alsatians react so bitterly and so angrily to any sign of German interest in their fate. When discussing their situation with them one needs only to utter the words "national minority" and one is at once aware of their displeasure. They do not want to hear this, because whatever secret criticisms of France they may have, they think of themselves as completely French—German-speaking Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, perhaps, but French all the same. In so far as nationality is a product of conscious decision, a political act of the will, they are indeed French. The fact that this has never been realised in Germany—it was regarded at most as an unnatural aberration in need of correction, if possible by amicable (and if not, by stern) means—has contributed more to the Alsatians' alienation from the Germans than all the systematic French attempts at assimilation. If one is ever to understand Alsace, one must begin by realising that, though the Alsatians are an ethnic minority, they have never been a national minority. Nationality is based on feeling, and the feeling between the Rhine and the Vosges is entirely and overwhelmingly French.

The End of "Autonomy"

The Germans are not the only ones to have misunderstood this. The French find it equally difficult to face up to this illogical but none the less powerful fact. Is it, they ask, really possible to love France, to be a French patriot and yet want to hold fast to such "un-French" attributes as a language that is nothing but a barbaric and uncouth rustic dialect? Is it possible to be a good Frenchman and yet ask for special treatment within the *"République une et indivisible"*? Must not the political act of decision for France inevitably involve the individual and collective act of complete absorption in the French national character? It is not often put quite as plainly as that in Paris. But France's Alsatian policy is ultimately based on the tacit assumption that Alsace will only be really and finally French when it has been completely Frenchified. Napoleon was still free from this superstition. *"Laissez les parler allemand, pourvu qu'ils sabrent en français,"* he once said: Let them speak German, so long as they wield the sword in French.... He knew very well that the Alsatians were his most loyal soldiers and officers. His less magnanimous heirs have found, and still find it, difficult to exercise the same

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impartiality. They were the first to develop and elaborate the policy of assimilation: the "direct method" in the schools has made French the sole language of instruction from the day-nursery right up to the university, and has conceded to German at most a modest corner as a "foreign language."

This policy is, normally, not pursued torment-ingly or maliciously; much patience is shown and even some forbearance. But the aim is unalterable: to turn Frenchmen by inclination into Frenchmen *tout court*, as French as the Limousin or the Ile de France. Love must be confirmed by self-surrender before it can be taken seriously. Until he gives himself completely the Alsatian will run the risk of being taken for a *"boche français."* In the eyes of many (though by no means all) Frenchmen, Alsace is a kind of adopted child, whom, in spite of its dubious origin, they have adopted into their own family; but they expect that it should try to remove from itself the blemish of foreignness by becoming an exact double of all the authentic children of the *mère-patrie*.

There are many Alsatians who think along much the same lines. There are others who react bitterly to what they regard as the unreasonable demand that they should abandon their own identity in order to prove their identification with France. It is possible for misunderstood love to turn into resentment and defiance; in the 1920s and right up to the second World War this occurred on a large scale in that evil and protracted crisis which followed the "liberation" of 1918. In a transport of enthusiasm the Alsatians had rapturously embraced the French troops; in a short time the enthusiasm ended in a hang-over of disappointment, in the sullenness of the *"malaise alsacien"* and in the agitation of the autonomistic home-rule movement.

This movement had many causes and many aspects. It arose primarily no doubt from the Alsatians' need to defend their own character against the unfortunate centralising trend to uniformity which left no scope for regional autonomy in its "indivisible" Republic. Under Prussian rule, Alsace had by laborious struggles gained a considerable number of rights and institutions which made possible no small degree of individuality and self-government. Now all that was demolished and destroyed. Social and political advantages, official privileges and concessions, special regulations in church and school life, all seemed threatened. Against this there rose a wave of resistance, regardless of all party distinctions, from the left to the clerical right, and it overshadowed all other considerations to such an extent that the conservative Strasbourg Catholics unhesitatingly elected a Communist (with autonomist sympathies, of course) as Mayor of Strasbourg.

The autonomistic movement was not a rebellion on the part of the pro-German population. The men at the head of the movement considered themselves just as much Frenchmen as their "patriotic" opponents. They were often in fact the very same politicians who before 1918 had defied the Germans. What they wanted was an Alsace that could freely develop its own personality within the French framework. Only a tiny minority dreamt of joining Germany. Hoffet tells the story of an autonomist deputy who, in 1940, followed the French Chamber to Bordeaux, and there attacked Pierre Laval most vehemently for betraying Alsace. And

> ONE *can hardly believe it—French public opinion has now been agitated by a polemical debate over nothing less than "Alsace," and one has the feeling that time has moved decades backwards to the between-the-two-wars era. Under the headline* "IS ALSACE LOST?" *the nationalistic paper* Aurore *permitted one of its columnists to cook up an old broth of chauvinistic resentment. The old and familiar—but long since forgotten—cry is raised again: "Is Alsace being Germanised?" Alsace's labour force is wandering off to work in Western Germany; Alsatian industry is in non-indigenous hands; there is a growing influence in the area of the West German radio and television; the Alsatians are clinging to the German language . . . a few facts are mixed in the usual fashion with half-truths and historical errors.*
>
> *"Germanisation"—what a dusty old word from the attic of historical antiquities! And what a curious charge against the Alsatians —that they are threatening France's national unity by their pan-European loyalties! No wonder there has been much concern in Alsace and it prompted some of the Gaullist members in the Chamber to indignant protests.* Aurore *was charged with "insulting" the Alsatians and "undermining French-German friendship," for it had written: "The Germans have checked their marching boots in the* garde-robe, *but their weight is being thrown around quietly. France will have a cruel awakening. . . ."*
>
> *We must confess our mild amazement: how much passion can still be inflamed in France over a problem that in truth has long ago been peacefully relegated to the archives of the past.*
>
> DIE WELT
> *Hamburg*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even among those leaders of the home-rule movement who during the Nazi occupation co-operated with the Germans in order to help their oppressed fellow-countrymen, there were some who at the same time maintained contact with the *Résistance*. There were others too: those few who, after the hopeless struggles, turned their backs on France and threw themselves into the arms of the Germans; and those more numerous ones who, after the collapse of 1940, reckoned on a German victory as "inevitable" and hurriedly trimmed their sails according to the wind. The *épuration* which followed the "liberation" made no distinction between these two groups: anyone who had had dealings with the occupying forces was condemned to death or sentenced to life imprisonment. How could the "purgers" be expected to grasp the indescribably complicated and varied motivations of people who had in any case always seemed to them "potential traitors" and "German agents"?

I DOUBT whether France would ever have overcome the autonomist movement without the second World War. The Nazis relieved them of the problem. When they finally withdrew after four-and-a-half years of terror in which they had tried to flog the Alsatians back into German allegiance, the backbone of any further opposition to total absorption by the French had been completely broken. Bismarck and his successors had at least conceded elements of independence to the artificial patchwork of the *"Reichsland Elsass-Lothringen"*; the French centralistic administrators had been ruthlessly egalitarian: but they had granted a considerable measure of political and cultural freedom and left the private sphere untouched. The totalitarian system which was clamped down on the unhappy country after 1940 in the name of Germany respected none of these limitations (and could not respect them without betraying the law of its own nature). The Nazis not only made Germany hated in Alsace (the *Reich* was never loved there in any case) but by misusing it to justify their tyranny they also discredited for an immense time to come the whole idea of *Volkstum* from which the home-rule movement had drawn its strength. The result is still apparent: it was only after this experience that Alsace surrendered herself unconditionally to France, in the cultural as well as the political sphere. The French could almost erect a statue of Adolf Hitler in Strasbourg's Place Kléber, for it was he who facilitated Napoleonic ambitions in Alsace.

THE RESULTS are obvious everywhere. French is triumphant above all in the towns, where the Alsatian dialect is sinking more and more to the level of a despised *patois* which is no longer taken seriously and is only spoken, if at all, by the older generation. It is no longer only the middle class (with its traditional leaning towards the French language and French culture) which is turning away from the old traditional language; the change is also profoundly affecting the lower middle class and the working class as well. I heard a young hairdresser talking Alsatian to an elderly customer but she changed at once to French when she chatted for a moment with another young Alsatian. I watched children on their way home from school and they no longer teased one another in the language of the home but the language of the school. The petrol pump attendant whom I asked to check the oil in my car in my own Basle dialect (which is closely akin to Alsatian) talked with me in fluent French (though it was obvious from his accent that he was a local man). The psychologically shrewd propaganda slogan which was posted up in the Strasbourg tramcars after the war has disappeared but it is more true than ever: "IL EST CHIC DE PARLER FRANÇAIS" —and what Alsatian does not want to be *chic*?

In the period between the two wars French was used mainly as the written and official language; to-day it is on the point of becoming the colloquial language as well. Many of the younger generation use the dialect only to make themselves understood by their grandmother or relations in the country. Knowledge of proper *Hochdeutsch* is declining all the time; the Alsatian (like the German-Swiss) never did care for it particularly and since political rancour has moved in as a barrier between the Alsatian and the German language, the last remnants of familiarity have vanished. I found that the German-language newspapers are still appearing —but they are compelled by law to carry a French title and call themselves an *"édition bilingue"* (because they have to use French in the sports section and the children's corners—the parts of the paper which it is officially assumed must be of special interest to the younger generation). And what dreadful German they are written in! A miserable hybrid language, with German vocabulary and French syntax, a pitifully helpless rudiment of half-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assimilated grammar and distorted meanings, formless and monstrous—so that beside it the shabby newspaper German of the Federal Republic seems to have a classical grace and flexibility. The number of people who can handle the literary form of their mother tongue is dwindling. Printers, I was told, have great difficulty in finding proof-readers who are capable of spotting misprints in a German (or almost German) text. Ambitious editors hire assistants from the other side of the Rhine in order to polish up the style of their younger staff.

Even these are merely rearguard actions. The circulation of the "bilingual" papers appears to be decreasing all the time. It is, however, not the French papers in Alsace that are profiting from this decline, but rather the great Paris journals which are better written, more entertaining, and more informative. And that is but one expression of a many-sided process of provincialisation. What began in the administrative sphere is being continued in the cultural: Alsace is visibly becoming more provincial, more a mere *Dépendance* of Paris—just like Burgundy or Normandy.

The fact that dozens of professors of the proud University of Strasbourg live in Paris—and travel down only twice a week by express train to deliver their lectures—is part of the same story. The centre is everything; the perimeter lives more and more on and out of it. Independent local cultures are dying out.

Assimilation?

IT WOULD NATURALLY be quite wrong for me to concentrate exclusively on these negative aspects of the process. It has its positive side. An Alsace whose upper and middle classes are succumbing to the attractions of French culture and civilisation offers its people quite different opportunities than ever before—for the first time the whole of France, including its less material values, is open to the Alsatian. He no longer need think of himself as an "outsider" in the national community; he is no longer tossed to and fro between "self-awareness" and the need for "identification"; he can enjoy the comforting feeling of, at long last, completely occupying the place in the world to which he belongs and wants to belong. He is no longer in the position of wanting what he does not have and of having what he does not want: the moment he becomes altogether and exclusively French he can believe that he has at last overcome the spiritual schism which has given him so much trouble in the past: that tension between *Sein* and *Bewusstsein*, between origin and history, between German *Volkstum* and the French idea of the nation. The end of his disastrous schizophrenia is a new opportunity for wholeness; he no longer has to try and live in two worlds without being able to live wholly in either. Assimilation seems to provide him—whether he formulates it consciously or only experiences it unconsciously—with a cure for his divided self; if in the process a part of this self perishes, he may realise it dimly and regret the impoverishment, but he takes it for granted that the price is not too high for the integrity of the existence which he has thereby gained.

There is more than merely a disguised opportunism behind such considerations. One senses in the younger generation, which has assimilated the French model completely and unreservedly, much of a new unaffectedness, of a freer, more relaxed attitude. Their Frenchness has nothing of the hectic and neurotic exaggeration of the nationalism of the older generation. It seems less forced, less artificial, less problematical, less in need of the prickly aggressiveness which was peculiar to the Alsatian *patriotes*. Does this necessarily exclude a critical attitude to that clumsy and schematic French centralism with which Alsace—like so many other French regions—has by no means finally come to terms? But such criticism is no longer based on arguments about "national character" and demands for "home-rule." It is regarded simply as an objective problem of national organisation. These two matters should not be confused, even though they are closely linked. Even if the cultivation of local ways and the local language were considered an "out-of-date fad" (and not everybody considers it in this way), there would still be cause enough to question the sense of the exaggerated concentration of all decision-making in Paris. The drying-up of all the French provinces is a general phenomenon; and this devitalisation can still feed controversy and dissatisfaction.

SINCE THE PROCESS of assimilation is making such headway, can one assume that the special problems of Alsace have already become more or less superfluous? The tensions to-day are not so much between France and Alsace as between town and country in Alsace itself. The widespread adoption of the French language as the colloquial tongue is, as I have

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, limited in the main to the towns. There is as yet hardly a trace of it in the large farming areas. I was told the story of a Protestant minister who when he took up his post in a village near the Lorraine border found to his dismay that his Parisian wife was for linguistic reasons dependent for social intercourse in the village on the resident Jews, for they were practically the only inhabitants who were able to speak French with some facility. Mulhouse (which held out far and away the longest against France, and then, after its sudden development into the industrial centre of the Upper Rhine, surrendered more unconditionally than any other town), Strasbourg, Colmar, and the many smaller urban centres may be becoming more and more French—but this is not true of the villages. The peasant still holds fast to his traditions—and these include his dialect, the German sermon in church, and, if he reads one, the German-language newspaper. Neither the school nor the army has had any decisive influence on his traditional way of life.

But when the peasant goes into a town to-day, he almost feels as if he were in a foreign country: it is difficult to understand the people, even if they can (still) understand him. The ethnic problem is changing into a social one. The people are divided by a deeply-felt gulf between those who have taken the way which leads to complete assimilation and the others who either do not want to take it or are unable to take it (or do not want to because they are unable to). Mass-scale assimilation may solve the problem for the individual, but it also dangerously disrupts the natural community. A social disintegration is the price paid for the integration of the individual. It appears doubtful to me whether assimilation can be *the* solution. Is it not possibly an attempt to evade the "Alsatian problem"?

But is it really correct to say that the Alsatians (at any rate those in the towns) have "chosen" the way of assimilation? Some have taken it quite deliberately because they were weary of the constant push and pull, because they did not want Germany once again to lay claim to them on the basis of *"deutsche Volkstum"*; the Third Reich left a loathing for everything "German." Others have passively surrendered to the prevailing trend, out of conformism, or out of fear of being "unpatriotic," or for the sake of their careers, and perhaps even to obliterate some record of opportunism during the Nazi occupation. Some have wanted to rub out the mark of German or half-German descent. As for the younger generation, it has scarcely been able to do anything else but adapt to the demands of school and political environment which were aimed at educating them, not just into Alsatian French men and women, but French *tout court*. The young people were not asked, nor given a choice; they had to conform to a ready-made scheme which paid scant regard to their idiosyncrasies. All things considered they have acquiesced without much opposition.

My impression, however, is that even now the people still have doubts as to whether this way is really "the right and only way" out of their difficulties. Eighty-five to 90 per cent of the parents of the children of school age insist (on the questionnaires that are regularly submitted to parents) that their children should receive instruction in the German language. The Alsatian Conseils Généraux and numerous municipal authorities are demanding with increasing urgency the development of German tuition (hitherto of poor quality) in the primary as well as the secondary schools. This has been to some extent systematically sabotaged by "the administration," which is to say, by Paris.

"Sabotage" is not my word: it occurs, underlined, in a letter which an Alsatian deputy of the National Assembly addressed some months ago to the Minister of Education and which he subsequently published. Henri Ulrich, a deputy of the M.R.P., refers in his letter to General de Gaulle's visit to the Federal Republic and to the fact that the French President spoke to "our neighbours on the other side of the Rhine" in excellent *Hochdeutsch* and expressed the wish that the French people might learn German. Ulrich then vigorously attacked the way in which since the end of the war German instruction has been treated.

The situation in the '20s was less scandalous, and a Prime Minister like Henri Poincaré (truly no Germanophile!) made considerable improvement in the cultural-educational field. What Poincaré thought either desirable or harmless now seems "out of the question" to the authorities in this so-called age of "Franco-German cooperation" and the "new Europe."

A few other details. Civil servants working in Alsace are not required to-day (as in 1928) to know the German language. An Alsatian judge who is obliged to converse with an Alsatian defendant or witness is not allowed to do so in the Alsatian dialect even if the man in the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dock cannot speak French. (Every question and answer has to be laboriously translated by an interpreter.) All written notices—even in private businesses—have to be in French. In museums—even, as I noted, those devoted entirely to Alsatian folk lore or local history—the exhibits are labelled exclusively in French. No exception to this is made even in the modest exhibition room in the recently-opened *Mémorial Goethe* in Sesenheim! Even the lines by Goethe inscribed in the hall of honour are quoted *first* in a French prose translation and only thereafter in the original (followed by an English version, as if to apologise for the unavoidable use of German in the honouring of a German poet). Incidentally, there were no invited guests from Germany, and the ceremony itself took the form of a national demonstration, complete with the tricolour, the Marseillaise, a fine parade, and rhetorical tributes to Napoleon—all because the Alsatians involved were panic-stricken lest someone might attribute their interest in Goethe to pan-German aspirations. It would be quite wrong to blame "the French" for such grotesquerie. The only speeches lacking in studiously patriotic undertones were in fact made by the official representatives of the Fifth Republic.

THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE to the question. German (and Swiss-German) films still attract a large public, mostly of the older generation. An enormous number of short-wave radios are sold in Alsace because of the popularity of the Baden-Baden Radio programme. And the fact that of every ten television sets in this borderland eight are "multi-channel" (and thus capable of receiving German television programmes) suggests that most Alsatians do not yet consider *Hochdeutsch* a foreign language. Many newspaper articles (usually written with considerable caution) argue that Alsace should be allowed to "profit more" from the new Franco-German *rapprochement*.

The Rhine Bridge

WHETHER the assimilation is spurious or genuine, Alsace is a part of France *sui generis*. In one sphere at least its special character has had to be conceded explicitly: the secularist legislation which applies throughout the rest of France does not apply in Alsace. There is no general separation of Church and State; the educational system continues to be run on strictly confessional lines; the University of Strasbourg is the only French university which still has a theological faculty, or rather two theological faculties, a Protestant and a Catholic. (Alsace is more mixed denominationally than any other part of France: the Protestants constitute about a third of the population and are for the most part Evangelical Lutherans rather than reformed Calvinists.)

The significance of this should not be underestimated. What has been denied to the Alsatians so consistently in the sphere of language has just had to be conceded in the field of church politics. The first and so far the last attempt to bring the Alsatians into line with the rest of France was undertaken by the Herriot government in 1924 and it ended in a complete fiasco. Since then even the most fanatical secularists have not dared to encroach on this special privilege. The point is not that the confessional school is ideal. The important thing is that the Alsatians are holding tenaciously fast to their own traditional form of public education. They regard it as a "vital part of our heritage." Why then should what was obviously possible here not also be feasible in the whole field of cultural policy? The *"République une et indivisible"* has not been destroyed by the preservation of the Alsatian concordat. It is difficult to see why the French should be afraid of conceding to the Alsatians a similar degree of autonomy in the field of language, instead of condemning the very idea as a sin against the holy spirit of national unity.

Fifty and a hundred years ago the systematic attempt to "de-Germanise" Alsace may have appeared not only psychologically understandable but even a political necessity; the nation-state was bound to insist on the highest possible measure of internal unity, especially where it was a matter of defending a debatable frontier. So long as France and Germany were "hereditary enemies" there was a case for Paris' efforts at ethnic assimilation, at immunisation against influences from the other side of the Rhine. This was not a symptom of great self-assurance but it was at least based on justifiable prudence. Yet in our post-war situation, the French model was not followed everywhere. Belgium, for example, restored all its rights to the small German minority in Eupen, Malmédy, and St. Vith immediately after the liberation, even including the right to serve in some units of the Belgian army with German as the language of command. This was a magnanimous and sovereign gesture that

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has, I regret to say, been far too little publicised and therefore far from adequately appreciated. No one will, however, blame the French for not indulging in a similar gesture in the moment of liberation, or for considering it unreasonable and even suicidal.

To-day, however, in the full boom of the Common Market and Continental unification, is not "assimilation by force" an absurd anachronism? Strange, incomprehensible, and out of place, it stands in the midst of the European political landscape like an erratic boulder from the ice-age of nationalistic rigidity. At a time when France and Germany have not only achieved a *rapprochement*—they also did so at the time of Locarno and Thoiry, and we all know what that came to—but when the process of economic fusion and political co-operation is in full swing—at such a time it is surely ludicrous that France should still be facing the past.

A small but symptomatic illustration: since 1949 Strasbourg has been the headquarters of the Council of Europe—a very obvious and sensible choice (though it met with a good deal of opposition not only in Paris but also in Alsace itself). The two predecessors of the present Mayor, Pierre Pflimlin (who is, incidentally, the first Alsatian ever to have been a Prime Minister of France), made no secret of their profound mistrust; they saw in the choice of Strasbourg as the "capital of Europe" a secret plot against its French character or even a trick for "German infiltration." The Council of Europe still sits in Strasbourg; but the emphasis of the European movement has shifted to Luxembourg and above all to Brussels. What shortsightedness!

Travelling through the country itself one can see on every side the signs of the revolution which has already been brought about by the Common Market. There are in fact few areas in Europe which have such a vital and immediate interest in the realisation of the European Economic Community as this region between Rhine and Vosges. The tremendous economic boom which it is enjoying at present is due not so much to the general prosperity of France as to the enlivening impulses which are being kindled by the forthcoming complete abolition of customs and frontier barriers. Alsace is not only situated in the very middle of Europe: it is also a turn-table for Continental traffic, connected with Northern Europe by the great water highway of the Rhine, and with the Rhône valley and the Mediterranean by its developed network of canals. It was never able fully to exploit the advantages of this position within the narrow framework of the national French economy, but in the context of a wider West—and Central—European economic area it acquires a key position.

The results are already apparent everywhere. Old harbour installations like those at Strasbourg are being constantly extended and new ones being added (at Ottmarsheim, near the flourishing Upper Alsatian industrial centre of Mulhouse, or still further up the river at the Huningen corner). Gigantic export industries are coming into the country, with an eye on the German market which will shortly be opened up: on the Island of Napoleon near Mulhouse, Renault are building a new car factory which should employ 10,000 workers. Enormous refineries (based on the pipe-lines from the Mediterranean) are creating a new petro-chemical industry. Other chemical works are preparing to make industrial use of the potash deposits of the Upper Alsatian lowlands which have hitherto only been exploited extractively. New life is beginning to stir even in some of the sleepy small provincial towns. The newly developing industrial branches are rapidly absorbing the workers released by the decline of the old-established textile plants.

And all this against a background of Alsatian stagnation! Thirty and forty years ago, Alsace lay not only on the periphery of the French economy, but also in the shadow of the Maginot Line. What industrialist wanted to establish anything in an area of such military danger? At one time plans were seriously considered for moving even existing industry out of the borderland strip (which would have included the cities of Strasbourg, Colmar, and Mulhouse!). A province cannot possibly be both a strategic bulwark and also a centre of productivity. The Maginot Wall condemned Alsace to economic emaciation.

The defensive wall of yesterday has become the unifying link of to-morrow. What was once a threatened and dangerous marginal area will assume the functions of a quintessential region of Europe. This will entail more than an economic revolution; sooner or later it is bound to produce a completely different political and intellectual atmosphere. Alsace's expansion requires "openness" on all sides, and I doubt whether in such a basically different economy and social climate there will be a place for anxious and cautious self-seclusion.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is it possible to break the bonds of economic self-sufficiency and at the same time pursue a policy of cultural autarchy? Least of all in a land where such a policy runs so completely counter to ethnic and historical realities?

ONE FINAL ASPECT, and it is of far wider relevance than the special case of Alsace. European unity can only comprise units in diversity. The federal Europe of the future must be profoundly opposed to any kind of stereotyped uniformity. Is it presumptuous to ask whether the member States of this evolving community will not be compelled to loosen their own internal structures? The nation-state doubtless achieved its perfect and classical form in the *"République une et indivisible."* But can this continue to be the form of a coming *European* France? "The main obstacle"—so writes the Mayor of Orléans in a recent article—"that impedes the union of Europe is without a doubt the fact that France is one of the most highly centralised countries in the world. . . ." M. Secrétain goes on to refer to Alsace as *"authentiquement régionale et déjà authentiquement européen."*

I would not wish to be misunderstood. How France adapts its centralised structure to the federal forms of a new Europe is her own concern. And that is true *a fortiori* also of the Alsatian situation. Nothing would be more disastrous than a German (or West-European) attempt, however well-intentioned, to interfere in the solution of a problem of this nature. The result would only be the opposite of what was intended: mistrust and suspicion on the French side, and a further stiffening of that national rigidity on the loosening of which the fortunes of Europe (and of Alsace) depend.

I often heard references to de Gaulle's notion of Alsace as "a bridge." Surely a more hopeful, fruitful metaphor than the old "apple of discord." But if it is to be the bridge connecting the two shores, it needs careful attention on both sides. High tides have washed away Rhine bridges before.

Existential Verses for Little People

"On ne peut jamais se connaître, mais seulement se raconter."
(*Simone de Beauvoir*)

To see yourself as others see you
Is, for a while, to cease to be you:

A deeper existential trouble
Than being different with different people.

Brunel himself might fail to join
The sides of a Euclidean line,

Or bridge the hypothetical distance
Between yourself and your existence.

Even the mirror lags behind
The swift grimaces of your mind.

And what you were is always far
Enough for sight from what you are,

But where you are, you are; and cannot
Survey the spot while standing on it.

The double has not been achieved
Of being perceiver and perceived.

Francis Hope

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Hamburger

Riviera

I. The Beach

Undeniably the sun—
When the mountain clouds keep their distance—
Roasts to a smooth brown
Skins that take to the process
By predisposition, and mostly
Those prepared by unction for cooking.
(Unpredictable accidents, true, may befall
The very best bodies, primed
With the very best oils:
Bizarre striations, red weals
Or even a brown too deep
In patches more blatant than freckles,
Than peeling or obdurate pinkness.)
All in all, the sun is a mighty cook.

Undeniably the sea—
When the mountain clouds keep their distance—
Looks blue, is mostly calm,
Is buoyant, refreshingly cool,
Can be swum in, boated on, ski'd on,
Leaves rocks for divers (leaves jellyfish),
Polished glass and pebbles for children,
For the rest a place (though narrow)
To undress and bask in together,
Joins (and divides, drowns) and provides
Iodine, sea-food, salt,
(Spews back our sewerage, tar)
Hatched Aphrodite and permits bikinis.
All in all, the sea is a wholesome playground.

Undeniably that girl—
But can't she see my wife and the children?—
Cooked and relaxed, with her eyes
Bluely, denudedly gliding again and again
From a nude blue sea and a nude blue sky
Towards mine, denudedly gliding,
If eyes could make dates might move
What's left of me, cooked and relaxed,
To a meeting of more than eyes,
To a melting . . . but little is left
To melt after sun and sea
And her eyes have done their worst:
Talk would uncook us, tense us, before the last untying—
Alive again, oh, alive again on the slab.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. The Bay

Drained of their purple in lamplight
The bougainvillaea's lanterns
Burn to papery cinders.
The crescent moon
Drives a yellow wedge
Into the bay,
Darkening launch and yacht
Moored in the nearer shallows.

Talk, song, guitar,
Gramophone, heels on the tiled floor—
Let them twang, let them blare, let them tap,
The cicadas never be heard
Lest, crinkled, the sea take over
And the terrace hang too low
Over the lapping water.
Any minute now
The guests could be old;
Having eaten, drunk, danced,
Having laughed, flattered, flirted,
Spent their wisecracks, their stories,
Half longing at last to give in
To the night's own voices, to sleep.

Fireworks, fireworks, they cry:
And briefly a rocket spits
Red into starlight, moonlight,
Swishes and drowns in the grape-dark
Blue of the sky, or the sea.
More of them, close to the creepers,
Bengal lights to blaze amid leaves
And rockets turned inward, whizzing
Down at the tables, the women,
Crackers to leap at their legs!

Smouldering shells.
The shrieks and the sparks gone out.
A gecko darts from the window frame,
Flicks his tongue at a yellow moth,
Gulps and rests on the ceiling.
And again, and still,
From a thousand gardens, avenues, groves
The throb, the hum, the grating
Of cicadas and crickets link
The plop of small wave to the plop of small wave.

III. The Col

The near sea or the far—
This blue pool glittering
Beyond the town compact and clean on its rock,
No mast on the pool, a sparkle not of the waves,
This road a serpent, flashing

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here and there an eye, a scale
(Headlights, roofs of cars
Creeping, slithering all day long
Towards Italy, back to the coast),
Or the snake that lay crushed in the road,
Half disembowelled by tyres,
The hooting, screeching never quite silenced but when
Wreckage obstructs a bend,
The police are at work
And people get out to picnic,
Take snapshots or play with the dog
Till with crescendo of broken donkey cries
The ambulance comes for the wounded?

This peak, the two circling eagles
Known by their height, their remoteness,
Or the stony patch on the col
Where, stretched from broom bush to broom bush,
Invisible threads attach
To our eyelids, lips and hair,
On lavender, anis, thyme,
On the droppings of goats, on carrion
Day-moth and swallowtail settle,
To look up is to stumble,
Tripped and ripped by low brambles?

The shapes of the mountains blur
As when clouds came down,
Dripping from pine and oak.
Resin it is that sticks,
Cobweb and dried blood.
Plaster from church walls
That shelter scorpions now
Like the village's other ruins,
Empty stable, gutted house.
Juice from fig and plum
Burst where they drop
Amid the run-away vines
And the stones broken loose one by one
From the terrace walls of the slopes.

The far blue pool is for postcards,
The panorama for eagles
To keep and freeze under glass.
Cloud drops, for me, on threads,
Bitter-sweet pine-cone, green,
Grass that the goats pluck, warm herbs,
The pin-eyed doll's head of a praying mantis
Swivelled round to stare.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

1793 & All That

By John Gross

THE LUNATICS have taken over the asylum; the director and his company have taken over the play. Such is the reversal of ordinary values currently confronting audiences who go to watch Marat being persecuted and assassinated at the Aldwych. For no one could doubt that the evening belongs far more to Peter Brook than to Peter Weiss, or that a stronger impression is made by Sally Jacobs' admirable set than by the arguments about Man and Society. The production is the work of a virtuoso, combining pictorial inventiveness and allusion with a mastery of movement and grouping: we are sucked into a Hogarth bedlam, buffeted through a Fuseli nightmare, driven towards the famous David image of Marat dead in his bath. It is a restless, clangorous production, always on the move; the action seethes and simmers, and we know that at any moment it may explode. Above all, the inmates of Charenton are really mad, not just shamming—and none madder than Charlotte Corday, brilliantly portrayed by Glenda Jackson, who totters along with a secretive little smile which puts to shame the kind of grimace which usually passes for madness on the stage.

Not that the production is faultless. Even granted that much of it is necessarily and justifiably crude, it often falls below its own level. The king is guillotined in effigy: a great beribboned scarecrow sways and crashes. It is an effectively barbarous moment, but immediately ruined as one of the executioners empties a bucket of bright blue blood. Good for a laugh in the end-of-term rag at LAMDA, no doubt, but in this context a laugh we could do without—and there are quite a few similar instances. These are points of detail, however; with the really big mistakes it is impossible to know whether it is the writing or the production which is more at fault. Take the treatment of Coulmier, director of the Charenton asylum. He is presented as hopelessly shallow and complacent, the very type of smirking conformism. It would no doubt be breaking the rules to object to this on the grounds of historical accuracy, though it seems a pity to hold up to unrelieved ridicule a generous and enlightened man, who was popular with his patients and often interceded personally with the authorities on behalf of Sade. But even if we accept the imaginary Coulmier, the self-satisfied time-server, it is fatally underrating the opposition—which has, after all, triumphed over the views of both Marat and Sade—to portray him as a silly fool. And for this both author and director must share the blame.

The *Marat/Sade* is, in fact, the work of the Brook/Weiss; it won't do to talk about the first-rate production of a second-rate play, as though the two aspects could be permanently kept apart. Mr. Brook may improve on Mr. Weiss, but only up to a point; Adrian Mitchell's skilful and snappy couplets may help the translation to go with a swing, but they can't disguise the underlying muddle. For the *Marat/Sade* is a thoroughly muddled piece of work. The chief source of confusion is that to distance the action the author has used two devices—madness and the play-within-a-play—which are tricky enough to handle separately, but almost impossible to handle in combination. Madness alone raises endless difficulties: in a play where there is no external touchstone of sanity (apart from Coulmier, who doesn't count) it renders everything equivocal. What are we to make, for example, of the contrast between the Girondist deputy Duperret and the "red priest" Jacques Roux? Duperret is Charlotte Corday's lover; he tries to restrain her from killing Marat, and talks about an eventual dawn of freedom. But his words are belied by his antics: the patient who plays him is an ungainly erotomaniac, made up with stiff hair, jutting collar and tight pantaloons to look like a pock-marked Pecksniff. Roux, on the other hand, is the least mad of the madmen in outward appearance, despite his straitjacket. His revolutionary tirades are those of an *enragé*, not

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a lunatic; at one point at least, when he denounces the accusers in Marat's nightmare—

Woe to the man
Who tries to stretch the imagination of man

he seems to act as a chorus, and at the end of the play he alone protests against the hymn to Napoleon. Is this meant to be our view of Duperret and Roux, or Sade's, or both? Not just a debating-point; it directly affects our response to Charlotte Corday and Marat, and beyond them to the entire play.

THE PRODUCTION at Charenton is only fitfully under Sade's control. His actors are mad, and unreliable; while some of the author's devices —the herald, the four singers with their Brechtian doggerel—function both inside and outside the play-within-a-play. But at other times the Marquis is firmly in command; and there is much in the play to remind us that, though certainly not mad, he is sick, sick, sick—his long account of the dismemberment of Damiens, the would-be assassin of Louis XV, or the episode where he persuades Charlotte Corday to whip him with her hair. On both occasions he is using the theatre less to advance an argument than to excite himself.

Now there is a theme with very interesting possibilities here. Sade had a life-long obsession with the theatre, although his true literary talents lay elsewhere; Geoffrey Gorer, discussing his case, suggests that it illustrates the close connection between theatricality and sadism. The sadist is a failed dramatist: unable to find a socially acceptable outlet for his fantasies, he acts them out to an audience of one. But if the production at Charenton is a morbid fantasy, it tells us more about Sade than about the Revolution. At times this is plainly so: the display of Sade's masochism invalidates or at least undermines his earlier suggestion to Marat that the nobility submitted to the Terror as a form of perversion—"The guillotine saves them from endless boredom." But what of the very hub of the play, the actual assassination? In 1793 the real Marquis violently denounced Charlotte Corday in his *Speech to the Shades of Marat and Le Pelletier*, which his biographer Gilbert Lély —no friend of the Revolution—believes to have been sincere. (Sade didn't know that Marat had intended to send him to the guillotine, incidentally.) Fifteen years later, as Corday's knife is about to descend, the make-believe Sade dwells lovingly on the assassination in overt sexual terms, as the final proof that Marat is wrong, and that we live in "a world of bodies, each body pulsing with a terrible power." Closer to the truth as Sade eventually saw it than the oratory of 1793, but the production tugs the other way. Charlotte Corday (who in real life, for better or worse, acted with Roman fortitude) is shown not as a fury but as a sleepwalker, and through repetition and interruption the killing is reduced to a pantomime. At the same time Marat is still a hero and a martyr; his glassy stare makes him look somewhat less sane than Jacques Roux, but his bitter denunciations as he sees the Revolution betrayed are meant to be taken straight. For he has to double as a puppet in Sade's psychodrama, and as Sade's opponent in an evenly-matched ideological contest.

IS THERE ANY WAY out of this tangle? Some may take comfort in the thought of Alienation—a blessed word, like Mesopotamia. But Alienation was given to man to curb his feelings, not to conceal his thoughts. Here, on the other hand, we find ourselves confronted at every turn by useless ironies, insoluble conundrums, double meanings which could be multiplied indefinitely: Brecht's machinery without Brecht's incisiveness or firm commitment. As a result, the debate between Marat and Sade is stillborn. There is no reason why Mr. Weiss shouldn't be on both sides at once, even if a clash between two rival brands of unbridled extremism offers only limited intellectual opportunities. It isn't the quality of the arguments which prevents Marat and Sade from engaging with each other, however, but the author's determination not to miss a single theatrical trick. The same is true of the production: Patrick Magee and Clive Revill are both actors with considerable physical presence, but they are swamped by the general turbulence. Mr. Brook bombards the audience with a rapid succession of striking effects, but there is a price to be paid; almost as soon as we leave the theatre our sense of the play as a whole starts fading, and we are left with isolated images. For the awful truth is that, underneath the sound and fury, *Marat/Sade* isn't really very dramatic.

However, we would willingly defend it against Mr. Emile Littler or Mr. Peter Cadbury. But we wish we didn't have to. The world of the theatre is small and overcrowded, and most of the space is taken up by Messrs. Littler, Cadbury, and their friends, so it is hard not to be automatically in favour of anything of which they disapprove. If only a hundred novels were published every year, three-quarters of them by Agatha Christie or Lionel Bart, we should no doubt be disposed to greet any story with a serious subject and a glimmer of originality as a masterpiece. So it is in the theatre. Throw everything you've got on to the stage—bright ideas, modish theories, significant themes—and it will all hang together

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somehow. And up to a point it works. Charenton is a much more exciting place to visit than —shall we say—Camelot. But if *Marat/Sade* is often cunning and inventive, it is also meretricious in the way it exploits its material. A mad animal rushes forward: "I'm a thousand years old and in my time I've helped commit a million murders." He might currently be on trial in Frankfurt (and Sade has already talked about "the final solution"). But this is cashing in on an inevitable shudder, and leads nowhere. Nazism is dragged in; but the play, although it takes place under the shadow of Napoleon, never does more than fumble with the language of totalitarianism. There is no real attempt to relate Napoleon to the clash between Marat and Sade, or to explain how the Napoleonic era can be one of both fascist-style military dictatorship and complacent affluent-society liberalism.

At the end of the play Sade recommends us to take our varying theses, and keep them on our mantelpieces. He is well advised to be flippant, since any thesis is likely to reveal the extent to which bold gestures are used as a substitute for clear thought in *Marat/Sade*. After a heavy dose of the Theatre of Cruelty and the Theatre of the Absurd, we yearn for the Theatre of Intelligence. But we are unlikely to see it return as long as the present unnatural state of affairs continues and the director is in the saddle instead of the playwright.

PETER WEISS IS REPORTED to have said that he was hoping to cross Artaud with Brecht. In the opening minutes of John Osborne's new play at the Royal Court it looked as though the author had succeeded in crossing Kafka with *Compact*. In the semi-darkness a man is on trial, standing before an unknown judge accused of an unnamed offence; as he tries to defend himself he grows hysterical, and one *non sequitur* doesn't follow upon another. Then the lights go up and he is back in his office, carrying on with the typist and the telephonist. An unpromising start; but *Inadmissible Evidence* (which would benefit from some pruning) gathers momentum as it proceeds, and by the second half of the evening we have been made to share the hero's troubles. Bill Maitland is a solicitor who appears to specialise in divorce and minor sexual offences; he is an old crock of 39, rapidly rolling downhill. But that which should accompany old age he must not look to have —certainly not troops of friends, anyway. This is the day on which everyone walks out on him: his daughter, his mistress, his managing clerk, his junior, the typist *and* the telephonist. And the Law Society is beginning to close in; for Maitland (who, perhaps ironically, bears the same name as the greatest of English legal historians) has been involved in some kind of professional misconduct.

As the study of one man's crack-up it is often compelling, and it says much for Mr. Osborne's ability to project his fantasy that by the end we know that it would be no use advising Maitland to see a psychiatrist, or take a holiday, or send out for a new bottle of pills: he is doomed to live out his role and finally disintegrate. But is this enough for an evening in the theatre (as opposed to, say, a half-hour television play)? Nicol Williamson, in a masterly performance which blends rancour, sensuality, panic and self-disgust, wrings all he can out of Mr. Osborne's script. But the fact remains that Maitland is not a sufficiently interesting character to be allowed to go on virtually unchecked through a three-hour monologue. Mr. Osborne's chief problem as a dramatist has always been to harness a personal malaise to broader social issues, to find heroes who can speak for their generation as well as for their neuroses. Bill Maitland, following the familiar pattern, moves from one diatribe against the contemporary world to the next. He has a sharp tongue, and when he lashes one of our favourite targets the result is usually gratifying. But Mr. Osborne would have to be a much better writer than he is to persuade us that Maitland has the stature of a Timon, or that the speech-making about technology, the younger generation, and such-like burning questions reflects anything more than the havoc which Maitland has made of his private life.

Maitland's language is well-tailored to fit his personality, and some of his wisecracks have already become quite famous: the clerk entering the Promised Land in his Mini, or the poor girl "who sent her virginity to Oxfam." But it is surprising to see them quoted by reviewers as though they put Mr. Osborne in the line of Congreve and Shaw. As a writer, he moves and has his being in the world of Paul Slickey, however bitterly he protests against its values. His vitality is that of the punchy leader-writer and the outspoken columnist (spiced with some theatrical in-group joking)—and so are many of his attitudes. Some of Maitland's shots at modern life would look better coming from Peter Simple or Cassandra. True, he is enough of a contemporary and a malcontent not to turn into an old fogey, and his hard-luck story exercises a horrible fascination. But he is far too slight and limited a figure to sustain the part of Everyman, or to sum up the condition of England. As we watch him go to pieces there is only a ripple of pity and terror, and we are obliged to conclude that, as they used to say about Austro-Hungarian politics, the situation is desperate but not serious.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILM

Screened Culture

Letter from Venice — By ERIC RHODE

"THE VENICE FILM FESTIVAL," said a friend, "is quite different from any other. Its organisers claim it to be 'a cultural manifestation'...."

I had assumed otherwise. Byron's city, so illusory, with its crooked palazzi rising out of water and *der Tod* lurking in the background, seemed the perfect setting for a festival. I had imagined it would provide us with at least a few scandals, if not with an orgy or two: diamonds and silks, flashbulbs, starlets falling into pools. In fact Venice itself didn't disappoint; as always it was both sinister and beautiful—and I remember one night in particular when summer lightning flickered silently over the lagoon. Also, scandals did occur, though of a minor sort. A huge poster of *Lilith*, the official American entry withdrawn because of a misunderstanding, flapped insolently before the Palazzo del Cinema. *Day Dream*, a film both pornographic and Japanese, delighted some of my colleagues, but, alas, was screened before my arrival (and at a Jesuit-owned theatre). The authorities at once cancelled a second showing and, according to rumour, clapped the theatre manager in jail. Neo-Fascists joined with a group of young Roman Catholics to shower the first night audience of Pasolini's *Il Vangelo secondo Matteo* with leaflets, one of which began: "Prostitutes and frigid women, pederasts, deserters and racialists—such are the subjects of the films chosen by Chiarini for the 1964 Festival...."

But for most of the time the Festival, which took place not in Venice but on the sunbaked isle of the Lido, turned out to be a sober affair, more like a highly efficient university course than a Bacchanalia. We were provided with a conference, an exhibition of film books, a fine retrospective on the Scandinavian cinema (1907–45), and about a ton of leaflets. The jury consisted mostly of film historians.

A cultural manifestation, then: but what sort of culture: one that was dead or alive? Here was the central issue of the Festival. Luigi Chiarini, its director for a second year, had chosen a programme very much to suit his own austere taste. The Italian press, on the other hand, were on the look-out for sensational copy—and, for the first week anyway, were angered to the point of fury by Chiarini's selection. Inevitably, they demanded his resignation; they wanted either exciting films or blood.

Their attack was not entirely unjustified. "The films we intend to show," said Chiarini, "are going to be boring—as boring as the works of Racine and Corneille." Well, it depends on how you see Racine and Corneille....

At times the Festival did become academic in the worst sense; we might have been there to read set texts. There was a long and tedious documentary, *Michelangelo* (one performance of which was attended by ex-President Gronchi and the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice): not a shred of insight, stiff camerawork, Bach and Couperin tinkling inappropriately in the background. Michelangelo was so idealised that he had no power to affect anyone.

ARTISTS HAVE SOMETIMES done little to destroy this notion of culture. Think of the popular image of Thomas Mann—the cigar-smoking Olympian, elaborating his ironies at leisure. Such an image may be mostly false, but it lingers on—and it has left its mark on the German entry, Rolf Thiele's *Tonio Kröger*. At one point in Mann's story Tonio crosses the Baltic in a steamer; a storm arises, he talks to a seasick traveller, and a Bengal tiger deep within the steamer roars in its cage. The film gave us the steamer, the Baltic, and the seasick traveller, but it failed to give us the tiger in its cage. And that was the trouble: no sign of the demonic; nothing disturbed the tranquil surface. Time passed, yet the characters remained as beautifully preserved as wax pears. The point of Tonio's return as an ageing literary man to Lübeck and to his father's house was lost; the contrast between Tonio, the ugly artist, and the idealised blonds, Ingeborg and Hans, was nullified. At most *Tonio Kröger* had the charm of the exem-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plary; it was *sehr deutsch*. And the set pieces were coldly beautiful: children skating on a pond, a train steaming into Lübeck station, Tonio strolling along a Danish shore, wrapped in a fur-collared overcoat and meditating on the banality of nature....

There were other films of this kind, though none so extreme in their artifice: for instance, the new Ingmar Bergman, *To Say Nothing of All These Women*, which received an extremely bad press but which was, in fact, neither better nor worse than most Bergman; *The Peach Stealers* (Bulgaria) and (I'm told) *Les Amitiés Particulières* (France)—all of them the sort of film we used to see at the Curzon years ago. They pass the time pleasantly enough; still, one wonders why any director should want to commit himself to work so devoid of conviction.

BUT THERE was one exception: the Russian *Hamlet*, directed by Grigori Kosintsev. It may have been academic, but it had passion. Everything was on the greatest possible scale: the widest of screens, three opening sequences (two of them false), and long moments when the camera lingered on rock faces or followed the flight of a tedious seagull while Shostakovitch's music played, so that you began to wonder whether the film was stretched to fit the music, rather than the music composed to fit the film. Kosintsev's reading of the play is all nineteenth-century characterisation at the expense of language. Speeches are cut heavily; little humour, no ribaldry. The emphasis is on action: and the first shot of Hamlet, oddly moving, is of a distant figure on horseback galloping across a beach towards Elsinore. Whatever verbal imagery remains, such as the sea or the state as prison, tends to be stressed visually with the insistence of a poster.

And yet on a third viewing—and never mind the rock faces and the tedious seagull—this *Hamlet* still excites. Kosintsev, you feel, has lived through this plot; he doesn't sheer away from the risk of melodrama. At the first appearance of his father, Hamlet really does show terror—and not without reason. We only need to see this chilling ghost once and the point is made; enough that we have a repetition of Shostakovitch's ghost theme as Hamlet leans over Gertrude. Kosintsev has had a number of brilliant ideas: Ophelia goes mad shrouded in the draperies of mourning; Polonius, dying, pulls down a curtain to reveal rows upon rows of dresses swollen up by frames; Claudius, apparently amused, applauds the players before shrieking for lights. Kosintsev's inspiration is sometimes halting, but he has no scruples about lifting ideas from Eisenstein or Olivier when his own ideas run dry. His technique is often clumsy and his styles confused. All the same, the play comes over, and it comes over, I think, because the action is made credible.

One believes in this court. Kosintsev has an understanding of the totalitarian atmosphere: no one smiles unless Claudius smiles—or, rather, stretches lips across his teeth. Jokes are made in earnest; the wrong one may cost you your life. Huge busts of the king block your path from door to door. Eyes shift, sometimes cunningly, sometimes in fear. These effects are less stylised than similar ones in Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible*, but you feel the source of the experience to be just as authentic.

The acting is all substance; no trickery. The actors know how to wear their costumes and move like aristocrats. Polonius is not played for sniggers; he is garrulous but he is also shrewd—a man to be reckoned with. Even the lesser parts have weight. Osric may be euphuistic, which doesn't mean he is camp. Fortinbras really does give the impression of having fought epic battles. Hamlet is played by Innokenti Smoktounovski, who is pigeon-chested, sharp-nosed and stumpy, yet who *is* Hamlet in a way I have never seen before.

Why does this heroic/realistic style of acting work so well here, and yet fall so flat when used by actors in the West? In no other film did we have such a sense of solid, realised people. Characters became emblems, hints, were fragmented into effects. The one thing *Hamlet* had in common with two of the other films was a theme: what an existential psychologist might call the ambiguity of madness.

CLAUDIUS THINKS of Hamlet as incapable of balanced judgment; yet we, the audience, are aware of how Hamlet's state of mind has deepened his insight into the nature of things. In Antonioni's *Deserto Rosso* Giuliana, the protagonist, claims that, "There is something terrible about reality, but I don't quite know what." Is this perception a fact about the world or has Giuliana lost her senses? A month before, possibly in an attempt at suicide, she was involved in a car crash which has triggered off a state of near psychosis. Her view of the world is obsessive and centres round thoughts of the sea. She is terrified at the mention of transparent fish. Cargo boats appear to glide through woods or loom dangerously out of mists, bringing contagion. She broods on ships that sail to remote and liberating lands, and tells her child the story of a schooner that crosses the sea without a crew. And she is disturbed by the travellers and conquistadors about her: her lover-to-be, Corrado, is hiring a team of workers who will go to Patagonia, where his company has a con-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tract to build refineries; her husband, Ugo, is an electronics engineer—and so indirectly is helping to "tame" the countryside. The two men thrive on change, but she needs permanence. "When you return," she asks, "will you find the things you left behind?"

But Antonioni intends *Deserto Rosso* to be more than the portrait of a sick woman. He wants us to see Giuliana as a typical, though extreme case. Her illness, we are shown, is aggravated by the place where her husband works, an elegant silver factory near Ravenna, that belches poison into the air and destroys natural life; something is rotten in the state of industrial society. Through Giuliana Antonioni tries to demonstrate a Marxist thesis he has frequently returned to in the past; how man is alienated from the often very fine things he has made. But whether such a generalisation can be based on so unusual an experience as Giuliana's seems to me an open question: how many of the workers at Ravenna, I wonder, have recently gone mad?

In his last two films at least Antonioni has tried to extend his concern with social themes, and tried to discover a visual language capable of expressing his sense of reality's terror—of how, if we throw off words and their watery clasp, "We shall go mad, no doubt, and die that way." Lidia's walk through the outskirts of Milan in *La Notte*, or the more successful imagistic sequence at the end of *L'Eclisse* made his intention clear; by forcing us to scrutinise the inanimate world he was making us see it as though for the first time. In *L'Eclisse*, above all, the resulting effect was as strange as Nathanael West's vision of Hollywood, though Antonioni didn't need to distort phenomena to show them as uncanny.

In *Deserto Rosso* he goes much further than this. Both realism and the conventional type of plot, with its credible motives and necessary progressions, are discarded. Ugo loves his wife, yet does little or nothing to help cure her illness; if anything, he helps to make it worse. Giuliana's child pretends to have polio though we never learn why. Antonioni, one hears, has been reading Jung; and this scene operates purely on a symbolic, Jungian level. Indeed, *Deserto Rosso* seems to be entirely Jungian. Giuliana's images are more than phantasies; they are also archetypes, revealing the world's true nature.

As in the trilogy, Monica Vitti (Giuliana) is both central consciousness—we see the action through her eyes—and a lovely object to be caressed by the camera. But *Deserto Rosso* provides a further complication: Antonioni's use of colour, by which he destroys and recreates reality so as to express Giuliana's state of mind; he turns grass livid or changes a room's colour in mid-scene. (Antonioni's films may be elegies on the ruthlessness of *homo faber*, but he seems quite happily to have joined their ranks himself.) This use of colour is subtle and original (director of photography: Carlo di Palma); unfortunately, though, the experiment doesn't quite come off. In real life a hut with a red interior may arouse erotic feelings if the hut has enveloped us for some time. We shall feel nothing, however, if we are merely given a glimpse of such an interior on the screen; at best we accept the equation red = sex as part of an intellectual game. Colours act as *leitmotif*, relating sequences to each other, or signalling changes in mood.

Still, the film's main difficulty is its shifting point of view. Sometimes we see the action through Giuliana's eyes; sometimes as an impersonal narrative; and sometimes through the director's consciousness—but so recreated that it has become as remote from the actual as an abstract painting. This triple focus—this uneasy shift back and forth from naturalism to abstraction—is disturbing. Whether it works is difficult to say on a single viewing. At any rate *Deserto Rosso* commands respect; and understandably won the main prize of the Festival, the Leone d'Oro.

ALAIN JESSUA'S first feature, *La Vie à l'envers* is the other film which has the ambiguity of madness as a principle theme. We are invited to identify ourselves with Jacques, the central character; it is only in the last reel, when Jacques is gulled into entering a mental home, that we realise why the people around him believe he is mad. *La Vie à l'envers* begins as a dry, rather lightweight comedy: in a disastrous fit of generosity, Jacques decides to marry his mistress, a girl who appears in commercials and who can't stop posing for photographs even on her wedding day. But he soon finds marriage intolerable and begins to withdraw into himself. He observes chairs, wrought-iron table legs, a broken egg; and under scrutiny these objects become mysterious and unique. He loses his job and doesn't bother to find another; wanders round Paris; spends a day and a half staring at an oak tree. A gendarme comes up and gives him a lecture on botany. Jacques turns a glassy eye on this enthusiast: "I don't know why you go on so. I'm not interested in trees." He is already an amnesiac; days and nights pass without his knowing it. His wife leaves him —not that it much matters. He empties his bedroom of furniture, sits cross-legged on the floor and contemplates a blank white wall. He is perfectly happy....

We are so involved with Jacques that we don't

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realise he is going mad; we, too, are fascinated by his objects. As the camera lingers on chairs and trees we, too, become aware of their individuality. A camera has no powers of discrimination; it makes us aware of every sort of detail, makes us conscious of how the most banal object has a complex structure. *La Vie à l'envers* uses this limitation of photography to brilliant advantage. Both Jacques and ourselves become like a camera.

La Vie à l'envers strikes a familiar modern note (a note not so familiar at this Festival); it is anti-heroic and casual to the point of carelessness; it fails to make social points—Italian critics, bred on neo-realism, find this annoying—and it dwells, almost lovingly, on the arbitrary aspects of experience. In short, it emerges from a culture quite different from that, say, of *Tonio Kröger*.

YET TO TALK OF two opposing cultures is to simplify. One of the interests of the Festival was to see how these two cultures were sometimes polarised, sometimes merged. At first sight, for example, Pasolini's *Il Vangelo secondo Matteo* seems entirely establishment-minded: it relates the life of Christ with respect, is dedicated to the memory of Pope John XXIII (a too easy call on the audience's sympathy which rightly got a laugh during the Press show), and it won the Roman Catholic (OCIC) award. Then one remembers that Pasolini is a Marxist, "an atheist and a Communist,"—to quote again from the Papist leaflet—"a filthmonger and a blasphemer of the Pope." Pasolini hasn't renounced his Marxism; and if a Marxist prize had been offered at the Festival he would have probably won it also.

He has managed to play this seemingly impossible double bluff by keeping a poker-face. *Il Vangelo secondo Matteo* is as close as you can get to a literal transcript of the Gospel. We are given the evidence and nothing but the evidence—though the evidence at times, as during the Sermon on the Mount, may make poor cinema. Pasolini neither comments nor explicates. Was Christ the son of God or was he not? Pasolini never raises the question; this is the Gospel according to St. Matthew and not according to Signor P. He doesn't even shrink from filming the miracles. Christ walks on water and heals the sick in a matter-of-fact way; they might be natural events. And so, by his scrupulous care for the text, Pasolini is able to put over Marxist doctrine without anyone having the right to make an objection—not that he needs to change the text. Christ himself, the greatest of Marxist intellectuals, does all the work for him (*i.e.* "I came not to send peace but a sword.... A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven....")

The style has a classical restraint; events are reported as simply and directly as possible. Soldiers chat and drink in the loggia where Christ is told to take up the Cross: "even the most dreadful martyrdom must run its course/ Anyhow in a corner...." There is no excessive stress. At the ninth hour a shot of a quivering townscape (hand-held camera) is followed by the close-up of a building as it nonchalantly collapses. Violence is played down. The crucifixion is an exercise in tact; merely one trickle of blood from the crown of thorns. No violence, and so, not surprisingly, no sex. Mary Magdalene is an elderly peasant woman, Piero's Eve at the burial of Adam. Salome bears a resemblance to the Virgin Mary—a girl who listens too much and too often to her mother's whispers. Her dance (no veils) is chaste, and Herod's response seems less one of lust than of friendly amusement.

And yet, though the film is unsensational, it does convey a sense of fatality, perhaps by accident. Pasolini usually casts his films with working-class Romans, most of whom can't act. At times this amateurism makes *Il Vangelo* look like a medieval pageant; at other times it merely gives the impression of a weighty, wooden stoicism. Happily, the St. Matthew Gospel is undramatic; things happen, but there is little conflict. The characters are emblems, and everything depends on their appearance.

PASOLINI HAS A REAL affection for his cast, which to some extent counteracts the coolness of his style. He likes his Romans, especially the children, not for their decency or "innocence"—of which they have little—but for their frankness. The children are strong, lively and impudent; you don't feel Christ is sentimental about them. One consequence of having Romans play Jews, though, is that Pasolini becomes embarrassed by the historical situation, so that he makes no reference to the tyranny of the Roman Empire and underplays the scene with Pontius Pilate.

In all his films he is trying to break down a middle class prejudice against (and possibly fear of) the working class; all the same, he doesn't try to present his actors in a pleasing light as, say, de Sica does. He is a master at finding beauty in the conventionally ugly face: a sullen Virgin Mother or a boss-eyed Christ. The faces are contemporary, and yet you feel they might be derived from one of Piero's paintings. His intention, I take it, is to replace the decadent iconography of the Roman church with something more robust. *Il Vangelo* was made on a relatively small budget, and yet gives the appearance of great visual richness. Only occasionally does it become a little shoddy, as when no more

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Egg-heads of all shapes and sizes

will thank you for Encounter this Christmas

Egg-heads? Well, let's just say anyone with a reasonably intelligent and active interest in the world around him. That includes a good many of your friends, relatives and business acquaintances, whatever their age and wherever they may be. A gift subscription will bring them ENCOUNTER every month for a year—and it costs you no more if they live on the other side of the world. You also avoid all the inconvenience of crowded shopping, parcel-packing and posting. We look after everything, including an attractive announcement card sent to the recipient in time for Christmas. Simplicity itself, but do please help us by sending your order well before Christmas . . .

PLEASE POST THE ORDER FORM OVERLEAF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas gift order form

Gift subscriptions will start with the January 1965 issue, posted shortly before Christmas. Time permitting, a specially designed card announcing your gift will reach the recipient by Christmas Day. Should you want a subscription for yourself, please include it in the gift section below.

YOUR NAME

My name and address are as follows:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

YOUR GIFTS

Please enter Christmas gift subscriptions for the following:

BLOCK LETTERS THROUGHOUT PLEASE

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Sign Gift Card from.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Sign Gift Card from.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Sign Gift Card from.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Sign Gift Card from.....

Extra gifts can be ordered on a separate sheet of paper

PAYMENT

I enclose my cheque/money order for.....in payment of all the subscriptions entered above, at £2 10s. 0d. or $8.50 for each. [Dollar cheques, and sterling cheques and postal orders, can be accepted. If you can only pay separately by international money order or bank transfer, please give details of arrangements you have made.]

Encounter - 25 Haymarket - London SW1 *

To avoid damaging your magazine cut out along this line.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than a hundred extras turn up for the Feeding of the Five Thousand.

THE MOST COMPLETE example of the other culture was *La femme mariée* (director: Jean-Luc Godard). Its tone was conversational, its wit irreverent, and its material as fresh as a newsreel.

In itself this material—taken from twenty-four hours in the life of Charlotte, a fashion editor—is fairly trivial. Godard makes it meaningful; but not, as you might expect, by his use of form. Indeed, he deliberately imposes an alien form on this film so as to make it seem like one of Mozart's *divertimenti*. There are three movements, each one of which is prefaced by a love scene: a series of cross-fading close-ups, principally of hands as they glide over parts of Charlotte's body. Other motifs also help to impose a structure. There is, for instance, the interview—a technique first used in *Vivre sa vie*—in which Godard himself interviews an ethnologist, a doctor, and each of the actors in turn, and then edits himself out of the tape in such a way that you think these people are either talking to themselves or to Charlotte. This motif is delightful, yet hardly enough to hold such disparate material together. Indeed, there is no technical reason why this film shouldn't fall apart. Why does Godard devote a long sequence to filming the pages of *Elle* (a visual sonatina, as it were, on the bra)? Why does he indulge in verbal horseplay: a camera, for instance, zooms in on a placard reading DANGER so that it becomes ANGE? Why does he shoot the bathing pool sequence in negative?

Nonetheless, the material does hold together—and it holds together because of a central emotion. Godard is probably the most direct of film makers; he *thinks* cinema; he creates out of his own experience. (And in this case he created fast. The film was shot in just over three weeks.) Here he is trying to resolve a conflict that has raged through all his work: his love for a girl whom he finds an enigma. The girl baffles him, even though he can understand her physically—the camera lingers on Charlotte as tenderly as do her husband's/lover's hands. She is a happy girl; why, then, does she commit adultery? She claims to love her husband, so how can she lie to him so easily? And how does she manage to live as though she didn't have a care in the world; how does she manage, in short, just to *be*? Her husband, in an interview entitled *Memory*, tells of how easy it is to forget the past. He has just come from the Auschwitz trials, where some of the accused swore that they had forgotten what happened in the camp. "And I believed them," he says. He is followed by Charlotte whose interview is called *The Present*. She admits to living entirely for the moment and for things in her immediate vicinity, such as her own body. "Is love more than a physical matter?" she asks her doctor. Then a family friend, an ethnologist (*Intelligence*), talks of the need to be open to experience and praises the art of compromise. Later, the daily help gets ecstatic about the sheer pleasure of orgasm, and the actor tries to distinguish between acting and living. Godard takes these themes and makes them dance around each other: such is his film. *La femme mariée* is a lyric, exquisitely photographed by Raoul Coutard—yet it is a lyric created out of pain, out of a need to resolve an obsession. It won no prize at Venice, though it seems to me as near perfection as any film can get. Perhaps it too firmly represented the wrong kind of culture. All the same, it was Godard who said: *"J'aime Venise—Carpaccio et le Tintoret, Chiarini et son indépendance...."*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Case of Murder

They should not have left him there alone,
Alone, that is, except for the cat;
He was only nine, not old enough
To be left alone in a basement flat,
Alone, that is, except for the cat.
A dog would have been a different thing,
A big gruff dog with slashing jaws,
But a cat with round eyes mad as gold,
Plump as a cushion, with tucked-in paws—
Better have left him with a fair-sized rat!
But what they did was leave him with a cat.
He hated that cat; he watched it sit,
A buzzing machine of soft black stuff,
He sat and watched and he hated it,
Snug in its fur, hot blood in a muff,
And its mad gold stare and the way it sat
Crooning dark warmth: he loathed all that.
So he took Daddy's stick and he hit the cat.
Then, quick as a sudden crack in glass,
It hissed, black flash, to a hiding place
In the dust and dark beneath the couch,
And he followed the grin on his new-made face,
A wide-eyed, frightened snarl of a grin,
And he took the stick and he thrust it in,
Hard and quick in the furry dark.
The black fur squealed and he felt his skin
Prickle with sparks of dry delight,
Then the cat again came into sight,
Shot for the door that wasn't quite shut,
But the boy, quick too, slammed fast the door.
The cat, half through, was cracked like a nut
And the soft black thud was dumped on the floor.
Then the boy was suddenly terrified
And he bit his knuckles and cried and cried;
But he had to do something with the dead thing there.
His eyes squeezed beads of salty prayer
But the wound of fear gaped wide and raw;
He dared not touch the thing with his hands
So he fetched a spade and shovelled it
And dumped the load of heavy fur
In the spidery cupboard under the stair
Where it's been for years, and though it died
It's grown in that cupboard and its hot low purr
Grows slowly louder year by year:
There'll not be a corner for the boy to hide
When the cupboard swells and all sides split
And the huge black cat pads out of it.

Vernon Scannell

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

London Commentary

Fears & Hopes

A BRITISH ELECTION is being decided in the United States between two candidates —President Johnson and General de Gaulle. Fortified by the confidence of his local constituency, the British Prime Minister (Harold Wilson? Sir Alec Home?) will have to wait until November 3rd before obtaining the directive he needs for formulating a realistic foreign policy. This directive, the governing event of his term of office, should be interpreted without illusions. The election of Goldwater, just because this seems so unlikely an outcome, can only mean the registration of a profound truth about the minds and hearts of the American people. Could we ever think of the United States in the same way again? But there would be no use in burying our heads in lamentation. The end of the "special relationship" as we have known it would be cause for regret but it would not be uncompensated loss. Would it not open other options to which we could instantly turn? I can imagine Sir Harold Wilson-Home, immediately on news that Major-General Barry Goldwater, USAF Reserve, is to be the next President of the United States, organising a meeting with Brigadier-General de Gaulle. He would seek agreement on the constitution of a "European Third Force" under Anglo-French leadership, probing in particular the significance and potentiality of de Gaulle's vision of a restored Europe "from the Atlantic to the Urals" and, probably, of such hints of future diplomatic strategy as French recognition of the People's Republic of China and the Oder-Neisse line. I imagine that the dissociation of the European *entente* from a Goldwater Administration would even, conceivably, enable much closer relations to be established between Britain and the "Third World" of Anglo-Asian nations. There would thenceforth be a balancing between five world forces—America, Russia, China, Western Europe, and the Neutralist world—with these forces acting in different combinations depending on the issue involved.

This is by way of saying that if we are tough-minded about what we should be prepared to do in the case of a Johnson defeat, we shall be in a suitable frame of mind to take constructive advantage of a Johnson victory. For this should give Britain and America an unparalleled opportunity to weigh up just where our two countries stand in the world and where we think we ought to be going.

If Lyndon Johnson wins—especially if he wins by a lopsided margin—the American people will have made a profound and heart-searching decision, every bit as much as if they had come up with the opposite, sensationally eccentric result. America's politics are, I think, rather more ideological than Britain's, but seldom in all parts of the semi-continental federation at all times. It is for this reason that their essential character normally fails to break through the crust of presidential contests, or only feebly and elliptically. Their multi-party system (more readily comparable to that which prevailed in France before de Gaulle and prevails in Italy now) functions, because of the manner in which the chief executive is chosen, within the framework of a two-party system. But the presidential-cum-congressional government that results is for comparative purposes closer to the model of the compulsory coalition required to make government of any sort viable in such European democracies as Austria, Belgium, and Finland.

IT IS WITH A sense almost of impropriety that the world has reacted to the spectacle of the two-party system functioning at the presidential level as the classical two-party system is supposed to do. There is something richly comic—which must appeal to the humour of some of the Afro-Asian leaders who have been told that without two parties their countries cannot be democracies—in the consternation caused within the Western democracies by the offering of a genuine choice to the American people by the two opposing candidates. Is not this after all supposed to be the purpose of having a Government and an Opposition—that periodically they should oblige the sovereign people to pass an unambiguous verdict?

Professor Richard Hofstadter [ENCOUNTER, October], of course, would not agree, since he holds that in the United States political parties are primarily instruments for holding the nation together and that one of the conditions for their functioning is the smothering of ideological issues. The existence of choice at this election is thus to him a violation of the unwritten American constitution; he fairly bristles with indignation at the impiety of the Goldwater forces. He does not deny the existence of ideologies within the United States; it appears to be his mortal dread of them which leads him to write complacently of the merits of a "built-in pattern of hypocrisy . . . the American political party (being) based on the understanding that in politics hypocrisy is a minor vice and a major virtue."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doubtless for Hofstadter the ideal political situation was that of 1960 when the ideological spectrum of the election ran between two diametrically opposite platforms—that of the National Democratic Party and that of the Texas Democratic Party. Lyndon Johnson ran on both platforms (for Vice-President and for Senator). Hofstadter's favourite congressional instrument must be the House Rules Committee, whose self-proclaimed function is to ensure that promises made at election time—and therefore "political"—should be quietly buried as being unserious. This degree of "built-in hypocrisy" must and does deaden and corrode the morale of the whole system. It explains the general inability to locate responsibility throughout the governmental machine and goes far to reveal why the United States is often an exasperating and uncertain leader of the Western alliance.

Hofstadter's central contention is that this undignified system may be a high price but one that it is absolutely necessary to pay. For what? To keep the United States in one piece! What an extraordinary—and I think quite uncalled for—confession! 180 years after the founding of the Republic, 100 years after the Civil War, the United States is so fragile, the venture of the Founding Fathers so much in doubt, all the patriotic efforts of the school system so in vain, that the strain of a national election about something significant cannot, or should not, be risked. All must be subordinated to the effort to prevent the balkanization of North America, the collapse of the Union. I do not believe it.

THE WHOLE THESIS is permeated by the curious mistrust of the American people which characterises upper reaches of American political life and the American academic world. "Never Trust the People" may have been an indispensable slogan in 1787, but is it not a paltry one to-day? Hofstadter is upset that the American people will this time have to make a real and not a pseudo decision, because he does not trust their judgment. It is a paternalistic, almost colonialist, attitude: when one reads it one is not surprised that there is so much anti-intellectualism in American life. Of course the intellectuals cover themselves by saying that they would not mind intellectual clarity in an election provided the debate was about something they thought important. "For half a century," Richard Rovere complains [also in ENCOUNTER], "the kind of issues that Goldwater will exploit have been kept out of Presidential campaigns." That, of course, is precisely the point; this is why such outdated issues have gone on festering, and this is why it is essential that they should be settled.

A further, bizarre complaint of the intellectuals is that the decision this November will lack intellectual clarity because Goldwater does not display this quality. This leads men like Hofstadter and Rovere, who obviously hope for Goldwater to be decisively defeated, to lament that his case is so weak. Holding the opinion of the American people that they do, they evidently fear that the voters will not notice. Now, in the first place, Goldwater has no monopoly of intellectual confusion. (Let those who think to the contrary examine seriously and dispassionately the arguments put forward by such intellectually distinguished people as Mr. Robert McNamara and Mr. McGeorge Bundy for the multilateral or mix-master force.) In the second place, it is not clarity on the part of the candidate that is the prime requisite of the election but clarity on the part of the voter. Moreover, where the candidate is concerned, clarity and internal consistency are not necessarily the same thing.

I am sure Samuel Lubell is right when he says that many American voters are really "sweating this election out": the candidacy of Goldwater has involved many of them in an internal emotional struggle to which they are not accustomed. It is no use Rovere saying that the questions that are being asked are "wrong." They may be questions in which he is uninterested, but they are questions that interest an important proportion of the American people and the failure to have them asked has polluted the American political process for too long. This in turn has impeded America's performance both in the international and in the domestic sphere.

The most revealing voter's comment which Lubell has reported was: "*Hell, that man Goldwater talks the way I think—and I don't know nothing!*" The particular collection of know-nothing observations that spring naturally and sincerely to General Goldwater's lips articulate precisely the instinctive reactions of large numbers of apolitical Americans who do not hesitate to bring pressure in these directions at lower levels of government—for instance on their Congressmen—but who when confronted with the actual prospect of an exact replica of themselves in charge of the nation and the H-bomb may be tempted but will surely draw back.

AT THIS WRITING, the most likely result is that Goldwater will be crushed and with him (though not to the same extent) the congressional Republican party. This will have two highly desirable consequences. Those American voters who always thought they wanted to vote for a number of anachronistic and mutually

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incompatible propositions—if only the concealed multi-party and compulsory coalition system did not persistently deny them the opportunity—will now have had that opportunity and a good many of them will have shied at the fence. They will have thought through the issues, wrestled with their own souls, and reached as a consequence a more mature grasp of what America is and where she stands than they have ever had before. Again, if the congressional Republican party is ruined by the association with Goldwater, there will for the first time since 1938 be a liberal majority in Congress and one that is more or less in ideological harmony with the White House.

What such an outcome would mean for Britain however is that a fundamental review of Anglo-American strategy in world affairs would become possible between President Johnson and the British Prime Minister, unencumbered by the usual inhibitions about congressional prejudices. The Anglo-American alliance has entirely grown up during the period of compulsory coalition in Washington, so that British politicians have come to think of this as being normal. This has greatly weakened British policy and influence. Congress is thought of in London as a sort of moral idiot, who most unfortunately has a veto on the policies of the highly intelligent and civilised men with whom America's allies negotiate. Priding themselves on their sophistication about the American constitution, British leaders damp down their own views on what policies the alliance should follow for fear that the Pavlovian palpitations of the know-nothing partner of the Washington coalition will otherwise get out of control.

There is no space here in which to list a full agenda for the new Anglo-American relationship. Long-range policy towards Germany and the place we would want the Germans to occupy in Europe and the world should certainly have a high place. If the American voters can sweat Goldwaterism out of their system it is surely not too much to hope that Johnson and Wilson-Home between them could do the same for the mix-master force. But there is one large decision that should be at the very top of a list of what, if I may borrow the phrase from Mr. Rovere, might be described as "right questions" for the two to consider. The question is this: what cold war is it that we are still fighting? Are we fighting a cold war to spread the creed of liberal capitalism and two- (or multi-) party democracy within the third world? If we are I will make a prediction about Africa (the region of the third world with which I have had most recent contact): we shall lose the cold war. Are we fighting the cold war to prevent governments being set up which are under discipline and control from Moscow or Peking? Again about Africa I will make a prediction: we shall win this cold war. Furthermore, we shall have abolished the concept of neutralism, for all "non-aligned" nations will by definition be on "our side." In this cold war it will be unexceptionable to endorse Emin Pasha who wrote in 1886, that "a neutral State is as Utopian a being as a neutral man."

Keith Kyle

Letter to a Translator

About "The Group" — By MARY McCARTHY

YOUR LETTER, which came this morning, has given me a real case of author's delight. At last somebody has seen what I was up to in *The Group!*

MARY MCCARTHY'S *letter was written to the Danish translator of her novel* The Group. *He had raised various questions about style, technique, grammar, and general literary method.*

Let me do my best to answer you in detail. First, the narrator. Her voice (mine) is heard in the first sentences, down through "foreign city," and then fades out or, rather, is drowned out by the Group. Throughout the opening chapter, the author is again audible from time to time, introducing the characters (Dottie's cough, "like a perpetual scruple," or "Elinor was always convinced of other people's hypocrisy since she could not believe that they noticed less than she did"). Even here, though, there is an element of mimicry: *e.g.*, the sentence about

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hypocrisy in its inflections is a take-off of Lakey, who has a way of spitting out her thoughts, one by one, distastefully, like fruit pips. In any case, after the first chapter, the narrator as commentator is not meant to be heard again until the final sentence, where the same voice that set the scene at the beginning now pronounces a valedictory on Harald, as he starts thumbing a ride back to New York. Everything in between—with one qualification, which I shall come to in a minute—that is not spoken aloud is in invisible quotation marks.

That is the principle. At one point, to help myself, I tried in my notes to express the early chapters as a musical score, for orchestra, chorus, and soloists. Whatever is not vocal (*i.e.*, not the Group) can be conceived as instrumental accompaniment, but the narrator, as directing intelligence, is supposed to be soundless, like the conductor in the pit. You ask about films; I've never been able to imagine the book as a film, but I *can* imagine it as a musical comedy. With a borrowed title: *Così Fan Tutte*.

The Group, unlike my other books, has no heroine and no one to act as the author's stand-in, telling the reader what to think and feel. Some readers assume that Helena is the author's mouthpiece. But she is not. When she visits Norine in her lair, I rather agree with her feelings, yet she is not my alter ego. The same with Polly. When Polly thinks "Libby's red open mouth, continually gabbling, was like a running wound in the middle of her empty face," that is Polly—not the author butting in. True, it sounds sharper than Polly, and Polly would never say it aloud, but the sharpness is meant to show how exasperated, how "unlike herself," she has been made by Libby. The paragraph, as if conscience-stricken, at once resumes Polly's normal pitch and speed.

I said just now there was one qualification to the statement about invisible quotation marks. This *is* direct narration throughout, of a very terse kind, limited to the indication of simple bodily actions: "Dottie turned restlessly in the bed"; "Libby's eyes protruded"; "Lakey stopped the car"; "Helena looked around the apartment." The narrator, as used here, is like the stagehands in Chinese opera, who move about the stage while a scene is in progress, bringing props and taking them away, and who by convention are ignored by the principals and the audience. This is the opposite of the mystifications of the new novel, which obsessively magnifies "stage business" by putting the reader through a guessing game to learn, via sensation, that a meal is being served or that a character has lit a cigarette. Sensation, however, is not the strong point of the girls of the Class of '33. When they light a cigarette or sip a glass of punch—to say nothing of what else they do—these are *social* gestures.

THIS BRINGS ME to the next point. You are right: there is no stream-of-consciousness in *The Group*. And no "pure" internal monologue. The internal monologue implies a kind of note-taking of sensations and thought-fragments: Stephen Dedalus and Mr. Bloom are peripatetic recording instruments. In *The Group*, since sensation is at a minimum, the perceptual field is almost nil. It is all *talk*. As if everything that occurred had instantly to be converted into a kind of specie or currency that could be spent or hoarded (usually spent). Greedy Libby, with her eager pencil, is rather a hoarder; she spends counterfeit currency—lies—ostentatiously, but the real coin, like her maidenly "treasure," she keeps for herself. And she converts more promptly than the other girls, turning experience into bad fiction on the spot. In the Libby chapters, there is scarcely any straight narration, for Libby has replaced the narrator, elbowing her way in as she does with her classmates, jumping for the bouquet, crying "Break it up, girls!" She "breaks it up" with the first sentence of *her* chapter ("Libby MacAusland had a spiffy apartment in the Village"), seizing the ball from the narrator, who might have neglected to mention "spiffy." Libby not only imagines what the rest of the group is—she hopes—saying about her but telling her story to her best audience—herself. For example, when she finds that the Italian book is too much for her: "It fell from her pale limp hand, the leaves sadly fluttering." The narrator, if allowed the floor, would have said: "The book dropped from Libby's hand." Having pre-empted the story-telling as far as *she* is concerned, Libby has to play all the parts in her repertory, running the gamut from the tragic through the slapstick ("'Be brave!' she clarioned, popping on her hat") to the businesslike, till she sounds like a parent changing voice to play the Wolf and the Grandmother and Red Riding Hood when reading aloud to a child.

With the other girls, a given event is foreseen as the subject of future conversations (I like your Danish word, "quacking") and at the same time it recedes into previous discussions, as when Dottie, watching Dick in his dressing-gown, is reminded of Hamlet and Ophelia and of what the class *said* about Hamlet and Ophelia—the consensus of opinion. The event, whatever it is—losing your virginity, having your husband lose his job, breast-feeding your baby—is a rather shaky bridge between past and future gossip, speculation, boasting, moralising, debate. Helena ironically parodies this when she plays at composing the Alumnae

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Class Notes at Kay's party and picks up the game more savagely afterwards in the taxi. Being the daughter of a born public speaker, Helena, of all the girls, is the most wary of verbalisation. And yet—typical of her fate in life—she has been appointed Class Secretary.

YOU ASK about Hatton. Why is he in the book? Well, he is one of the mothers. The idea is that the girls' parents, especially their mothers, are a part of the story—a dimension in it. The exceptions are Lakey's and Kay's. Lakey's parents are irrelevant (as Helena says, she is *sui generis*), and Kay is determined to keep hers behind her, in Salt Lake City, where they belong; they are not even allowed to attend her funeral, as if the wishes of the deceased were being respected. In Pokey's case, the parents are retrograde—rich and almost feeble-minded. Therefore another archaism, Hatton, is made to take their place in this novelistic emergency, as he does in all family crises. Pokey, like so many rich girls, is bereft of parents; she has been brought up by servants. It may be that Hatton is a mistake; certainly I know nothing about the inner life of an English butler, and there is nothing original in my picture of him, unless it is his nastiness. Some of my sense of Hatton I got from a vigorous Scottish nursery governess I used to know, whose character was very different from his—warm-hearted—but who had spent years in service in what she called "the big houses."

Anyway, the section in which Hatton appears is supposed to be partly talked and partly written, as he would write if he took up the pen—in a hand-me-down English mystery-story style, padded and wadded like his dressing-gown. I always pictured him as a large overstuffed cliché waiting on more uncertain and tremulous clichés—the Prothero parents. But this may not justify the space given him.

There are only two adults who serve as points-of-view in *The Group*: Hatton and Mrs. Renfrew. I don't know quite why those two were singled out rather than, say, Mrs. Davison and Mr. Andrews, who are seen from the outside only. Possibly because they represent the two extremes of the conventional Vassar parent: the reactionary and the progressive. Hatton is a window-display of the plutocracy, snobbish, cruel, vain, and rather stupid; Mrs. Renfrew, for all her limitations, exemplifies the virtues of the old American upper middle class—conscience, civic responsibility, alert feeling. Hatton's mind moves slowly, as though he were an elderly man, while Mrs. Renfrew's thoughts are lively, quick, almost girlish; at the end of the chapter, she has slipped back, in fancy, to her young married days, before the First World War. Hatton and Mrs. Renfrew are brought together by a newspaper report, to which each responds in his own way: Hatton darkly, seeing in it a means of giving pain to the foolish madam, his employer; Mrs. Renfrew brightly, determined to regard the hotel walk-out as a student kind of prank—she is a missionary's daughter, always bent on finding a *redeeming* resemblance to the customs of her own tribe.

Harald's arrest, like all the events in *The Group*, is only a point of departure for a flurry of *idées reçues*, incongruous reminiscences, cultured quacking. In itself, it leads to nothing, just as Dottie's confiding in her mother leads to nothing. The *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, with their department store advertising and their tinned news style, are the couriers of the group, which thrives on newsprint. The only letter quoted in the book, except the short odd one from Mr. Andrews, has never been mailed.

NOW AS FOR the actual devices used in *The Group*. I should say there were four.

1. Straight narration, as already described. "Helena looked around the apartment."

2. Direct speech.

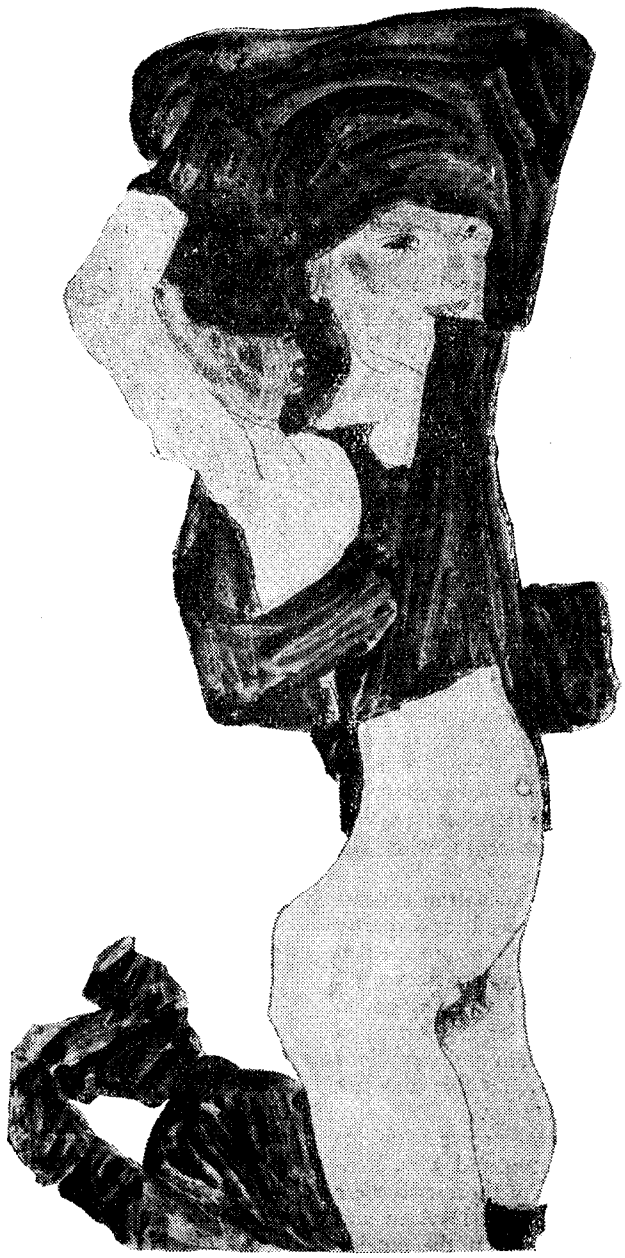
3. Indirect discourse. "She wondered whether she should not get it over with." As you point out, there is very little of this.

4. Le style indirect libre. This is the basic device. Usually it is fairly close to direct speech. *E.g.*, Hatton: "The same with the master when he was half-seas over."

In other cases, it is close to writing. *E.g.*, Helena on Norine: "She rarely showed her emotions, which appeared to have been burned out by the continual short-circuiting of her attention." Taken out of the context of the chapter, this would not sound like the *style indirect*, but in the context it sounds (or is meant to sound) *written* in the drawling tones Helena would use if set the task of composing an essay on Norine. In fact, slightly later, while Norine is talking, Helena does sketch out an essay on the imagery of the apartment, which is a hint to the reader on how to read the chapter.

Whenever Helena is onstage, she is dryly taking notes, and when she talks aloud she appears to be reciting a written paragraph. That is her character. When she is observing, therefore, the reader may not always notice the difference between the *style indirect libre* and straight narration. "She does not look forward to the interview"—this is really Helena saying to herself that she does not look forward to the conversation with Norine. "Interview" is a Helena word. But the reader could take the sen-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The work of Egon Schiele (1890–1918) was first seen at the international Kunstschau *in Vienna in 1909. He died in the great influenza epidemic nine years later at the age of twenty-eight. His short life pins him absolutely to a period, to the Vienna of Karl Kraus and von Hofmannsthal, of Arnold Schönberg and Adolph Loos. Would he have renewed himself, if he had lived, or would the passage of time have left him high and dry with nothing to paint about? He had none of the animal vigour, the coarseness that saw Kokoschka through over the years. His last works are already less intense, less extreme than the drawings of 1910–1911. Recognition, the dispersal of that extraordinary pre-war culture, not to mention the attritions of happy married life might well have proved that the real magic of his art lay in the expressions of a single fevered moment.*

He found his point of departure in the work of Gustav Klimpt, where all the disparate sources of the Secessionstil *were brought together: Burne-Jones and Rodin, Munch and Hodler, Beardsley and Van Gogh. Klimpt spanned paradoxical extremes, from flat decorative embellishment to an almost morbid* "verism." *Within this mannered parody of a modern style Schiele found a tone of voice for his unique sexual anxiety.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although he did paint landscapes, Schiele's reputation rests on his drawings and water colours of the figure. If there is a distinction between the naked and the nude, then these drawings could surely be taken to demonstrate the naked extreme. The figure is isolated on a neutral background; there is no attempt to place it in space. It is reduced to a series of flat shapes bounded by a brittle, ungestured line. There is no courting of the figure's grace although the model is made to pose provokingly. Instead of seeing the figure in terms of its convexities, he looks for the opposite, cutting against the natural easy movements of the contour. An upraised fore-shortened arm, for instance, is whittled at and cut into until its comfortable fullness is quite destroyed. The brittle abstraction that remains looks as if it has been bared not only of its sleeve but also of its coating of arm-like curves. He draws the whole figure as if it were a face, as though it is looking at us, addressing us. Just as the features dominate the shape of the face, so navel, arm-pit, or crotch dominate the body like eyes. Clothes feature not as drapery, enhancing or simplifying the grand structure of the body, but as arbitrary curtains which carve it up, interrupt its rhythms, or harshly expose it.

ANDREW FORGE

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tence for the narrator's. The whole of Chapter 6, excluding direct speech and its echoes, is in Helena's voice. This is true even after the break, when the scene shifts to Cleveland and Helena is momentarily absent. The description is still in Helena's tones. On this particular morning, she does not see her mother opening the newspaper in the "ingle" but she is familiar with the scene from other mornings.

Thanks to her mother, Helena is self-conscious; hence, without this chapter and the previous one, she can see herself performing actions that would normally be narrated—blowing smoke rings, stumbling over the dog's bone, etc. What she *could* see (and what not) gave me a good deal of worry in these chapters. Her "jaunty" hat bothered me. Would she think of it herself as jaunty? Would she think of her coat as ocelot or her pumps as lizard or would they just be "coat" and "shoes" to her? If so, I would have been in honour bound to omit what she was wearing or else find some circuitous way of telling the reader about it. I decided that, in the context of Norine's sloppiness, Helena would take uncomfortable note of her own neat, perky wardrobe. But I am still not wholly convinced.

To SUM UP, each chapter—except the first and the last—is written for a voice (or two voices) and in a key suited to that voice. You are right, of course, in noticing echoes of other voices offstage. In the Helena-Norine chapter, you hear Harald's plainly, messengered by Norine, but you also hear Mrs. Davison's ("central, convenient, economical...") and Mr. Davison's ("when those darned lawyers got through with him..."). Such offstage voices are heard throughout the book: Libby's parents, her brother, the Andrews family, and so on. But there always has to be someone to hear them and relay them, as though each girl's head had an aerial picking up sound: " 'Extend your antennae, girls.' "

The first and last chapters are choruses, with short solo arias and recitatives. Besides this, the chorus is heard at Kay's party—in Chapter 5—both in direct speech and in the *style indirect libre*, and indeed whenever the group meets. Not only that—it intrudes on individual lives. Take Polly's. The first paragraph of Chapter 11 ("Polly Andrews and Gus LeRoy had been having a love affair for nearly a year...," etc.) is in the group's voice, even though the group does not know about Gus. Polly can hear her life as the group would summarise it. This means that even Polly, who is reserved and quiet, has let the consensus of opinion into the privacy of her heart. The chorus is always there —to change the metaphor—like a band of serenaders outside her window. They are particularly audible when Mr. Andrews is redoing the apartment; this is their meat: "she sewed curtains from old sheets, and she got to work with upholstery tacks.... The apartment, when it was finished, was delightful...." You can hear them applauding her "courage," as they have been doing noisily from the start ("More power to her"), closing democratic ranks around her because her family has lost their money, yet always harking back, in case anyone should forget it, to that château in France. Hence the French flag makes its absurd entry. Finally, towards the end of Chapter 12, when Polly is getting married, the chorus of huzzahs mingled with disapproval is almost deafening.

Incidentally, Polly's husband has been criticised for being too *Ladies' Home Journal*. Perhaps so, but he is meant to be ordinary; that is Polly's fatal type—in protest, perhaps, against Mrs. Andrews. The difference between Jim Ridgeley and Gus is that Jim is decent-ordinary, while Gus is a poor stick. Polly cannot see the ordinariness in Jim, any more than she could see it in Gus, as long as she was in love with him. The fact that Jim is unlike her odd brothers and cousins she handles in a staunchly ladylike way, just as she handles the fact that he has not had "a Vassar education." She has grasped the important thing, which is that he has a good character, is decisive, and will make her happy. However, I do think it is a fault that he is not more closely studied—by an observer less fond than Polly.

The *style indirect libre* makes it possible for each girl to be heard *in her own* words. Yet out of this an irony develops. This is that her own words, in most cases, are everybody's words—clichés pronounced with an air of originality. Echoes of parents, teachers, ideas that are "in the air." When these poor girls look for a husband, they are looking for a man to echo, as Kay does with Harald or Priss with Sloan; even Dottie tries to repeat Dick. The exception is Polly, who stubbornly holds fast to her own ideas and who, as it would seem paradoxically, is the only one to be touched by the real currents of the time: Marxism, the Moscow Trials, the Spanish Civil War, psycho-analysis, which she learns about through opposition, as she becomes a semi-Trotskyite through disagreement with Gus. Unfortunately, the men the girls choose to echo are themselves parrots. Or put it another way. The girls are moons turning in what they think is a radiant solar system of modern enlightenment. But the suns they revolve around, typified, let's say, by Harald, are not very incandescent; indeed, they too are shining with borrowed light. Harald is a sad charlatan, who has seen through himself, which puts him one step ahead of Kay but only

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one step. She has faith in him, which she loses without admitting it; she *has* to think she has married a genius. That is her contact with a miracle. She also has faith in brand names, consumer products, and recipes (which are a domestic version of *idées reçues*), the whole "miracle" of modern technology, and this faith is more "sustaining" than her faith in Harald's future. Harald has his recipes too, including the Arab recipe for prolonging the sexual act. His ideas on every subject are packaged, which is why the girls admire them—if uncertainly, for they are afraid of what might be inside. But there is nothing inside; he is interested only in the envelope—style. "Read the Communist Manifesto [or the Marriage Service], for its style." It was in style to say that in the 'thirties, just as it was to be a genius or to try to marry one. The expanding economy fostered the doctrine that 20th-century America could acquire the whole of world culture (the usable past), mixing and blending to taste—a giant recipe reminiscent of Harald's "famous" chipped beef, which had everything in it.

A FINAL NOTE about the voices. You say that "you think you can hear Kay's voice in the narrator's report on the Davisons." You can hear Kay's voice all right, but you are not meant to hear the narrator's. The other voice there is Helena's. Helena, who has heard Kay talking aloud about her to the theatrical producer, takes refuge from her embarrassment by sketching out a self-portrait—like the one she has done of them all, nude, at college. What follows is a series of imitations: of her father's voice ("a pile of money in steel"), the group's voice ("read a tremendous lot"; "quite an asset"), her mother's voice ("*Dorothy* Wordsworth," "a sound curriculum but no frills," "her own checking account"), and, above all, Kay's voice talking to the group or to anyone that will listen to her ("The Davison house... was almost magical, like a house you found in a fairy tale...."). But even that is putting it too simply. Actually, in the long account of Helena, her parents, and her accomplishments, the dominant voice is Kay's (as piped through Helena) supported by Mrs. Davison, by the group, by Helena's teachers, even by Harald. A kind of part-singing or harmonising.

This chapter gave me more trouble than any of the others. Because of point-of-view. I rewrote it I don't know how many times. At first, I think the whole thing was narrated; then the opening chorus of the group was put in. Then the point of view was Kay's, and Helena was presented as a character, not an observer, up to her discovery of Norine and Harald. Then the point of view was half-Kay and half-Helena. Finally I thought of the device of the Class Notes and assigned the whole chapter to Helena. But there is a place (I now notice) where the narrator's voice is heard too. The paragraph beginning "Her mother's habit of stressing and underlining her words...." That cannot be Kay talking; nor Helena. By a great stretch of the imagination, it could be the group, chiming in again after a long silence. But I'm afraid it's the narrator, though it shouldn't be.

ABOUT THE "epic present." It's a term I don't know, but I think you must mean a past that for the reader has the vividness of a present. In other words, not the historical past as in "The Venetians took Constantinople during the Fourth Crusade," but a past that for the reader is really a "now."

Another difficulty is that what you call the imperfect we call the past or the preterite.

It will be best if I try to analyse the tenses in Chapter 2 in my own way. It begins with a pluperfect ("...it had given Dottie rather a funny feeling") and then shifts to a past as the key turns. This past, though, is pluperfect in sense and is prompted by the fact that an anterior pluperfect is coming: "maids had given up their treasure." Other anterior pluperfects follow: "her teacher had been..."; "college had been...." But right in the middle of these pluperfects Dottie stumbles and puts in a past: "she had that in background reading." Correctly, of course, it should be "had had." She is uncertain of the verb form, makes the mistake, then hastily rights herself with "had been keen," "had had them study," but the correct tense, following the mistake, itself sounds funny and over-exact, like a school theme. In fact, she is all tangled up in those "had"s and "had had"s, and this is meant to reflect her general uneasiness and confusion; she grasps at grammar—education—as a straw, just as she does with Frazer and the Corn Maiden.

The first paragraph continues in the past ("reflected Dottie") while the lamp clicks on; then it summarises with an imperfect ("felt"—which here describes a continuing state), and finally veers to a series of conditionals ("would ... would ... would"), which show Dottie's attention drifting from what is happening to what others would say about it and what Dick would say if he could read her thoughts. With the next paragraph ("But the group would never believe..."), what is actually happening is being wafted further and further into the distance by a fresh onrush of conditionals, signifying, as always, the imaginary or non-existent. Then resolutely she shifts back to the past or "epic present," the reality tense, and tries to face the truth about her emotions (that

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she is scared and unwilling); this brings her to the dentist simile, and she laughs bravely at herself.

"And yet when It happened" is another past or epic present, very much so. But the sense is still pluperfect. Dottie, who is talking to a fancied listener, takes a deep breath at this point and plunges *in medias res*, rushing ahead to "It." But the next sentence, almost prudishly, reverts to the proper form—the pluperfect: "He had been most considerate." "Considerate" being in the circumstances a funnily genteel word. From then on, the undressing of Dottie proceeds, with a jerky alternation of pasts and pluperfects.

I think the purpose of this is to keep the "now" in a state of infinite regress. There is no true "now" in this chapter; it is a will-o'-the-wisp. If a sort of "now" is ever reached, it is when Dick has gone to sleep for good, and she can start an imaginary conversation with her mother: "Once she was settled in the narrow bed...." Yet this imaginary conversation itself is recollected at some vague future time and becomes a part of the story of her seduction, as she would love to tell it to someone but knows she never can. The Great Event, the most eventful of her life to date, turns out to be something that cannot be discussed, which makes Dottie feel almost as if it had not happened. Thus the tenses would make the same point I was bringing out earlier. The present ("It"), a cold fact, is nervously blanketed by past, future, and hypothetical discussions: the moon and the menstrual cycle, Shakespeare "background reading," what the group would think, a cosy confab with her mother, worried rehearsals of what she might or might not say to Dick and Kay. Still, the fact is there and has to be faced, like the dentist. Once Dottie's clothes are off, the tenses, I see, stop wavering. As though, from then on, there was no retreat.

You realise that none of this was reasoned out. The choices (between past and pluperfect) were made by ear. I remember vacillating about "she had that in background reading." Whether to make it "had had." I kept putting the extra "had" in and taking it out. But I did not analyse why it sounded wrong. In fact I seldom know the why of what I am writing. While doing *The Group*, I used to write myself pages of questions about the chapters I had finished, asking why this, why that, what does it mean. I learn what I want to say in the course of saying it. I think this must be true of most fiction-writers. Perhaps that's the reason it's sometimes said that to be a novelist you have to be stupid.

You ask whether I use the technique of this chapter elsewhere in the book. I don't think so. As you see, I wasn't aware of it as a technique but working it out *ad hoc*. Usually when I slip from a pluperfect to a past in a long flashback, it is simply, as you say, to make the verbs less unwieldy. Aside from this, I am inclined in *The Group* to use a past when a pluperfect is called for in order to give the sense of something *spoken*, as when Harald loses his job at the beginning of Chapter 4: "When he told the director, softly, where to get off, the nance gave him notice." Correctly, it should be "had told," "had given," but that would sound narrated. The reader is meant to hear Kay dutifully seconding Harald's account, including the two commas around "softly"—as though rehearsing a script. But Kay's rough handling of time is quite different from Dottie's circumspection, which I think must be unique in the book.

This and the enclosed sheets answer most of your questions—I hope not too exhaustively. Oh yes; you ask about "What he did not see was that a lot of it was clothes...." This is Kay interrupting her own citation from Harald with a sort of editorial note; she feels he has been overrating Dottie's S.A. But as usual she is quoting someone—a counter-authority to Harald. She has heard some member of the group whom she respects—probably Lakey—make that rather crushing remark about Dottie and the Boston "contingent." So she hastens to give the reader—and Harald too, no doubt—the benefit of this expertise. Treating it as her own when evidently it isn't, since the reader has already learned that Kay does not know beans about clothes or Boston or governesses and is not at all witty.

Thank you for all the thought and time you've given to this translation and for your perceptiveness, which seems to me sometimes uncanny, in view of the performance of most American reviewers and of the fact that you have never (I gather) been in the United States. Let me add that I don't want to pose as the sole authority on what is or is not in *The Group*. You may not agree with some of the formulations in this letter, especially where I am trying to analyse as a reader what I *think* is there. Sometimes I *know* (e.g., about Hatton being one of the mothers or about Libby replacing the narrator or about who is speaking in the sentence I've just been dissecting), but sometimes I don't. I am most in the dark about the narration—a central point, on which I imagined I was clear until I started trying to answer you. This leads me to wonder whether the narration—where it is coming from—is not really the submerged or unconscious part of any fiction and the least understood by both authors and critics.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW POETRY

GOLDENSHEEP
Keith Baines 18s

NEW POETRY

HELMETS
James Dickey 18s

Longmans

A new series

The Oxford Chekhov

will be completed in nine volumes, all edited and translated by **Ronald Hingley.** The first to appear is

Volume III: Uncle Vanya, Three Sisters, The Cherry Orchard, The Wood Demon

with a Preface, Introduction, Appendixes on the early history of the plays, notes on Russian pronunciation, and a Bibliography. ✻ *42s net* (*forthcoming*)

The edition will include two further volumes of plays, and six volumes of short stories, many of these never before translated into English.

Chatham House Essay No. 7

Changing Perspectives in British Foreign Policy

KENNETH YOUNGER considers the various options now open to Britain after the failure of her application to join the European Economic Community; he thinks that an American-European partnership in which Britain is recognizably part of Europe would still be the best form for the Western alliance to take. ✻ *Paper covers 9s 6d net*

Home University Library

Social Anthropology

GODFREY LIENHARDT gives an introductory account of what social anthropologists now know and think about the social life of 'exotic' societies. ✻ *10s 6d net*

Oxford Paperbacks

Poems

Austin Clarke, Tony Connor, and **Charles Tomlinson** contribute a selection of poems published and unpublished. Austin Clarke's most recent collection, *Flight to Africa*, was a Poetry Book Society recommendation, as was Charles Tomlinson's *A Peopled Landscape*. Tony Connor's first collection, *With Love Somehow*, was widely praised on both sides of the Atlantic. ✻ *6s net*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dislocated Self

THE THEME of dislocation is a familiar enough one in twentieth-century fiction, for obvious reasons. It has more than fictional import, because it clearly enshrines a familiar belief we have about ourselves. And so extensively has the novel explored the experience of various forms of displacement that we can virtually distinguish a *genre* and the variants within it, variants whose plots are primarily concerned with moral, or social, or intellectual, or religious, or psychological displacement. One noticeable feature of the development of the English novel since the war is that it has tended to concern itself particularly with the theme of social anomie: there are numerous novels where we may find a pattern in which a central individual is isolated from the aims and ambitions of his society and fellow-citizens, and acquires a working ethic with which the author appears to have considerable sympathy. Recently a number of questions about this as a procedure have been raised, on the grounds that such approaches depend upon a simplified, mechanistic view of the relationship between a man and his social environment. In the pages of this magazine both Iris Murdoch and Saul Bellow[1] have recently expressed some disillusionment with the pessimism of such readings of the human condition, and have discerned a philosophical *impasse* here of which a number of younger writers seem growingly aware. Certainly a number of them (David Storey for instance) have been encouraged, apparently by dissatisfaction with such procedures, into symbolist and surrealistic notation in their work, and into a lively concern with associated forms of psychological displacement.

And part of the interest of Andrew Shonfield's first novel, *A Man Beside Himself* (Deutsch, 16s.) is that he is clearly taken up with these possibilities. The novel explores a romantic self-obsession and self-exploration, beginning in a clearly defined social context, but moving towards a form of surrealistic notation; and it attempts to balance the claims of the inner and the outer man, man psychological and man social. The hero, a television don named Geoffrey Cutlass, begins the book as, apparently, a perfectly balanced man, socially and psychologically. He has an aggressive, sure, self-confident manner and deft physical self-control; an acquaintance speaks of him as "excessively well put together." He has a house in a Chelsea square, an academic and a public reputation, and a mistress who at least physically replaces his wife from whom he is separated. But the subject of the novel is a psychological experience which dislocates him from all these things; the book opens with a publisher's party at which he suddenly "recognises with fright and a sense of controlled catastrophe that his self is located nine to twelve inches above his head, over to the right at an angle of around forty-five degrees." His co-ordination is weakened; he has a sense of weight and pressure; and he sees from a double viewpoint—from outside the body menacing it, and from within it and feeling menace. The rest of the action is concerned with Cutlass' attempts to regain personal unity. He recognises the separation as a symptom of an inner disintegration that has been going on for some time, out of sight:

> The answer was to disintegrate—or at any rate to allow the very habit of self-control and active thought to lapse for a while, confident that it would return of its own accord later—though temporarily indifferent even about that. A kind of total indignity. And yet also, in some sense, total self-will: a refusal to respond to life by making coherent images and meaning out of individual sensations.

The novel goes on to examine the swings and counter-swings through which Cutlass explores the extremes of self-command and self-release, the demands of the super-ego and the id. Around him he recognises a disintegrating world in which the forms of civilisation have driven violence inward; the society he moves in is a society of tense or disjointed people. The temptation towards the elimination of meaning and definition is accompanied by a physical attempt at bodily relaxation, pursued through exercises of a Zen-Buddhist kind. But the situation is dialectically examined: what achieves inner release also creates selfishness, social cruelty. Geoffrey concentrates best when his mistress, ill in bed upstairs, knocks on the floor for help.

In the latter part of the novel the dialectical relationship of the characters to Geoffrey grows clearer, and they take on a surrealist quality. Oddities of procedure and definition enter the novel, to considerable literary effect. Geoffrey, for instance, becomes strangely involved with a man who walks an Alsatian dog past his house and stares in at the windows, and with his second lodger, his mistress' companion, Grace Goschen. (The fictional techniques here remind one of Iris Murdoch's more recent work.) Grace wears leopard-skin cycling trousers and riotous spectacles; she is "a compact, self-contained, ruthless creature, half-machine," with "black self-centred pride." Grace takes command of the household and Geoffrey's emotions towards her are those of "resignation and acceptance." The exercises finish; and Geoffrey

[1] Iris Murdoch, "Against Dryness" (ENCOUNTER, January 1961); Saul Bellow, "Some Notes on Recent American Fiction" (ENCOUNTER, November 1963).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a "puppet." The action concludes when Geoffrey is stabbed by the walker outside, and he ends in hospital, finding that the dislocated self is held inside the body by pain. "He argued with himself calmly whether a full sense of identity was worth having at the price of intolerable pain endlessly prolonged.... Which would he choose?" At any rate, his errant self is "blessedly changed for the better." And this situation, it would appear, he accepts.

The novel is written with great literary vigour and with an interesting use of a psychological notation linked with a number of effective surrealist devices. Shonfield notes on the cover that he sees writing as exploration "directed towards a certain type of experience which is very familiar and yet not more than half understood." The book, despite some lapses and unsurenesses, does have the energy of its commitment. More than that, it is, I think, of interest to those who are concerned with the possibilities of depicting the self in fiction in the context of modern thought about it. In a sense, this is directly a religious book, and it ends by asserting a middle way between the anarchy of total self-indulgence and the resignation of total self-control. It creates an action and a diction to deal with such issues; and though its scale is not vast it is worthy of considerable interest.

Malcolm Bradbury

Hydra

Node
of seven islands
seven seas

wind from the north
in the straits of Poros
warm east wind over the open sea

from the cliff ridge the windmill's
vanes cleave the waves, cleave the sun
moving among the small hedgehogs of pine trees

There are millstones
growing out of the sea

David Rokeah
Translated by Christopher Middleton

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & WRITERS

Who Plans What, For Whom, and Why?

By Robert Lekachman

IN THE UNITED STATES, it scarcely requires the saying, "planning" is heard much more often as an epithet than as a technique of economic organisation. Only respectably private organisations like General Motors (1963 sales nearly $16 billion, 1963 profits more than $1.5 billion *after* taxes) are allowed to indulge in the careful, coordinated arrangements and the long-run commitments which are the stuff of economic planning. For planning is in disfavour not only with the embattled array of kooks, bigots, and economic calculators who are the foot soldiers in the Goldwater Crusade against the 20th century. It must be treated in a very gingerly fashion indeed even by very up-to-date politicians like the President of the United States.

Take the occasion last June when Mr. Johnson delivered the Commencement Address at the University of Michigan. His theme was "the Great Society" which it turned out rebuilt its cities, restored its countryside, improved the education of its young people, eliminated poverty, and raised the quality of American life. A task for government, a statement of the case for national planning? Not at all, maintained the President:

> The solution to these problems does not rest on a massive programme in Washington, nor can it rely solely on the strained resources of local authority. They require us to create new concepts of co-operation—a creative federalism—between the national capitol and the leaders of local communities.

Almost certainly Mr. Johnson knew better, but he dared not say better. He probably still felt fortunate in getting a tax reduction measure which increased the deficit. Certainly he had spent considerable energy reducing public expenditures as well.

The extreme backwardness of American opinion may explain why so many American social scientists indulge themselves in Utopian fancies. When even moderate change is heartbreakingly difficult to achieve, the generous in heart tend to leap the immediate obstacles and the intricate politics required to surmount them, the better to graze in the green fields of a better society. An instance in point is Robert Theobald's *Free Men and Free Markets*[1] and the statement issued by the "Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution" partially based upon it. These remarkable documents have received more publicity than, say, discussions of the applicability of French planning to the United States, or the possibility of vesting discretionary tax powers in the President (as Mr. Kennedy once proposed).

A transplanted Englishman who now lives in New York, Theobald is a strange combination of anti-planner and Utopian. What starts him off is the bogey of automation. He approves Gerard Piel's statement that

> the new development in our technology is the replacement of the human nervous system by automatic controls and by the computer that ultimately integrates the functions of the automatic control units at each point in the production process.

There is no possible escape from massive unemployment, according to Piel and Theobald. But unemployment can be rendered disarmingly pleasant if Theobald's central remedy is adopted. This is the payment by the Federal government to the unemployed of a guaranteed annual income "adequate for human dignity." Thus at long last the age-old link between labour and income will be snapped and the curse of Adam lifted. The fortunate participants in this Economic Security Plan will retain complete freedom to spend their incomes. As full-time consumers, they will become the Free Men who enjoy Free Markets.

There is no necessity to linger on this amiable pipe dream. It is founded upon a version of technological change which few American economists believe to have been demonstrated.

[1] Clarkson N. Potter, New York (1963, $5.00).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paustovsky

STORY OF A LIFE

A brilliantly written autobiography which describes, as only a Russian can, his life in Russia before 1914.

'He has written a small masterpiece... Paustovsky, for long the doyen of Russian writers, gives us his childhood and youth remembered not with nostalgia but with wonder and delight, re-creating his young world in its springtime freshness as though yesterday was today. It will be read as a classic of childhood' EDWARD CRANKSHAW, OBSERVER

'May well turn out to be one of the most penetrating of all published accounts of Russia in the twentieth century' SUNDAY TIMES

Harvill 25s

TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS FROM COLLINS

Incognito

PETRU DUMITRIU

Acclaimed one of the great novels of our time.

'An exciting novel with some brilliant social observation of the Communist élite of Bucharest... No visitor to an Iron Curtain country can fail to recognise the witty and horrifying picture of life at the Communist top' ANGUS WILSON, OBSERVER

'A novel of major quality. It has a noble theme... and beautiful writing' THE TIMES

'By any standards an important and gripping book... a positive battlefield of ideas' MICHAEL RATCLIFFE, SUNDAY TIMES

'A novel on the grand scale... developed with enormous skill and acute observation through nearly 500 absorbing pages' EVENING STANDARD

25s

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It blithely skips the politics of social welfare. After all, a great many middle-class Americans resent their contributions to the present, entirely inadequate system of unemployment compensation. What on earth might they think of Theobald's largesse? As Leon Keyserling (President Truman's Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors) has put it, this is scarcely the time to encourage additional unemployment:

> With 35–40 million people in the United States still living in poverty, with an equal number still living in deprivation, with our educational and health services starved... with our cities decaying at their core... it is morally iniquitous, politically irresponsible, socially unperceptive, and economically nonsensical to talk about immobilising a large part of our productive powers.

Amen.

THE MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION of essays in honour of Naum Jasny, who at eighty-five is the grand old man of Soviet economic investigation,[2] strongly suggests that the Russian experience of planning since 1917 has as little to commend it to intelligent western students of economic policy as the public statements of the American "Ad Hoc Committee." The Russians have notoriously failed to modernise their agriculture, repair the inadequacies of their public services, and improve their shoddy housing and consumer goods. It must be humiliating for Chairman Khrushchev to find himself consulting Mr. Roswell Garst of Iowa on agronomy and spending precious foreign exchange on the wheat surpluses produced by the capitalist farmers of Canada and the United States. The worst of the matter is, as Alec Nove makes plain in the volume's best essay, "Towards a Theory of Planning," that the Russians have never succeeded in developing a coherent theory of economic planning. In Nove's judgment the famed "law of planned (proportional) development" is only an "automatic justificatory mechanism, with a built-in apology for whatever proportions are in fact adopted by the higher authorities." As far as Nove can see, Soviet leaders have tended to generate as rapid economic growth as possible within the context of a "variety of material, social, and political constraints." If indeed something like a theory of operational planning emerges, it will be "integrally linked with linear programming, and input-output analysis"—sophisticated western techniques, especially popular in the United States.

The sad, sour paradox of Soviet economics is this: after nearly four decades of coercion and deprivation in the name of successive Five Year Plans, there is still in the proper sense of the term no true economic plan. Thus Russian planners stand accused of a charge far more grave according to their scale of values than injustice—*inefficiency*.

THE ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH PLAN[3] by Pierre Bauchet, approvingly introduced by Sir Robert Hall, is a great deal more important to Anglo-American students of economic growth and economic planning than Theobald and Degras combined. M. Bauchet (who is *Directeur des Etudes* at the *Ecole Nationale d'Administration*) has been intimately associated with French planning and served for a time as Adviser to the *Commissariat du Plan*. The present volume is a considerably expanded and revised version of his pioneer study of 1956. Although it covers some of the same ground as the Hacketts' valuable *Economic Planning in France*, M. Bauchet's study is superior in two respects: it is 298 small pages to the Hacketts' 418 large ones, and it poses precisely the crucial questions for an English-speaking audience.

As M. Bauchet states it, the case for the overall success of French planning rests upon two major arguments, rises in economic output and alterations in economic attitudes. On the first score, the author demurely quotes the judgment, rendered in August 1961, of the English economist J. C. R. Dow:

> France has had three successive four-year plans since the war, and is soon to enter on a fourth. During this time it has achieved a rate of economic growth at least double that of the United Kingdom. Opinions will differ as to how far one has been the cause of the other: other countries which do not organise economic planning have also grown rapidly. It is my impression that many of those who attended the conference came to the conclusion that the French joint planning procedure must have contributed something to France's rigid economic development.

On the second score, M. Bauchet is certain that the Plan has instilled a progressive spirit in French capitalists. In his words, "Growth has become the overriding concern of the French leaders. The will to progress is gradually replacing the caution of an earlier period." More and more, the successive plans have entered into the calculations of French *entrepreneurs*. Their investment programmes are now computed in the optimistic light of national targets which are not only the aspirations of government departments but the occasion of government financial and economic action designed to realise them. No doubt the plan has not ended the cold war

[2] *Soviet Planning*. Edited by Jane Degras (Blackwell, 1964, 35s.).

[3] *Economic Planning, the French Experience*. (Heinemann, 1964, 35s.).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRIDORS OF POWER

C. P. SNOW

'The greatest political novel of of our century'
—Maurice Edelman MP

Coming November 2nd
Published by Macmillan at 25s

recent books

H. J. EYSENCK

CRIME AND PERSONALITY

"Professor Eysenck puts forward an ingenious theory for the reform of criminals. Heavier and heavier doses of punishment do not work, neither does orthodox psychoanalysis: so the deficient criminal personality should be treated like a malfunctioning machine and conditioned not to commit further offences in the future. The clarity of the author's style is a model for criminologists, and his book is controversial and witty." – *The Times* 25s.

Jewish Life in Modern Britain

Edited by Julius Gould and Shaul Esh

Foreword by Sir Barnett Janner, M.P.

"Jewish life in this country is still largely *terra incognita* to the sociologist. For a sociological work it is remarkably free from jargon. There is much to interest the general reader." – C. I. BERMANT, *The Observer* 28s.

Plato: The Midwife's Apprentice

I. M. CROMBIE

Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford

A lucid account of Plato's contribution to philosophy specially written for the general reader. 25s.

Routledge & Kegan Paul

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between French proletarians and French capitalists, but, M. Bauchet claims, it

> has brought all the groups a step forward, and now, while not renouncing their means of defence, they realise the usefulness of a proper coordination of economic policy and of organisation at a level above the struggle in which they are engaged.

Now before an Englishman or an American cries for the immediate imitation of this appealing French brew of national goals, generally uncoercive government policies to achieve them, and comparatively free economic action by *entrepreneurs* within the framework of planning, he had best clear his mind about a number of topics. The first appears as a reservation in Dow's favourable opinion of French policies.[4] To what extent has French success really sprung from French planning? After all, in the postwar world, the four countries, outside of the Soviet bloc, which have grown most rapidly have been Japan, Italy, West Germany, and France. Planning can scarcely be the common denominator of their success. West Germany and Japan have been dominated by free marketeers whose favourite advisers used to be conservative American businessmen. Mr. Joseph Dodge was no great success in the Eisenhower Administration, but he apparently did splendidly in Japan. His favourite policies would not have offended Montagu Norman. I am as puzzled as the next economist about the reasons for the rapidity of growth in some places and its sluggishness in others. As far as the successful four are concerned, there is a common circumstance. Either they lost the Second World War or they were so long occupied by the eventual losers that they suffered damage to morale and physical assets comparable to that incurred by the losers. The recipe seems too heroic for duplication.

Suppose that in the interests of public discussion this preliminary caveat is ignored. Let us stipulate, as the lawyers say, that French planning *has* helped the French economy. The really critical questions to be asked are three: has French planning been democratically conducted? Has it promoted social justice? Has it produced a resolution of the perennial conflict between the objectives of price stability and economic expansion?

Consider the last question first. M. Bauchet is frank to admit that no incomes policy has emerged in post-war France. The obstacle is familiar enough, no one will accept limitation of his own compensation unless limitations are applied to all. And French entrepreneurs, Plan or no Plan, are as little eager to accept price or profit control as their unreconstructed English and American colleagues. After M. Bauchet's study appeared, the French government established an incomes policy commission headed by Pierre Massé of the *Commissariat du Plan*. According to the U.S. periodical *Business Week*, "so far [July 11th] the commission has been hamstrung by internal disagreements and trade union hostility." Moreover, in recent months the French Finance Minister, M. Giscard d'Estaing, has combated inflation in classic fashion by scaling downward the production goals of the Fourth Economic Plan, ending in 1965. If all of this sounds like the much maligned "stop-go" policies of English Conservative Chancellors, it can only be because the resemblance is in fact uncomfortably close. Worst of all, nine months of rigid controls have suppressed but not cured the French inflationary fever. As one French Socialist Deputy is said to have put it, "We now seem to be transitioning from the economic stabilisation plan to the stabilisation of the economic plan...."

Has French planning served the ends of social justice? How much has planning narrowed class disparities in education, medical service, tax policy, welfare provision, and, above all, income distribution? M. Pierre Bauchet's most interesting observation on this point is statistical. No one, he declares, knows how French incomes are actually distributed. If one can reasonably assume that modern communities collect information on the subjects which interest them, then it follows that French leaders care too little about *who-gets-what* to spend the resources needed to find out. Still, M. Bauchet is convinced that planning has merged a large segment of the French working class with the middle class. It is hard to be sure that he is right in the absence of the relevant income

[4] This is the line delightedly taken by Mr. Enoch Powell in his Introduction to a new Institute of Economic Affairs volume (*Economic "Miracles"* by Jossleyn Hennessy, Vera Lutz and Giuseppe Scimone, André Deutsch, 25s.).

Emphasising rather cleverly the dissimilarities of the German, French, and Italian economies, Powell uses sketches of the three countries' postwar experience to demonstrate that rapid growth can occur with or without economic planning and even with or without inflation. He overstates his brief somewhat, in urging the point that French planning may have *nothing* to do with French growth, and again in suggesting that the Italians have failed in the south precisely because there they did undertake to plan. Thus far southern Italy has resisted rapid progress under a wide variety of conditions. He is on interesting speculative ground when, in commenting on slow Anglo-American growth, he points to the higher initial level of affluence and the more limited opportunities of transferring low-productivity agricultural workers to higher-productivity industrial employment.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF GERMANY

From Working-Class Movement to Modern Political Party

by **Douglas A. Chalmers**

During the last decade the Social Democratic Party has sought to play a new role in German politics. In tracing the transformations in the party's structure and doctrine, Mr. Chalmers examines the significant features of postwar German society, and assesses the party's ability to play a positive role in a viable democratic system.

Yale Studies in Political Science 10 *48s net*

GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY 1918–1933

by **Richard N. Hunt**

A pioneering study of the Social Democrats in the Weimar period in which the author analyses the evolution of the party organization, the sociological characteristics of the movement, its interconnections with the trade unions, and its internecine factional struggles.

Yale Historical Publications, Miscellany 79
56s net

DREAM OF EMPIRE

German Colonialism, 1919–1945

by **Wolfe W. Schmokel**

The first full treatment of Nazi plans for the creation of an overseas empire, Mr. Schmokel's study is valuable also for the light it throws on the British and French pre-Munich appeasement policy and the conflict between Hitler's plans for the expansion to the east, and the salt-water imperialism of other Nazi leaders.

Yale Historical Publications, Miscellany 78
45s net

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
6a Bedford Sq. London WC1

RUSSIA AT WAR 1941-45

ALEXANDER WERTH

"Werth's book is so fascinating and contains so much new material... that I found myself not only reading it, but re-reading it." WILLIAM L. SHIRER, author of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.*
1128 pages 60s

An Eclectic ABC

DANIEL GEORGE

Some of the fruits of a lifetime spent among the curiosities of literature, from *Adam's Apple* to *Zygantes*, are linked by a commentary in Mr. George's own characteristically ironic style. *21s*

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales

TRANSLATED INTO MODERN ENGLISH PROSE BY

DAVID WRIGHT

"I have nothing but praise." *Illustrated London News* "Wittily accurate." *Queen* "Read with pleasure." *John O' London's* *35s*

BARRIE & ROCKLIFF

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Markings

DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD

Translated by W. H. AUDEN and LEIF SJÖBERG, with an Introduction by W. H. Auden. Hammarskjöld's private journal, preserving his poems, prayers, reflections and aphorisms. 25/-

Arnold Schoenberg: Letters

Selected and edited by ERWIN STEIN

Translated from the original German by EITHNE WILKINS and ERNST KAISER. This selection of Schoenberg's correspondence covers the period 1910–1951. With 2 pages of photographs and some music examples. 63/-

Anno Domini

GEORGE STEINER

Three long stories on the aftermath of war. Mr. Steiner is the author of two highly praised books of criticism—*Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* and *The Death of Tragedy*. 21/-

Platonov

ANTON CHEKHOV

Translated by DAVID MAGARSHACK. Chekhov's earliest major dramatic work, remarkable for revealing the early development of his genius, is published for the first time in an unabridged English translation. 21/-

The Hole

N. F. SIMPSON

Mr Simpson has collected three short plays—*The Hole*, *The Form* and a shortened version of *A Resounding Tinkle*. He has also added three brief sketches—*Gladly Otherwise*, *Oh* and *One Blast and Have Done* 18/-

The Critical Moment

Essays on the nature of literature, first published in special issues of the Times Literary Supplement for July 26 and September 27 last year. 25/-

FABER & FABER

measurements and attitude surveys. As he also says, "we not only lack a firm foundation for a policy of income-distribution, but we have no standards by which to guide it; for how are the merits of each category of claimants to be assessed?" Fortunately for the French proletariat, French planners (Galbraithians before *The Affluent Society*) have placed increasing emphasis on successive plans in education, social services, and housing.

As is often claimed on its behalf, is French planning "democratic"? The short answer is no. In de Gaulle's France, Parliament has little to say about the shape and financing of the Plan. Two of the four plans were never presented at any time for parliamentary approval and one of the others so belatedly as to be of no consequence. Thus the complicated questions that an Englishman or an American would need to ask about the relation between long-run economic plans and short-term judgments of elected members of the House of Commons or the Congress, do not much afflict M. Bauchet, for the excellent reason that the French Plan is an instrument of the French executive. In still another respect, possibly even more important, French planning is "élitiste" rather than democratic. This is the concentration of plan formulation among civil servants, technicians, and businessmen. M. Bauchet's breakdown of the origins of the 612 members of the nineteen "Modernisation Commissions" who worked on the Third Plan is instructive:

Civil servants	113
Technical experts	134
Heads of businesses	206
Trade union representatives (including 25 farmers)	82
Representatives of state agencies	23
Representatives of finance banking	13
Miscellaneous	41

Although the trade unions participated slightly more in the fourth Plan, M. Bauchet concedes that their influence throughout has been slight. The early plans in fact were formulated in the complete absence of representation from the largest of the three rival trade union groups. No trade union representative has been made a chairman of any of the many commissions which co-operate in the production of the Plan. Nor have unorganised low-income groups achieved a voice. In other words, the Plan represents an agreement among the established groups of French society. The man in the street neither votes for the plan nor is represented in its formulation. If French planning has benefited most Frenchmen, it has been the consequence of rapid economic growth rather than a democratic consensus on the goals of French public policy.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

The Politics of Hope

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, Jr.

Essays on modern American history and politics by the eminent historian who was one of Kennedy's aides at the White House. *22 October*, 30s

The Anarchists

JAMES JOLL

Sixty years ago most people regarded the anarchists as a greater threat (or a greater hope) than the communists. This book studies how the movement arose, what its beliefs were, what forms it took in various countries and why in the end it failed. *22 October*, 35s

The 'Frontier Library' has just issued the first new edition for 30 years of Francis Parkman's classic *Montcalm and Wolfe*. 50s

General Jack's Diary 1914-1918

JOHN TERRAINE (Editor)

The remarkable personal record of the fighting on the Western Front by a regular soldier who served through nearly the whole course of the First World War. Illustrated. *29 October*, 35s

PATRICK WHITE

THE BURNT ONES

His first volume of short stories. 25s

GORE VIDAL

Julian

"A book of tremendous sweep and magnetic readability—a major novel on a major theme." *Anthony Hern*, **Bookman**

BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE

25s

RICHARD CONDON

An Infinity of Mirrors

"Vibrantly written . . . a cleverly contrived blend of fact and fiction . . ." **Bookman**

25s

ELIZABETH BERRIDGE

Across the Common

"Hints of violence occur in Elizabeth Berridge's *Across the Common*, hardly ruffling the surface of her lucid, irresistible style . . . a cunningly made story about growing up." *Adrian Mitchell*, **Sunday Times**

18s

RICHARD CHURCH

The Voyage Home

"Written with impressive candour . . . Paints an attractive picture of a man simple and constant in his affections . . ." *John Lehmann*, **Sunday Telegraph**

30s

HEINEMANN

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In sum, if I were in a position to vote this autumn for Harold Wilson instead of Lyndon Johnson, I should want to advise the leader in the strongest possible terms to beware of English businessmen and conservative economists who are fascinated by French planning. They have their reasons. Just possibly the French Plan might serve as some kind of model for a Conservative British government, devoted to economic growth and the social status quo. It is exceedingly difficult to see French planning in its present state as much more than a warning to any British government which is devoted to social and economic change as well as to economic growth pure and simple. A Labour government will need to plan. It had best look elsewhere for its models.

Gowned Mortality

The Italian Girl. By Iris Murdoch. *Chatto & Windus*, 21s.

Iris Murdoch's *A Severed Head* was about chopping things up (and, among other things, about the idea that if you cut something into two, neither bit means anything any more). *The Unicorn*, set in a house called "Gaze," was about seeing things (and about the idea that seeing, when done in complete self-forgetfulness, is the same as loving). These scholastic and Platonic themes turn up again all over her new novel, though the central theme this time is healing.

At the outset of the book Edmund Narraway has just returned to his childhood home on the occasion of his mother's death. His father was the once-famous artist-craftsman and Morris-disciple John Narraway, and Edmund and his brother Otto, victims of a possessive and neurotic mother, have grown up divided men. They have chopped up and divided the talents that in their father made a meaningful whole: Edmund is a wood-engraver, Otto carves tombstones. They have also divided up their emotional inheritance: Edmund is a bachelor frightened of life and only at home with little things, like the box-wood blocks of his craft (he sees people as "details"): Otto is a sprawler, a wet-lipped man whereas his brother is dry-lipped, he has lost all outline and order (or rather his wife Isabel has killed his feeling for them), he drinks, spills his food over himself and is a gross and slovenly adulterer. Their mother (who always bought light-bulbs of the lowest possible wattage and had a mania for fire-extinguishers) has left a legacy of lack of warmth and lack of light. Her grand-daughter Flora, whom she adored, has inherited her hostility to life, and her daughter-in-law Isabel, whom she persecuted, is a *bovaryste* who piles high the fire in her room even in midsummer and is feeding the fire of destruction in the household.

When Edmund arrives at the house he is welcomed by everyone as a healer. He is a hopeless failure in the role, his one idea of healing being to treat people as you do cracked box-wood blocks, *i.e.* to refrigerate them. All the same, healing takes place, through the agency of two troll-like northerners (Otto's Russian-Jewish apprentice and his half-mad sister Elsa, who take the guilt of this household of spiritual "northerners" upon themselves. In the crisis that they precipitate, Elsa burns herself to death with the coals from Isabel's overfull grate. The universe is righted: Otto acquires order, at the expense of the freedom which was useless to him, and goes back to doing engraving as well as stone-carving; Isabel, leaving Otto, acquires light, and is to bear a "northern" child; Edmund acquires enough light to see that what he most needs is warmth, and finds it right under his hand, in Maggie the "Italian girl," the unnoticed southerner among them.

I have not made the book out more schematic than it is. It is symbolically patterned down to the last detail; and this is not to say that it is forced or heavy-handed. Iris Murdoch has made a perfectly easy and expressive language out of symbolism. Consider the subtlety of effect she gets out of her just-concealed allusions to Adam and Eve in the concluding love-scene—Edmund *asks* Maggie for an apple, and then *doesn't* eat it, etc.—or the delicate way she makes us realise that Flora, when she cuts off Maggie's back hair in a fight and stands looking at the "oblong knob" of shorn hair, is being reminded of her own abortion. And Iris Murdoch exhibits exactly the qualities she makes use of as themes. She chops and slices her subjects unerringly and she floods them with light. She is clever and deft, and has a charming wit. Nothing could be more amusing than her account of Otto's ghastly feeding habits, or more expressive of the brothers' relationship than the way Otto is always telling his dreams and Edmund never for a moment listens.

So what is wrong? Why does one find her, in a way, a disappointment? I felt about her first novel, *Under the Net*, that here was a new, intensely feminine, G. K. Chesterton. It was dazzling intellectual high-jinks and phantasmagoria; the characters were all dressed-up ideas, sent out on a dizzy Chestertonian wild-goose chase, obedient only to the law of paradox. Real people hardly came into it, and as I remember the most human character was a celebrated canine film-star. When I read *The Sandcastle* I thought she had decided to leave Chestertonian charades and see what she could do with real

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

V. S. NAIPAUL
An Area of Darkness

'Most compelling and vivid' V. S. PRITCHETT New Statesman. 'Tender, lyrical, explosive . . . brilliant farce, serious analysis' JOHN WAIN Observer. 25/-
THE RUSSELL EDITION of his novels: *Miguel Street, The Mystic Masseur, The Suffrage of Elvira* (all 18/-) and *A House for Mr Biswas* (30/-)

DAVID DAICHES (editor)
The Idea of a New University

A portrait of the University of Sussex by those most closely connected with its development. Illustrated 25/-

Write for our list:
105 Gt. Russell Street
London WC1

André Deutsch

ROBERT GRAVES
& RAPHAEL PATAI
HEBREW MYTHS
The Book of Genesis

Robert Graves and Raphael Patai have drawn on their combined knowledge of pagan and Jewish lore to present each myth and its variants together with an absorbing commentary and full references analysing the Creation, Primeval Monsters, Angels and the Devil, the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man, the Deluge, the Patriarchs, and the founding of the Twelve Tribes. 36s.

CASSELL

to the Snow with Erna Low

Leave your arrangements in the hands of a Ski Specialist with years of experience in Winter Sports Planning. Special trains, Ski Air Day Charter, scheduled services or in your own Car.

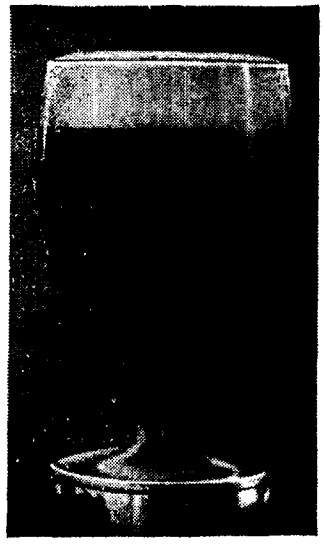
BUDGET SKIERS PARTIES from 25 gns.
FREE-LANCE SKI CONNOISSEURS HOLIDAYS.
FAMILY PARTIES with Baby Sitting. Family Plan Concessions, Children's Meals and Special Ski classes.
BEGINNERS ALL-INCLUSIVE Winter Sports Parties including Ski hire and Ski school from 29½ gns.
SKI HOLIDAYS FOR Children, Teenagers and Students.
MINI-HOLIDAYS ON SKIS for the keen skier with little time.
MOTORISTS all inclusive **SKI PACKS.**
FREE WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY for Organisers of Private Parties (School, Student, Club or Adult).

Write now for the Erna Low Ski Publications:
(1) Guide to Good Skiing
(2) Ski Holidays for Children, Teenagers and Students
(3) Your Passport to a Free Winter Sports Holiday

Erna Low

47 (EN) Old Brompton Rd. London S.W.7
Phone: KEN. 0911, 8881–6, · 8881 (night answer)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUINNESS
FOR
LITERATI
PROOF
CONSTRUCTIVE
REJOYCE!
IMPROVING

GUINNESS
REGAINED
!
TEXTURE
CLASSIC

people and real forms of human torment. She seemed to have the talent for this too. But *The Sandcastle* lost its nerve and fell off into whimsical Edwardian school-yarn excitements. And by the time of her next book, *The Bell*, she seemed to have settled for a compromise. She would create real people, in a real and credible contemporary situation, but she would not try to make them *act* like real people. Whatever solidity the characters of her later novels have, they have at their first appearance and gradually shed as the action proceeds. They are brought on and off like figures in French farce and behave like actors in *commedia dell'arte*. They act everything out physically: a man feeling hostile impulses against a woman punches her on the nose, a woman wanting to keep a man lies down on the floor and grabs him by the ankle, a person feeling humiliated goes out and lies down fully-dressed in a nearby pool. There is an extraordinary amount of violence, none of it having the effect of violence; there are expressive tableaux, multiple epiphanies and worked-up climaxes, a blinding incendiary display as harmless as summer lightning. Having invoked the extremity of moral terror or despair she cancels it all with that incorrigible Oxford smile which tells you not to worry, she doesn't mean it, it's not serious.

THERE IS A SORT OF bad faith here. For after all if you commit yourself to imagining real people and real-life situations, as of course Chesterton never did, it would seem you have a duty to respect the truth of what you have created. And I have the impression Miss Murdoch thinks so too, and is ready to back the truthfulness of her wild dramas with one half of her mind, whilst hedging her bets with the other. Her last chapters tend to be full of a sort of holiday- or end-of-term feeling, in which, as it were, she *congratulates* herself and her readers on the amount of *Sturm und Drang* they have been through. She half means it herself, when she makes Edmund say "We had seen too much suddenly, too much about mortality and chance, too much about the consequences of our actions, too much about the real nature of the world." Yet I don't think any reader will quite swallow it.

There is something in all this which limits her, despite her marvellous gifts, and I blame Oxford for it, that Oxford which from Arnold's time has always lacked whole-heartedness—in the world (oh yes) but always ready, wearily or whimsically, to play the "forsaken merman," laying claim to a second destiny, a fabulous alternative kingdom, to which no ungowned mortal has the key.

P. N. Furbank

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Pavlov's Bad Dog

ENTHRALLED as I am by the lively controversy between Kathleen Nott and H. J. Eysenck, I feel saddened by the sweeping assumptions which Eysenck makes about poets. The antithesis between "poets" and "philosophers" seems facile to a degree. And to talk of the "agitated emotion of the poet" is (surely) both shallow and tendentious. A limited number of poets are, it is true, characterised by "agitated emotion." But so, I suspect, are some philosophers, and even some scientists. It has been argued very strenuously by modern critics and scholars that one of the most important aspects of poetry is the search for linguistic precision. One is led to suspect that Eysenck is himself indulging in a particularly flagrant bit of Bad Dog.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

London

MY STYLISTIC CLASSIFICATION of *Behaviour Research and Therapy* was meant as an illustration of my opening question: "When does a technical language become a jargon?" Does Professor Eysenck deny that jargonisation is always a risk and a likelihood, not least in psychology? Certainly a technical language is permissible between professional colleagues, like a joke between friends. But someone surely ought to be prepared to consider when and how far it is necessary, and what purpose it is really serving. Medical prescriptions, as we all now agree, both in content and handwriting, serve the purpose of esotericism as well as speedy communication. Nowadays it is more obvious than it ever was that all professions have a duty at least not to muddy the language of the tribe.

That psychological language gets loose in the social blood-stream quicker than most is not necessarily the fault of the professionals—it may be due to a natural and widespread and emotional interest in the subject. But then nobody would suggest that psychologists of all schools are unconcerned with either public communication or their public image (that is, nobody who watches T.V. or listens to radio). Thus a suggestion that rapid and efficient translation of a technical idiom is to be both practicable and practised should be regarded as only helpful.

Apart from this, *premature* technicalisation ought perhaps to be guarded against for fear of creating (or appearing to create) entities that are not really there. Look what happened to the Freudian and Jungian terminology. I am sure that Professor Eysenck would not deny that both of these needed a good shave with Occam's Razor. Why should he expect that his own kind would be free from all danger of a similar reification or of being equally taken in by themselves?

Professor Eysenck says that many people (particularly, it seems, the literary and artistic) resent, or are even appalled by, "the growth of a scientific psychology." Speaking for myself, I am appalled by nothing except the way Professor Eysenck tries to abscond with the name of "Science." What is he using as a criterion? Let us remember that the psychiatric schools also claim to be "scientific." Is not Professor Eysenck confused by the fact that the *natural* sciences deal only with an objective material —in the sense of the tangible or measurable? Hence the attitude about "symptoms."[1]

What matters however is his implication that the "symptoms" don't *mean* something important and therefore don't need the fullest understanding and interpretation, especially of what they mean to the person who suffers them.

I am sure that in the cases Professor Eysenck quotes (two of which I had already read), and in many other cases, Behaviour Therapy has reduced the symptom. But—to take the boy with encopresis as an example—while I can see that his habit made him unhappy because of his social unacceptability, I also think that he developed the habit because he was unhappy in the first place. For "neurosis" in the quotation given from Professor Eysenck, read "unhappiness" and we may get somewhere, both semantically and psychologically. I am sure that amputation (both in psychological and physical medicine) is sometimes necessary, but also that it is always the lesser good. I am sure too, that a Behaviour Therapist does not want to be a mere psychological sawbones.

MY POINT ABOUT "imposing a norm" follows from this. Behaviour Therapy and its terminology cannot help being part of a philosophy or ideology. The guiding idea seems to be that man is *merely* a social animal: and that "symptoms" are nothing but a sign of difficulty in conforming to whatever the current social demands may be. They *could* be, on the other hand, a form of obscure social criticism, not stupid at that, and needing interpretation. But as an implied philosophy I don't see that the behavourist-therapeutic approach to them can do anything but discourage non-conformism. Whatever you do in the emergency treatment of "symptoms" should you not, as a philosopher or theoretician of human nature, be aware that you have to take the possibility and the value of personal freedom—an individual's struggle to free himself from his immaturities—into some kind of account?

I don't see why "the poet" and "the philosopher" are incompatible, although if you call them "hats" they probably are. But then, I don't, as Professor Eysenck does, identify the one with "emotion" and the other with "rationality and objectivity." And I suggest that doing so in his case is only

[1] I am sorry that he objects to my use of the word "symptoms"—also of "semantics," "dazzled," "behavourist" and so forth. I, in my turn, don't know what he is objecting to, and as he does not say, I must conclude that this is the award of another "Bad Dog." But the dictionary was not the "*Oxford Pocket*"—I didn't know there was one. I referred to the *O.E.D.* and Black's Medical Dictionary, which agree on "Evidence of disease."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another illustration of this odd but very pervasive assumption that subjective processes are all emotive (or fantastic) and not sometimes *perceptive*. It may also account for the fact that he has no comment on my discussion of aesthetics, a subject about which he has elsewhere so much to say.

KATHLEEN NOTT

London

MISS KATHLEEN NOTT wonders what I use as a criterion of "science." The answer is very simple. I am using the term in the time-honoured sense in which it has been used since the days of Newton, and my reasons for not admitting the claims of psycho-analysts to the use of this term are those given by Popper—their propositions are incapable of disproof. And I am not confused by the fact that the *natural* sciences deal only with objective materials; so does the psychologist. Behaviour is objective—"in the sense of the tangible or measurable"—and behaviour is all that we can ever hope to study scientifically. We could, of course, admit theoretical concepts such as meaning, value, anxiety, etc., but if we do we must tie these down carefully and experimentally to specific behaviour patterns. The recent book by the Staats on *Complex Human Behaviour* is a good example of what is required.

Miss Nott talks about the boy with encopresis and says that she can see that his habit made him unhappy because of his social inacceptability, but she "also thinks that he developed the habit because he was unhappy in the first place." Well he wasn't, and if Miss Nott really wants to take up this point I suggest she study a few hundred children with encopresis, enuresis, etc; these are questions of empirical fact, not to be decided in terms of some vague predilection. Perhaps she is right in thinking that our patients' symptoms "can be a form of obscure social criticism." From what I have seen this seems to me wildly improbable, but again if Miss Nott would like to produce a proper criterion and carry out an empirical study on a few hundred cases, I should be very happy to consider her results. My motor car may miss on one cylinder because it is unhappy, or as an obscure criticism of my driving, but if I can cure it by cleaning the spark plugs I shall feel that I need some substantial evidence before considering such esoteric hypotheses. No doubt Miss Nott will take me to task for comparing human beings to automobiles but for certain purposes I venture to suggest that the analogy is a perfectly reasonable one, even though I would not myself want to take it too far. It would not be very helpful in a discussion on aesthetics, which Miss Nott would like me to take up; unfortunately this would take more space than one could reasonably demand of even the most broad-minded of editors.

To end on a point of agreement, I would say that psychological jargon often gets out of hand and that premature technicalisation ought to be guarded against. I am quite happy to agree also that what she so charmingly calls my "own kind" are not free from the danger of stepping into jargon and succumbing to reification. But I do think that the example she chose was exceptionally badly chosen and that concepts like "satiation" are the kind of technical term which we cannot do without—at least not in scientific journals.

H. J. EYSENCK

Institute of Psychiatry,
The Maudsley Hospital,
London

Arendt's "Eichmann"

PROFESSOR Gershom Scholem's restrained, indeed almost compassionate letter to his friend, Dr. Hannah Arendt [ENCOUNTER, January], evoked great admiration in me, as I read his words of instruction, entreaty, persuasion. This at last, I hoped, is bound to bring Dr. Arendt to the suggestion that perhaps she erred—even slightly—in some aspects of her volume on Eichmann. To my distress —for it's always tragic to see a brilliant intellect trapped in almost narcissistic rationalisation, instead of seeing truth—Dr. Arendt perpetrates the kind of "sleight of mind" argumentation which is worthy of the worst propaganda methods which she has analysed so well.

In commenting on Professor Scholem's assertion that she lacks *Ahabath Yisrael*—love for her people, Israel—Dr. Arendt asks, parenthetically: "(Incidentally, I would be very grateful if you could tell me since when this concept played a role in Judaism, when it was first used in the Hebrew language and literature, etc.)."

The implication of the question is that "love of Israel" is not an authentic Jewish religious value. One need not be a scholar of Jewish literature to discover that "love of Israel" is a classical Jewish concept, Biblical in origin and developed, as well as intensified throughout Rabbinic Literature, *i.e.*, "There are two great loves in my heart—the Torah and the people Israel. I do not know which comes first—some say the Torah is first; I would say the holy children of Israel are first, as it is written." (*Jeremiah* 2.3) "Israel is the Lord's hallowed portion. . . ." (*Tana d'be Eliayhu*, Chapter 14.)

However, as if this is not enough, Dr. Arendt quotes a prominent political personality in Israel who said to her: "You will understand that, as a Socialist, I, of course, do not believe in God; I believe in the Jewish people." The implication is that Professor Scholem, too, advocates such a view and Dr. Arendt protests that her love for individuals rises above her love for people or groups.

The fact is that the same classical Jewish sources, available in all languages to people of even less scholarly aptitude than Dr. Arendt, state that "love of God," "love of Torah" (His teaching), and "love of Israel" are three basic values (amongst others) urged upon the children of Israel. To say that one loves the people does not mean disaffection for God or His teachings; no more than the statement that a man loves his father (if that is under discussion) means that he hates his mother.

Professor Scholem, a friend of Dr. Arendt, tried to awaken in her heart one of her lost loves—for the children of Israel. She responds by implying that in urging this, Professor Scholem—distin-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guished historian of Jewish mysticism—is advocating its substitution for love of God and His Torah.

How far the mind can go in using reason and its instrumentality—words—to deceive itself! Is Dr. Arendt really incapable of asking herself—even momentarily: "Perhaps I was wrong in some measure?" In all her answers, to Professor Scholem and others of equal distinction, Dr. Arendt has yet to accept (to my knowledge) even one criticism. Such infallibility is not part of the democratic tradition which she once defended so brilliantly.

BERNARD MANDELBAUM
Jewish Theological Seminary,
New York City

Brodsky's Trial

JOSEPH BRODSKY'S TRIAL in Leningrad [ENCOUNTER, September] provides the outside world with intimate details of just one bout in the long drawn-out Soviet struggle between die-hard "Stalinists" and their opponents. It is also, I believe, the first *known* and fairly well-documented case of an intervention by Russian writers on behalf of an innocent victim of a miscarriage of justice. And Brodsky's arraignment before a People's Court undoubtedly had political undertones—although formally the young poet was charged under the 1961 "Anti-Parasite" decree and although his case was heard not by a properly constituted criminal court, but by a three-men panel convened under the above decree.

Brodsky's case was heard by the court in two sessions, on 18th February and 13th March last. On 22nd March Brodsky was sent from Leningrad by rail to his place of exile in the Archangel Province. Yet barely three months later the Swiss playwright Herr Friedrich Dürrenmatt (who visited the Soviet Union in June) received, on his return to Switzerland, a letter from "a fully reliable source" in Moscow, dated 23rd June, reporting Brodsky's release (*The Guardian*, 10 July). Somewhat later, on 2nd September, a distinguished American lawyer, Mr. Arthur Larson, wrote to the Editor of the *New York Times* to say that while in Moscow he "had heard that these efforts [by the highest literary and political circles in the Soviet Union] had been successful, and Brodsky freed" (*N.Y. Times*, 7 September).

The same happened to another American visitor, George Feifer, who then reported in *The New Leader* (14th September, 1964) that he had been told: "Brodsky was liberated, the Leningrad bureaucrats who hounded him were rebuked, and his future looks bright." In Geneva, Alexei Surkov, the well-known Soviet poet and cultural official, informed participants of the *Rencontres* conference that "the Brodsky case has fortunately had a happy ending thanks to my intervention. . . ."

Unfortunately, it now appears that all these informants have been misinformed—intentionally or unintentionally. A report brought out from Brodsky's home town, Leningrad, early in September and emanating straight from some of the people who had been trying to help Brodsky, stated categorically that these efforts had failed, and that the young poet was still in his place of exile (although he was said to have been accorded minor favours from the local authorities, *viz.* the right to use a wireless set). It may be that, as in other cases of intellectual persecution, deliberate misinformation is planted in the form of rumours and "confidential information" to mislead Western opinion and avoid embarrassing pressure from those indignant about Soviet "poetic justice." It is noteworthy that up till now the Soviet press—despite the *éclat* both inside and outside Russia—has not mentioned the whole case by as much as a single word.[1]

A few words about the text as published in ENCOUNTER. The Hamburg weekly *Die Zeit* which carried the text in a German translation stated in an editorial note that "large parts of the minutes of the court proceedings" had reached the paper "in a round-about way." In fact we know that the "minutes" were brought out of Russia by a well-known Western journalist. But where did this journalist get the text from?

On 5th May, the liberal Russian-language Paris paper, *Russkaya Mysl*, carried the first text of a *précis* of Brodsky's case. As the paper explained, the *précis* was compiled by a group of Moscow and Leningrad writers as background material for a petition on Brodsky's behalf to the Central Committee of the CPSU and to the Union of Soviet Writers. A copy of this *précis* was sent abroad with the request "for immediate publication" and passed on by the recipient to *Russkaya Mysl*. The *précis* contained the following sentence: "The proceedings of the two sessions of the trial, on 18th February and 13th March, are described in detail in the attached notes by the writer F. Vigdorova and confirmed by the affidavits of Comrades B. Vakhtin, N. Dolinina, Shmakov and Efimov who were also present at the trial."

It must hence be assumed that the transcripts as reproduced in English by ENCOUNTER, in German by *Die Zeit*, and in Polish by *Kultura* are shortened versions of the notes taken at the trial by an eye-witness, Mrs. Vigdorova.

If Brodsky's case had a "political background," this is not to be interpreted in the sense of Brodsky himself having any definite anti-Soviet views. For one reason or another his personality and his poetry appear to have aroused the wrath of several people in the "Stalinist" camp. The line-up ranged from a frustrated ex-K.G.B. [political police] official, a man named Lerner, to the secretary of the Leningrad branch of the Union of Soviet Writers, the poet Alexander Prokofyev. The former had been after Brodsky's blood ever since, two years ago, the young man was allowed to go free after having been detained in connection with the mysterious "Umansky-Shakhmatov affair." (The

[1] A concealed hint at the case appears to have been made by Nikolai Gribachev, a prominent Russian poet of Stalinist leanings, in the July issue of the monthly *Znamya* where he referred to a "recent case" of "a certain *littérateur* who was to be tried as a loafer because he attempted to present writing books as a full-time occupation."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London

A CASE *under the Obscene Publications Act was adjourned for six weeks yesterday so that three magistrates could read 906 magazines and 48 novels. The magistrates, two men and a woman, will complete their reading before deciding whether the books, seized by Sheffield police, are obscene.* DAILY MAIL

Wellington

THE INDECENT *Publications Tribunal, whose establishment last year by the New Zealand Parliament created a storm of opposition, started work to-day by examining whether the novel* Another Country *by Mr. James Baldwin, is indecent. Dr. Murray Groves, Associate Professor of Social Anthropology at Auckland University, told the tribunal that the novel was perceptive and highly moral. He said New Zealand had problems in race relations, especially in Auckland where the situation was getting worse as integration went ahead.* THE GUARDIAN

Canberra

THE NOVEL, Lolita, *banned in Australia for five years, has been set as a reading text this year for students of English at the Australian National University in Canberra. A senior lecturer, Dr. R. F. Brissenden, said the university library would apply to import a copy.* THE GUARDIAN

Paris

WHEN *M. Alfred Fabre-Luce, the author, was fined 1,500 francs in a Paris court for utterances deemed offensive to the President of the Republic (in his book* Haute Cour, *which portrays a fictitious trial of General de Gaulle), the court ordered all copies of the book, which was banned last year, to be destroyed.*

With a touch of humour that has been missing from much of the case, M. Fabre-Luce explained how he would endeavour to abide by the court's decision: "I have one copy left," he said, "and I propose to burn it in the Place de la Concorde on Christmas Eve. I shall pour liquor over it like a Christmas pudding and try to eat it." THE TIMES

London

WHEN *Mr. Khrushchev is censored in his own press there must be a reason. On February 14 he made a long speech before the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee. Although the subject was agriculture, the official summaries broadcast that day by Moscow radio contained a passage violently attacking*

> *"dogmatists, revisionists, and latter-day Trotskyites who, while using high-flown revolutionary phrases, are in fact undermining the unity of the world Communist movement."*

Next day Pravda *did not print this passage, although it devoted almost the whole of its six pages to Mr. Khrushchev's speech.* THE ECONOMIST

East Berlin

THERE *would now be no objection to the importation out of the West of "humanistic books," according to Herr Klaus Gysi, chairman of the Leipzig Book Fair. But still "undesirable" were works by Karl Jaspers, Klaus Mehnert, Bishop Dibelius, and Countess Dönhoff. No objection would be raised against books by Hemingway or Faulkner. But for the time being, Franz Kafka, Heinrich Böll, and Günter Grass would not be acceptable.* DIE ZEIT

Melbourne

THE STATE POLICE *informed the Australian publishing agents for Mary McCarthy's novel* The Group *that they would be prosecuted if it was put on sale in Melbourne. This was the opening blow in a running fight which so far has exposed Australian literary censorship for the farce that it is.*

Until 1958 no one in Australia knew except by personal experience what books were being denied him. In that year it was decided to revise the list of publications banned throughout the Commonwealth and to proclaim it for the first time. One discovery that Australians were then allowed to make officially was that Aldous Huxley had written a book called Brave New World. *They also found that 178 texts were proscribed and that the list would be revised every five years. By 1963 the prohibitions numbered 202.*

Brave New World *is now permissible reading, but among the books allowed by the English censors and still prohibited by the Commonwealth Board are Burton's translation of the* Kama Sutra, *Donleavy's* The Ginger Man, *Baldwin's* Another Country, *Simone de Beauvoir's essay on Sade, just about everything that Henry Miller has produced,* Lady Chatterley, *and* Lolita. *So, oddly enough, is T. E. Lawrence's* The Mint, *though Australia is not a place one would have expected to shrink from barrack-room revelations. Some years back Martin Buber published a theological work called* Between Man and Man. *Some poor fellow spent weeks scrutinising it for meaningful punch lines before it was given the all-clear.*

Australian censors are just plain bad at their job. The text of the Chatterley trial is prohibited but a recorded version (with the four-letter words perfectly audible) is openly on the market. Not one Victorian shop may sell The Group, *but after the innocent Attorney-General had read carefully selected extracts from it to his colleagues in the Legislative Assembly the next issue of the local Hansard was a sell-out.* THE GUARDIAN

Westminster

SIR JOHN HOBSON (*The Attorney-General*): *While there may be some works of antiquity that may have historical interest, there are others in which vintage obscenity still remains obscene.*

MR. LIPTON (*Brixton, Labour*): *Is anything being done about the English translations used by schoolboys of Petronius'* Satyricon? *Are we getting to that?*

SIR J. HOBSON: *Not that I am aware of.* HANSARD

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two men were convicted in 1962 on exotic charges of "exerting harmful influence on young people by preaching mysticism, Yoga philosophy and anarcho-individualism.") Prokofyev arranged a rigged meeting of the branch secretariat, from which Brodsky's friends had been excluded, and which demanded Brodsky's arraignment as "a parasite."

On the other hand, the young poet was fortunate in having some respected and articulate friends on his side, among them Anna Akhmatova, Kornei Chukovsky, Dmitri Shostakovich, and the late Samuel Marshak. It was the energetic intervention of these notables and of a number of courageous Leningrad writers, critics and scholars which at one time seemed to have saved Brodsky from exile and, in view of his poor health, perhaps from death. It now appears as if these hopes were premature.

The trial transcript shows up the travesty of justice that happens in the "People's Courts." In June *Literaturnaya Gazeta*—by no means a "liberal" organ—analysed a number of cases when innocent people had been convicted because the courts would not act on the principle of the presumption of innocence and were only too willing to believe malicious slanderers in the witness box and to disbelieve their victims in the dock. "Many verdicts," the Moscow paper wrote, "quashed by the Supreme Courts on reasons of insufficiency of evidence and unsubstantiated character of charges, had become possible in the first place due to an uncritical, credulous attitude [of the judges] towards slander and perjury." Brodsky's case appears to belong to this category. Unfortunately, the verdict pronounced by the Leningrad "People's Court" has not been quashed by the Supreme Court of the Russian Republic. The young poet (he is only 24) is still in the far north in company of thieves and murderers. His friends, who know his frail state of health (he suffers both from a nervous disability and from a weak heart) are seriously concerned about his fate.

VICTOR S. FRANK

London

Brogan's New York

I TAKE UMBRAGE at Sir Denis Brogan's remarks in his article: "New York's Unmelted Pot." [ENCOUNTER, June]:

> ... But the Irish would have been more than human if they had not rubbed in the point that a very high proportion of Communist agents and sympathisers were Jews or "WASPS." It was not Fordham (the Jesuit University in the Bronx) which produced the real or alleged traitors of the McCarthy era. The Federal employees turned away from the Fort Monmouth installation were overwhelmingly Jews....

Sir Denis further remarks, "ten years ago I was living in Manhattan...." Presumably then, he must have seen the TV episodes of the Fort Monmouth investigations *inter alia* with the McCarthy-Army soap-opera conducted by those inept *Wunderkinder* Cohn and Schine amidst fatuous frenzy which "signified nothing."

Let me call your attention to the book *Cross-Currents* by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein of the Anti-Defamation League of B'Nai Brith (Doubleday, New York, 1956). Hitler and others before him have used the Jews as their scapegoat. One does not want to accuse Sir Denis Brogan, but one wonders what he means. Forster & Epstein explored the Fort Monmouth case for what it was: a bare-faced lie based on the pretentious and contentious "reasoning" of military and political deadwood with whom most nations are unfortunately burdened. It is incredible that Sir Denis—who was so to speak an observer on the very same scene—should repeat a *canard*.

True, there are Jews who are communists, either through inclination or sincere belief—from Jesus and his Apostles on down to the present time. But any Jew who can sincerely believe that Communism as defined by that anti-Semite Karl Marx is helpful to the Jews should have himself certified to the nearest mental asylum. One has only to read Karl Marx's "A World without Jews" (edited by Dagobert D. Runes, Philosophical Library, New York, 1959) to feel the absolute chill. Marx, although born a Jew, was baptised and he detested his erstwhile co-religionists with all the fervour of a Spanish Inquisitionist.

GEORGE SAVER

Cambridge, Mass.

WITH most of what Mr. Saver says I am not concerned. I carefully did not say that the Fort Monmouth victims were guilty of anything and, in any case, I did not think it mattered much whether they were or not. But the belief that a disproportionate (statistically speaking) number of American Communists or fellow-travellers were of Jewish origin was, and is, a powerful American belief and has its effects in the politics of New York as I indicated. To avoid the imputation of anti-Semitism in the Rosenberg case, great precautions were taken by the Department of Justice in that sad and disgraceful prosecution. The execution of the Rosenbergs was represented as, in part, the result of persecution directed at them as Jews in the use made of their death or judicial murder (I wouldn't object to the second description) by American Communists and was used, in France, as Dr. Caute has suggested in his recent book, to distract attention from the judicial murder in Prague of Slansky and his fellow Jews. Practical politicians in America were much struck by the fact that even after the Communist takeover was visible, the bulk of support for Henry Wallace in 1948 came from New York, not from the prairies. No one doubted that the greater part of that support came from New Yorkers who may not have been observant Jews, but were Jews in the sense that Karl Marx was. These simple truths may be hidden in Cambridge (Massachusetts) but they are not hidden in New

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York, N.Y., Washington, D.C., or Cambridge (England).

DENIS BROGAN

Peterhouse, Cambridge

Lawrence, Empson, Ricks

MR. WILLIAM EMPSON deplored the way in which Lawrence made Clifford Chatterley impotent in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Mr. P. L. Adams now describes [ENCOUNTER, September] this as Empson "at his most unpleasantly and patently unfair." But "patently" is a bit odd, since Empson here concurs with Lawrence's best critic—one who can hardly be accused of being unappreciative of Lawrence's greatness. Dr. F. R. Leavis believes this novel to be "a bad one from any defensible point of view," and one of his major objections to it is exactly Empson's: Dr. Leavis argued that "Sir Clifford's paralysis, so usefully symbolic to exegetes and experts, is not altogether a felicity." Again, "As for the treatment of Sir Clifford, the significantly manifest scandal of that can hardly be denied." As to Mr. Adams' quotation from Lawrence's self-defence, must Dr. Leavis too be accused of being "unpleasantly and patently unfair"?

> "What the truly Lawrentian classic [*Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*] betrays is the misgiving Lawrence himself had about the novel, of which it constitutes, in its essential incongruity, an admonitory criticism."

Both Empson and Leavis might argue that being "fair" to Lawrence necessitates speaking harshly of some things in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Empson's point is, of course, open to dispute; but phrasing like "at his most unpleasantly and patently unfair" offers the silly and ignorant implication that Empson's particular stricture is unprecedentedly far-fetched.

CHRISTOPHER RICKS

Worcester College, Oxford

Square

IN A RECENT LETTER to the editor [ENCOUNTER, August], Miss Elizabeth Hardwick described Robert Conquest as—horrors—a "square." To the New York hipsters, and their West Side fellow-travellers, the "square" is the lowest form of intellectual unsophistication. Yet what are we to say of Walt Whitman (one of the avatars of the hippy beats) who described the square as the most alive of forms and described God as a square:

Chanting the square deific, out of the one advancing, out of the sides;
Out of the old and new—out of the square entirely divine;
Solid, four-sided (all the sides needed) . . . from this side Jehovah am I.

DANIEL BELL

Columbia University, New York City

"Mon"

RETICENCE has broken down. Belatedly, and not perfect perhaps, we are learning—fast!

On top of wave my hope is Boyd.
I n'ere could ere ken how to spell
The sort of words one heard from Freud.
(They did not fit my id too well.)
Be bop, I wot a fab mod con
For verse as terse as this you see.
How pop a lot of his New Mon
To dim wit clots like me, would be!

W. F. DOOLEY

Two of the films mentioned in **Eric Rhode's** article —Pasolini's *Il Vangelo secondo Matteo* and Jessua's *La Vie a l'envers*—will be shown at the Odeon (Haymarket), during the Eighth London Film Festival, organised by the British Film Institute, from October 25th–November 8th. . . .

AN EXHIBITION of paintings, watercolours, and drawings by **Schiele** is being held in London by Marlborough Fine Art until November 14th. . . .

COVER DESIGN by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles**.

Germany Issue

Our April 1964 issue on Germany sold out soon after publication, and we have had to refuse many orders. One of our agents has just returned a small stock to us, which we can make available to readers for 4s. 6d. (75 cents) a copy, including postage. Only one copy can be supplied to each order, which should be sent to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, enclosing payment.

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (25 Haymarket, S.W.1), in association with the International Publishing Corporation (33 Holborn, E.C.1).

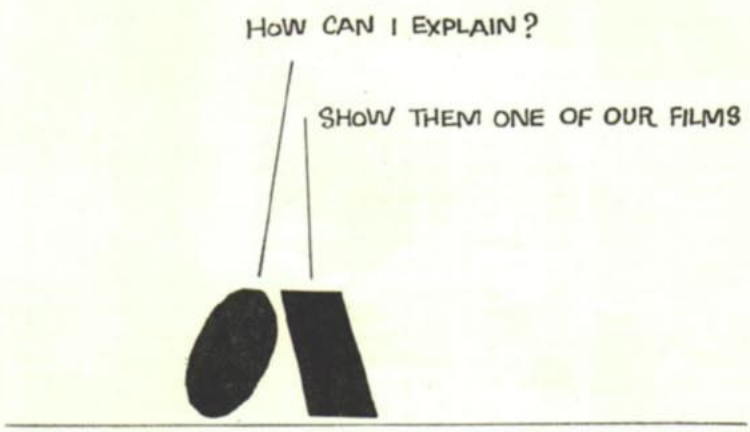
ENCOUNTER BOOKS are published in association with Weidenfeld & Nicolson (20 New Bond Street, London, W.1).

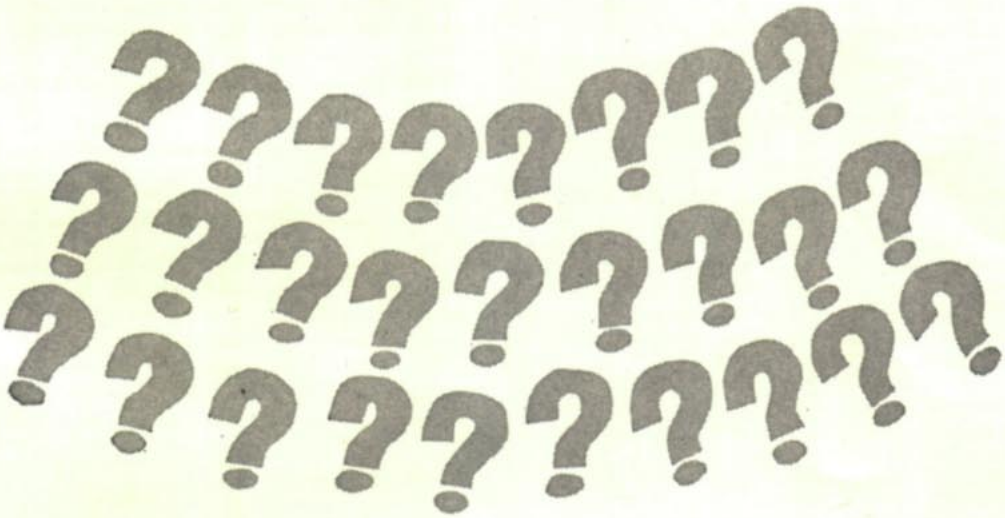
MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATION



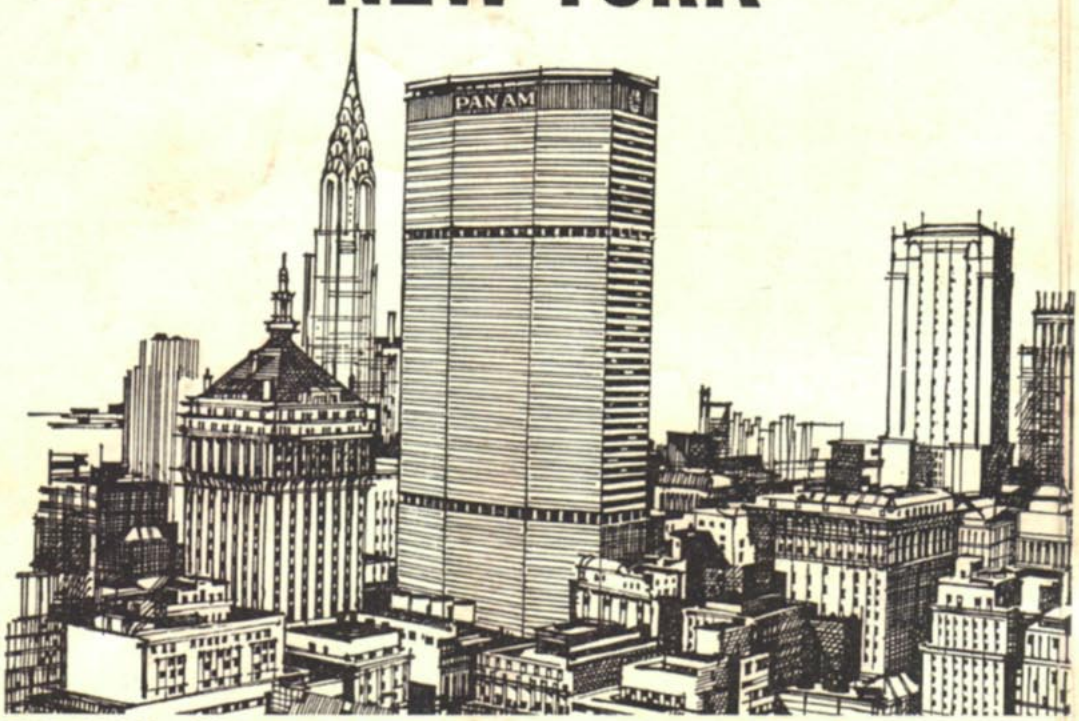


We have a library of documentary films, made by Shell, BP and ourselves, about aerodynamics, engineering principles, road safety, motor racing, the internal combustion engine, and a good many other subjects loosely associated with our business. Many of them have won international awards. Examples: 'Powered flight', Shell's film history of the aeroplane since 1903. 'Tribute to Fangio', a BP epic. And there is 'Clean Air', a Shell-Mex and B.P. special about the problem of air pollution. We lend them free of charge to interested people. Like all enthusiasts, we want the rest of the world to share our enthusiasm.

SHELL-MEX AND B.P. LTD
MARKET PETROLEUM PRODUCTS OF BOTH BP AND SHELL IN THE U.K.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3
JETS DAILY TO
NEW YORK



ON PAN AM...MORNING, AFTERNOON AND EVENING JET FLIGHTS TO NEW YORK!

Pan Am serves New York with 21 *non-stop* Jet Clipper† flights every week, with convenient departure times, morning, afternoon and evening.

Flight number:	PA 101	PA 103	PA 1
Leaves London	11 a.m.	3 p.m.	6.30 p.m.
Arrives New York	1.35 p.m.	5.35 p.m.	9.05 p.m.

The convenient afternoon departure of flight PA 103 allows travellers to arrive in New York by early evening.

You have the choice of first-class *President Special* or low-fare *Rainbow* Economy service on every flight. And you enjoy the special feeling of comfort and confidence that comes from flying the World's Most Experienced Airline.

For information and reservations, just call your Pan Am Travel Agent or:

PAN AM: 193 PICCADILLY, W.1. Tel: REG 7292

BIRMINGHAM CENtral 8731
MANCHESTER DEAnsgate 3981
GLASGOW CITy 5744

†*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

PAN AM

You're better off with Pan Am—world's most experienced airline!

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED